

THE *Atlantic*

January 1969, 75 cents

Hemingway: Living-Loving-Dying

Part I
from the new book
Carlos Baker



also: Ward Just / Jesse Hill Ford / W.S. Merwin

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Notes on Losing a War	WARD S. JUST	39
Hemingway: Living, Loving, Dying	CARLOS BAKER	45
Words From a Totem Animal. <i>A Poem</i>	W. S. MERWIN	68
A Basket of Apples. <i>A Story</i>	SHIRLEY FAESSLER	70
The Dream. <i>A Poem</i>	PAUL PETRIE	76
For Local Control in the Schools <i>Viewpoint</i>	ROBERT A. DENTLER	77
Israel and the Arabs <i>The Myths That Block Peace</i>	CHARLES YOST	80
The Doctor. <i>A Story</i>	JESSE HILL FORD	86
A Night in the Royal Ontario Museum <i>A Poem</i>	MARGARET ATWOOD	92
The Lady and the Lion	LOUIS KRONENBERGER	93
Reports: Washington, Portuguese Africa, Labor Arbitration: Britain and the U.S.		4
The Mail		28
Coming in the Atlantic		34
Arts and Letters: MELVIN MADDOCKS, C. MICHAEL CURTIS, CLARENCE BROWN, EDWARD WEEKS, J. P. O'DONNELL, HERBERT KUPFERBERG, DAN WAKEFIELD, PHOEBE ADAMS		102

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reports

Washington



As the Johnson Administration takes its leave of Washington, one of the most interesting questions is what history will make of the Great Society. The issue is not so much what will happen to the multitudinous programs which have been enacted; some of them, probably fewer than is generally supposed, will vanish; some will go on in altered form. More important is whether the Great Society will turn out to have been anything at all, other than an impressive string of legislative victories; whether, as the President has so devoutly wished, it will stand alongside the New Deal as having been one of those periods in which the relationship of government to national life was fundamentally changed.

There had been a New Deal, a Fair Deal, and a New Frontier, and so a few months after he succeeded to the presidency, Lyndon Johnson decided that he wanted a sobriquet and a theme of his very own. The theme, as outlined in the speech at the University of Michigan on May

22, 1964, had two strands. The New Deal crossed the threshold of government responsibility for the stability of the economy in a way which Calvin Coolidge and Herbert Hoover never would have accepted. The Great Society was to assume that government was responsible for creating opportunities, and improving the environment and even the nature of society in a way which Dwight Eisenhower never would have accepted and Harry Truman had never dreamed.

The sharks and the whale

Quite obviously, the grandiose visions of the Ann Arbor speech did not pan out. The Johnson landslide of 1964 and the accompanying Democratic gains in Congress did produce, for about a year and a half, an unusual burst of legislation. Some of Johnson's legislative achievements, such as the tax cut, Medicare, and the 1964 civil rights bill, had been high on the Kennedy agenda though stalled in Congress; some were of an entirely different order. At the end of 1966, as Johnson had been expecting, the Congress tired of his prodding and his programs and began to turn on him. "The whale has shed some blood," he remarked to an aide when the first important bill was defeated, "and now the sharks will close in." The 1966 elections diminished his working majority, and by then, of course, we were at war. The continuation of summer riots, climaxed by the worst one of all in Detroit in August, 1967, and the need at the same time to raise taxes to finance the escalated war, reduce the debt, and cool the economy drove the President into a kind of retreat in late 1967, from which he emerged this year to try for a last few initia-

tives. One result of all this was an extraordinary list of legislative victories — which was part of the problem.

Largely because of the pressure of these events, the strand of the Great Society having to do with opportunity, opportunity for lower income groups in particular, received the heavier emphasis. As the Administration's sights narrowed, the term Great Society came and went from use. There was a bit of "quality-of-life" legislation: with great effort, a "beauty" bill — alas, only skin deep — providing for removal of billboards and camouflaging of junkyards was passed in 1965; but the billboard lobby struck back, and Congress slashed the program's funds. New water- and air-pollution-control laws were passed, but neither has had much money. More than forty new national parks have been established over the past eight years, a substantial increase. Largely through the genius of Ralph Nader, the Administration learned that consumer issues weren't necessarily losers (moreover they didn't cost money), and beginning with auto safety in 1966, a number of consumer-protection laws were added to the books. Some of these programs are stronger than others, and the enforcement is uneven. None of this will turn America into Elysium, nor have the corporate polluters fundamentally changed their spots. Several of these programs are vulnerable, yet consumer protection is approaching the status of an assumed right.

Old frontiers

Several of the enactments of the last few years were direct descendants of New Deal legislation, and matters on the Democrats' agenda for years. Medicare, for example,

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was an extension of the social security insurance system; the idea of health insurance had been kicked back and forth between the Executive branch and the Congress in one form or other since 1935. Some considered Medicare outmoded by the time it became law, since it did nothing about the organization and delivery of health services. The idea for a special regional development of Appalachia can be traced to TVA.

What was new, and what is likely to have been the most significant no matter what becomes of it, was the poverty program. It seems simple in retrospect, but a program focusing on "poverty" as opposed to, separately, jobs and housing and health was a fundamental shift of governmental approach. As James Sundquist, former congressional staff aide and official under Kennedy and Johnson, pointed out in his excellent book on the origins of much of the recent legislation (*Politics and Policy*, The Brookings Institution, 1968), the poverty program arose conceptually out of "an attitude that had become pervasive in Washington as the Kennedy administration entered its third year — a feeling that the 'New Frontier' was made up mainly of old frontiers already crossed, and that all of those old frontiers, all of the innovations conceived over the course of a generation and written into law would not, singly or collectively, change the gray face of the 'other America.' " Intellectually, the poverty program stemmed from Michael Harrington's *The Other America* and John Kenneth Galbraith's *The Affluent Society*, both of which had impressed President Kennedy. It also grew out of the New Economists' realization that they had to do more than stimulate the economy in order to help those worst off. Before his death, President Kennedy had encouraged the drafting of a poverty program; the next year President Johnson pushed it through Congress.

Much of the program was traditional and conservative: if people were washed and trained they could "lift themselves out of poverty." Curing poverty directly by giving the poor more money was never seriously considered. What was radical as a government activity was the Community Action Program,

the heart of the whole scheme. It is now clear that there were about as many ideas about what community action meant, from coordinating projects to organizing the poor for political action, as there were architects of the plan, and that "maximum feasible participation" of the poor to some meant that the poor should be getting the jobs and to others that they should be calling the tune.

The poverty program was injured from the start by its own rhetoric. "I have called for a national war on poverty," the President said. "Our objective: total victory." There was a great deal of talk, in some cases more than talk, about "taking on city hall." As new ghetto leaders did emerge, already nervous mayors and other politicians, including members of Congress, took fright. The mayors successfully pressed the Administration to tighten the strings on the community action programs. Liberal members of Congress, accustomed to the traditional liberal way of doing things, pressed for spending of the money in traditional fashion — clear-cut programs with clear-cut lines of control out of Washington. The program gradually emerged in the public mind as one for Negroes, and when riots and crime became issues, the poverty program paid. The poverty warriors concluded that federally sponsored confrontation, setting the minority against the majority, was not feasible.

Johnson's retreat

From the beginning, before there was any substantial commitment of troops for the war in Vietnam, Sargent Shriver, the director of the poverty program, and President Johnson disagreed on how much should be spent on the war in the ghettos. Shriver believed that if it was to meet its commitment, the program had to start big and keep growing. The President worried that if it did not start small and proceed with caution, it would become too controversial to survive, like the National Youth Administration, for which he had worked in the 1930s. When the program was in deep trouble in 1967, the President declined to come to its aid (though his staff did).

The retreat from the war inevitably caused bitterness. Some mayors belatedly concluded that they

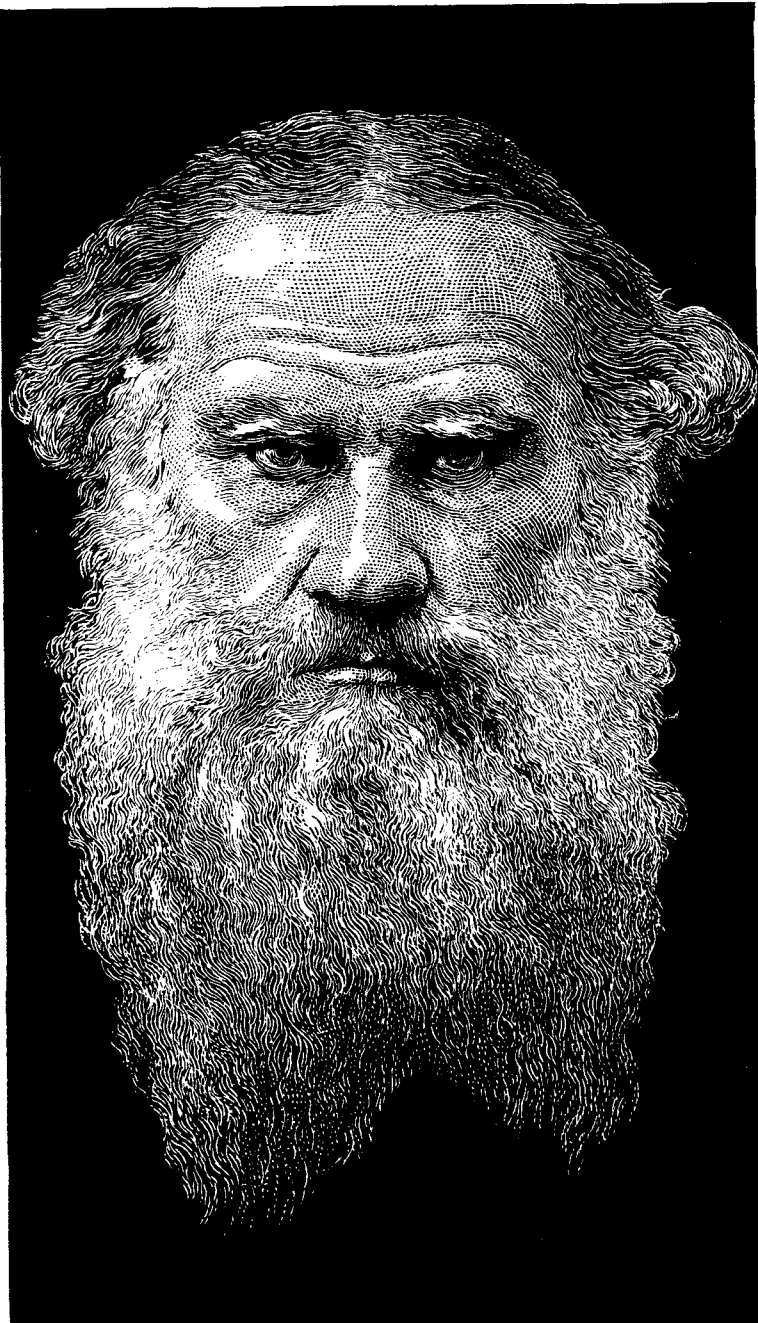
had kicked a good thing, a way of drawing federal money into the cities with relatively little regard to bothersome state governments and perhaps even of keeping the peace. The Office of Economic Opportunity, which runs the program, at one point the liveliest agency in town, is now thoroughly demoralized. Community Action money has been channeled into safe though worthy secondary programs such as Head Start — three-year-olds won't picket city hall — and neighborhood legal and health centers. Both presidential candidates were expected to do over the face of the poverty program, and Mr. Nixon specifically pledged to jettison the Job Corps. The Corps, a compromise between those who wanted training for the ghetto youths in the worst trouble and the conservationists, who were pushing for a revival of the Civilian Conservation Corps, has had mixed results, depending often on which contractor ran which camp (several were run by private businesses). It made the decision to concentrate on the worst kids on the block, and it was expensive.

Rethinking

The most important point about the poverty program is that even if it disappears, it set loose a number of forces which no amount of retrenchment can still. There may be no Community Action Program, but there will be community action. Local or federal governments will ignore the poor's views at their peril. Republicans and Democrats are rushing into line behind such concepts as community development corporations. There is unlikely to be a return to the old assumption that six-year-olds who have not been to school before will all begin their educations with the same capacities. The poverty program established the idea that simple traditional tools would not fix complex problems, which set a pattern for other government enterprises. Largely because of Shriver's zeal, the poverty program shook up the rest of the domestic bureaucracy, to the point that the bureaucrats were constantly trying to take the program over. And it showed the medical, legal, and education professions that they badly needed to rethink their responsibilities.

Before the poverty program, most of the government's training efforts

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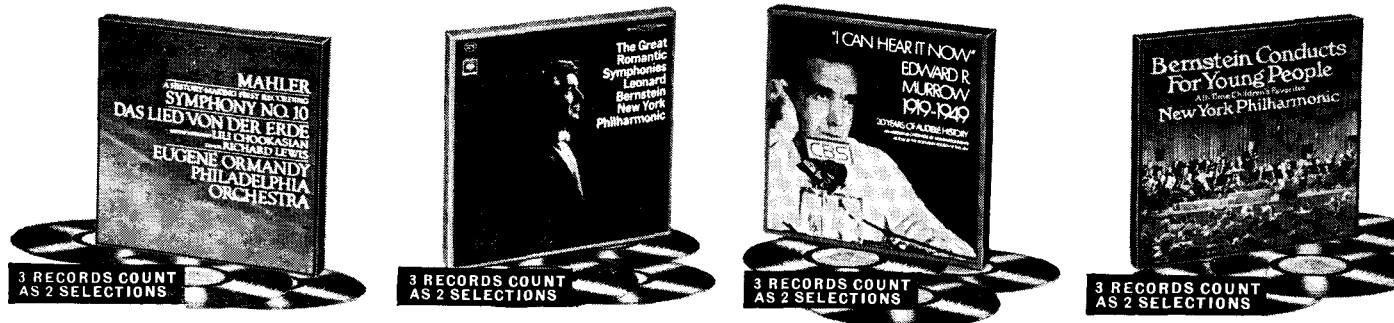
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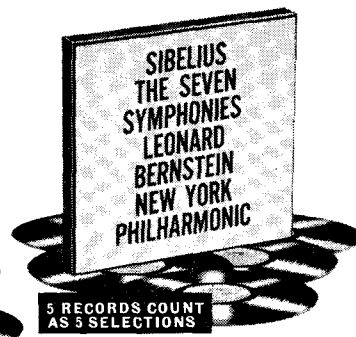
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Washington

were largely concerned with white high school graduates. The Labor Department now has a substantially altered view of its mission. Despite all of the training programs scattered about the government — there are something like ten major ones, and one of the Johnson Administration's last efforts was to try to pull them together — it was only recently that it dawned on the policy-makers that it didn't make much sense to treat a man's symptoms of joblessness without first locating a job. This is the point of the government-sponsored National Alliance of Businessmen, which now claims to have placed and kept some 60,000 former "hard-core" unemployed in jobs since the project began last spring. It is strongly identified with President Johnson, and is voluntary (and subsidized), and therefore its specific longevity is in doubt.

The Elementary and Secondary Education Act of 1965, the first major breakthrough in federal aid to education, differed from earlier proposals which were consistently defeated in Congress in that it specified that the money was to improve the education of, including the methods of educating, low-income children. This was a tactical as well as an ideological innovation, and included among other provisions a resolution of the issue of aid to parochial schools. (Parochial students would be helped, if they were poor, but not the schools. It was a bit talmudic, but it worked.) The school districts were to draw up their own plans, and the emphasis was to be on innovation. Far too much money and time went into middle-class solutions — audio-visual equipment and lower teacher-pupil ratios. There was also some sheer nonsense: one school district used some of the money to give swimming lessons one summer, calling the program, inevitably, "Operation Head First"; there was also — there had to be — a "Project Upstart." After a time, however, the example (threat) of Head Start and pressure from Education Commissioner Harold Howe began to improve matters. There have now been reports and counter-reports on whether the money has made any difference, but two things are clear: the new law has had neither enough time (educators still

know little about what makes people learn, or how to measure whether they do) nor enough money. It is perhaps the program that has been most desiccated by the budget squeeze: the spending per pupil is now half of what it was in 1965, down from \$250 per child to \$125.

Amends

Both the public housing program, which worked for whites with prospects during the 1930s, and urban renewal, which was designed to help cities restore their tax bases in the 1950s, were disasters for poor blacks. First with rent supplements in 1965 and then with a large low-income housing program this year, the Administration tried to make amends. The 1968 Housing and Urban Development Act pledges six million houses for low- and moderate-income families within a decade. For some thirty years, there have been governmental pledges of adequate housing for all, and there are good reasons for skepticism about the latest one: union practices still limit the number of construction workers and tangle construction itself in outmoded codes; sites for low-income housing are hard to get, within or outside cities, a problem which has almost killed rent supplements. The very fact that the law was approved in 1968, of all years, however, suggests that it will not be eliminated. The idea began in Congress and had the backing of a sort of bipartisan, nonideological coalition there. The Urban Coalition pushed it, and the recommendations of the Kerner Commission helped. Private industry is involved, at a nice profit.

The Model Cities law of 1966 in effect bribes cities, through increased federal rewards, to make a concerted social and physical attack on entire neighborhoods. More than one hundred federal programs operating out of five different departments could be involved. The influence of the poverty program was clear: the idea that a ghetto could not be helped through a simple housing construction program, that a number of services had to be brought into play at once; the explicit directions that the neighborhoods are to participate in decisions. The Model Cities idea is good, but complicated and more vulnerable than good old housing construction. The program may die, but the notions of concerted approach and citizen voice will not.

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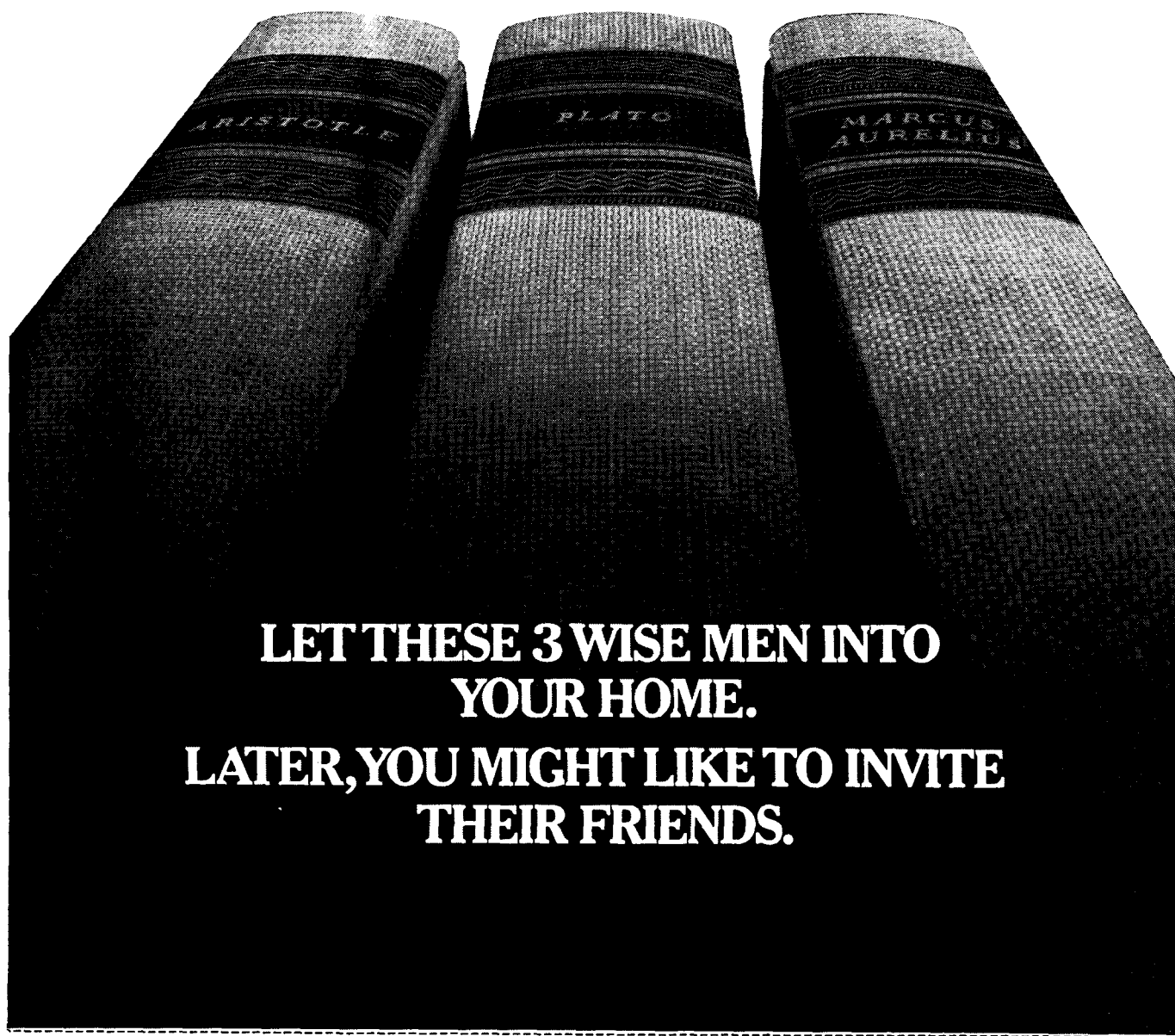
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Washington

Last September, the Cabinet presented to the President a desk blotter inscribed with the Johnson Administration's "landmark laws." There were 187 of them, several of less than landmark proportions. During the 1968 presidential campaign, the President talked about the 60 education bills and 40 medical-care bills and 300 (yes) Conservation bills passed during his Administration. There have been bills for libraries, for the mentally retarded and the blind and the deaf, for vocational education, for universities and community colleges, for nurses and teachers. They are likely to remain on the books, for they have the enthusiastic support of the client groups. They are nonpartisan — GOP House leader Mel Laird likes them, too. And they have nothing to do with encouraging upstarts.

Those troubled waters

There is a vague understanding among government officials here that all of this, plus the long period of sustained economic growth of which they are so proud, somehow hasn't gotten through. In his clumsy State of the Union metaphor last January — "when a great ship cuts through the sea, the waters are always stirred and troubled" — the President tried to explain the problem, and there is a lot of talk among government officials about America's own revolution of rising expectations. Some understand that the discontent is much deeper than all that. Within the White House, there was some feeling that there had been too much emphasis — some thought merely rhetorical, some thought actual — on the poor, to the point where the lower-middle and middle-middle classes felt overtaxed, overpressed, and unappreciated. There was at any rate some thinking about new programs for the middle classes, too. But there was no money.

A man of the legislature, as Lyndon Johnson was, usually measures his success by the number of bills he has sponsored. Yet one obvious problem was that the Administration's effort to enact so many was, as the bureaucracy phrases it, counterproductive. People began to see that some sweeping programs were really tentative experiments; or a bold new program would be an-

nounced and then starved for funds while another bold new program was announced. Some of the President's associates argued hard that three hundred programs which were one-third effective were not the functional equivalent of one hundred which were adequately funded and well administered, but they lost. Without a more thorough provision of services in the ghettos, argued one, the only thing a rat-control bill would do was lower the average age of rats. Vastly increased responsibilities were dumped upon an inadequate bureaucracy and outmoded and resistant institutions. Government reorganization is one of the most difficult and thankless jobs around, and the Johnson Administration did its bit, and knew there was more to do. The Nixon group is talking of reducing the power of the White House staff, but it will find that this cannot be done if government agencies are to run at all in harness.

The history of the government over the past thirty years is an evolutionary record. Dwight Eisenhower did not dismantle very much, and Richard Nixon won't either. A program is only a premise, of course — that if x is done, y will happen — and some of the premises will prove valid and some won't. The soon-to-be-former Administration officials will be alive and well in their private retreats, and will be only too happy to return to testify before friendly congressional committees. With the domineering Democratic President off the scene, the congressional Democrats will be a much feistier group. If Harry Truman's reputation survived the Korean War and other frustrations of his Administration, it is altogether possible that Lyndon Johnson's resurrection, once the memory of Vietnam fades, will be even more magnificent — and not for any lack of his interest in such a development.

Mr. Nixon will not be able to do all that he has said — reduce taxes, raise arms, and use tax credits to reconstruct cities. The striking thing is how some of his own rhetoric at least, including the talk about giving the poor "a piece of the action," echoes that of the Great Society. A little over eight years ago, he and presidential candidate John F. Kennedy were arguing over whether the federal government should support teachers' salaries, and President

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Eisenhower and the Democratic Congress were constantly at each other over the general question of federal responsibility. That is a settled question now. The great national issue is over the sharing of power. It is simply too soon to say whether anything as concretely monumental as TVA or social security will have been built during the Johnson presidency. Certainly a lot of ideas were loosed that will not go away. And whatever becomes of the specific programs of the past eight years, and however short they fell of stated goals, this country has made a significant quantum jump in its assumptions about the deployment of federal power and resources. There is a new sophistication about how difficult social problems must be approached. That is quite a bit in such a brief space in the nation's history.

Mr. Johnson, for all his Bunyanesque assault upon the poverty problem at the outset of his Administration, leaves office at a time of profound discouragement on the home front and with the Great Society not exactly a phrase on everyone's lips. It should still be recorded that he meant it, and that he and his Administration tried very hard, and all of this may become clearer as the commitment, intent, and competence of the Nixon Administration now come to their first trials.

—Elizabeth B. Drew

Portuguese Africa

The Portuguese believe they have a special kind of colonialism that makes them different from other imperialists. In the Portuguese view, their kind of inspired colonialism gives them the right to stay in Africa during an era of black independence and the duty to stay in the face of African rebellion. They say their colonialism is special because of its tenure and nonracial quality. They believe that five centuries of rule tie their nation to Africa and that Portuguese colonialism creates societies that are color-blind and color-blended. Both beliefs are delusions.

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island in 1498 while looking for a sea route to India. The island is engulfed in history, almost five centuries of Portuguese history. It was the capital and chief port of the Portuguese in East Africa until late in the nineteenth century.

Boast

Its hot streets are crowded with Arabs, black Africans, Indians, Portuguese, and mulattoes. There are six old mosques and six old churches, fishing boats beached on the sand, and an enormous statue of Vasco da Gama in the square by the old Governor's Palace. The aging, yellowing buildings of the island face the streets with only a plain front and a gate showing. But inside, like the homes of the French Quarter in New Orleans, they have a special life of their own, with patios and gardens and arched passageways. The island is elegant and splendid, like all aging colonial cities. But it is no proof at all of a great Portuguese tradition in Africa. However dynamic, the island is a rare exception to the desultory development of Portuguese colonialism in Africa.

Although Portuguese explorers reached West Africa in 1444, Angola in 1483, and Mozambique in 1498, the Portuguese ignored their African territories in the next 400 years save to pull out millions of slaves and sell them to plantation owners in the New World, mainly in Brazil. A few forts, trading posts, and ports — like the Isle of Mozambique — were established, but the interior of most of the territories was left uncontrolled.

By the late nineteenth century, Portugal still had hardly any control beyond these few scattered towns and forts. The activities of Catholic missionaries were scattered and slight. The colonial administrators had no educational or medical programs. In fact, a good number of tribes still refused allegiance to Portugal.

True Portuguese interest in the African colonies dates back only to the early twentieth century or, at best, the late nineteenth century. That was made clear in a recent interview with Dom Manuel Vieira Pinto, the young Roman Catholic bishop of Nampula, who said that for all practical purposes, the Church, usually in the forefront of colonialism, had worked in the interior of his northern Mozambique diocese for only twenty-five years. In short,

Portuguese colonialism has no greater roots in Africa than the colonialism of any other European power.

The Portuguese like to impress upon visitors that racial tension and distrust wilt in Angola and Mozambique as Portuguese work, eat, play, and most important, sleep with darker races. The Portuguese constantly talk about Brazil as the great legacy of Portuguese colonialism, and, in the words of former Premier Antonio de Olivéira Salazar, call Brazil "the most vivid example of a multiracial society, universally recognized today as the ideal to be achieved in human relations." In their view, Angola and Mozambique are approaching that ideal.

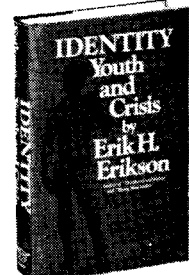
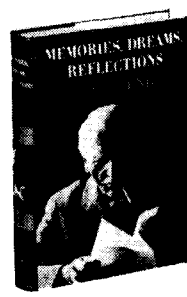
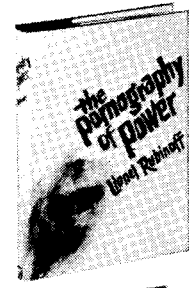
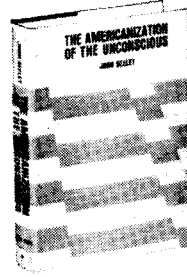
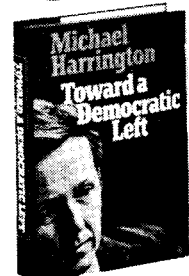
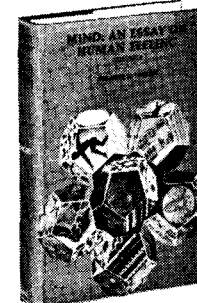
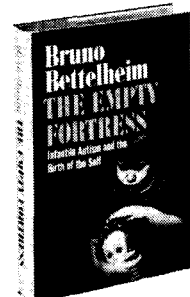
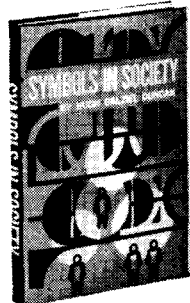
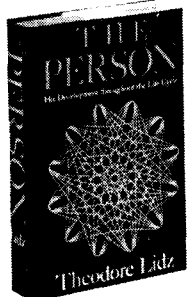
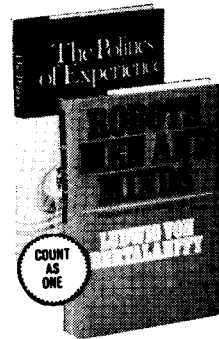
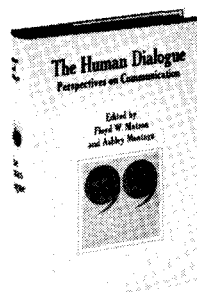
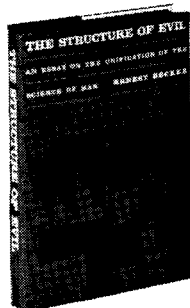
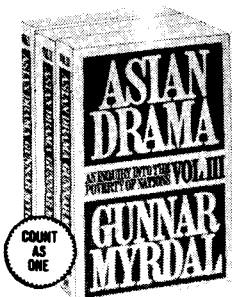
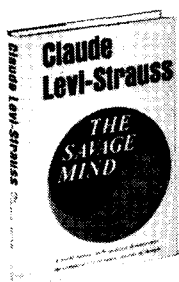
Portuguese mulattoes

These themes of racial harmony are repeated continually in Portuguese Africa. "We have segregation here," says an agricultural officer in the Angola coffee district of Uige, "but it is segregation between those who wash and those who don't." A railway administrator in the Angola port of Lobito says, "Here we have a saying: God made the white people. God made the black people. But the Portuguese, they made the mulatto." "When I used to visit the old Belgian Congo," an editor recalls in the north Angola town of Carmona, "the Belgians would say that I belonged to a white people of the second class, because we Portuguese live, work and eat with the Africans."

A traveler finds an impressive amount of race-mixing in Angola and Mozambique. In the Limpopo settlement of Mozambique, for example, 1100 white Portuguese peasants and 450 Africans farm together with generous loans from the government. They live side by side in cramped European-style cottages all equipped with African-style privies.

The schools throughout Angola and Mozambique are integrated. On any day a visitor can see brown, black, and white girls skipping rope together in the school playground and then walking away hand in hand, or boys of all colors gathering in little groups outside classrooms to gossip about the twists and turns of the latest soccer match.

Europeans and Africans often work at the same job. The counters at the main post office in the Angola capital of Luanda, for example, are manned by a variety of colors. The Benguela Railway in Angola, short



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Portuguese Africa

of staff, is now training fifteen locomotive drivers. Nine are white, and six are black.

There is no color bar. An African, if he can afford it, can go into any hotel or restaurant in town. In Cape Town recently, an educated mulatto couple talked eagerly of their forthcoming vacation in Lourenço Marques, Mozambique, where they would escape apartheid for a while and feel some human dignity.

Stratified mix

And yet, despite all this mixing, all this seeming harmony, any close look at Angola and Mozambique makes it clear that these Portuguese territories are stratified, dominated in the main by a white class on top that rules the black masses below.

An African elite class hardly exists in Angola and Mozambique. There are a few African administrators and professionals in the big cities but not many. Any African may go to the elegant restaurants of Lourenço Marques and Luanda, but hardly any African can afford to go. Moreover, now that there is African guerrilla fighting in various areas of Portuguese Africa, the Portuguese have diminished the numbers of the African elite even more by arresting African members of the professional class and charging them with subversion.

The expanding school systems of Angola and Mozambique may fill the gap by producing more African leaders and professionals, but the schools are not doing this as fast as Portuguese officials pretend. A school may be integrated, but its classes will grow whiter and whiter in the upper grades. Poor enough to be tempted by any job that pays moderately well, most Africans drop out of school before they reach the top.

Under Portuguese rule, which encourages white immigration from Portugal, Africans must face competition for many jobs. White Portuguese drive taxis, wait at tables, work as traffic policemen — all jobs that Africans filled under British or French colonialism in other African countries.

Even the vaunted miscegenation of the Portuguese seems rather wan under examination. In Benguela, Padre Galhano, the priest of the

Nossa Senhora do Populo Church, says that while there are a good number of marriages between whites and mulattoes in Benguela, there are none between whites and blacks or between mulattoes and blacks. No statistics are kept by the Portuguese, but simple observation indicates that the padre's analysis of marriage in Benguela holds for the



rest of Angola and Mozambique. Of the 12 million people who live in Angola and Mozambique, perhaps 400,000 are white and 100,000 mulatto. This is a smaller proportion of mulatto to white than exists in South Africa.

It is clear that society is dominated by whites in Portuguese Africa. The reason, however, is not all racial. Portuguese have little social mobility in their own society. A poor white man hardly has a chance to rise to the top. Why should a poor black man? The members of the Portuguese oligarchy are color-blind in the way they close the door to outsiders.

But, whatever the reason, the reality of Portuguese colonialism is bleak for the African. Despite his good relations with Portuguese whites, the chances of a Portuguese African getting ahead are very limited; better, of course, than his chances in South Africa or Rhodesia,

but nothing like the chance an educated African had under British or French rule or has today in independent black Africa.

Deluded by their own mythology, the Portuguese fail to understand the grievances of the Africans under them. For this reason, the Portuguese are bewildered by the rebellions they now face in Angola and Mozambique, their main African colonies, and in their small West African holding of Portuguese Guinea. Failing to understand the rebellions, the Portuguese have only one way of dealing with them — trying to put them down with military force.

“The confusion”

The first rebellion began in the morning of March 15, 1961, in northwest Angola. Thousands of Africans, mostly members of the Bakongo tribe, surrounded towns and plantations, brandished their long, curving machetes called *cantanas*, and killed almost a thousand Portuguese officials, farm managers, shopkeepers, and their wives and children. Many were mutilated.

That began a period that the Portuguese now call “the confusion.” The rebels killed and looted over an area that extended 200 miles from the Congo border to towns near the capital of Luanda. Portuguese civilians organized into vigilante groups and began killing any African they suspected of harboring rebel notions. Portugal rushed more military forces into Angola. They evidently restrained the vigilantes but then began strafing, bombing, and dropping napalm on any African village that struck them as an enemy.

By the end of the first year of fighting, there were perhaps 2000 Portuguese and anywhere from 20,000 to 50,000 Africans dead. At least 250,000 Africans fled the Portuguese guns and planes, crossed the border, and settled as refugees in the Congo. More refugees joined them later.

The war has lost much of its intensity since then. The Portuguese say they now lose only 110 soldiers a year. With 60,000 troops, the Portuguese have been able to push the few thousand original rebels into a thick forest area between Luanda and the coffee town of Carmona. Other rebels, however, have infiltrated into eastern Angola from Zambia.

Two rebel groups operate in



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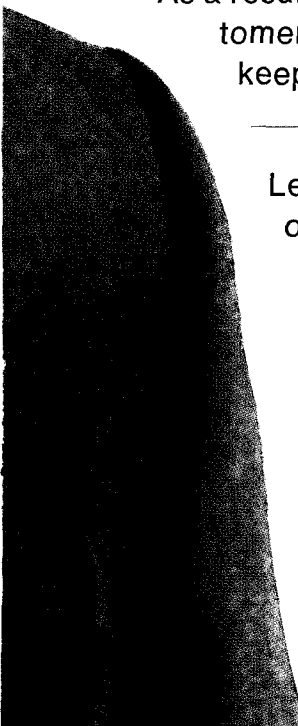
Bert Simon is President of Simon Stores, Inc., a chain of retail stores headquartered in Oakland, California.

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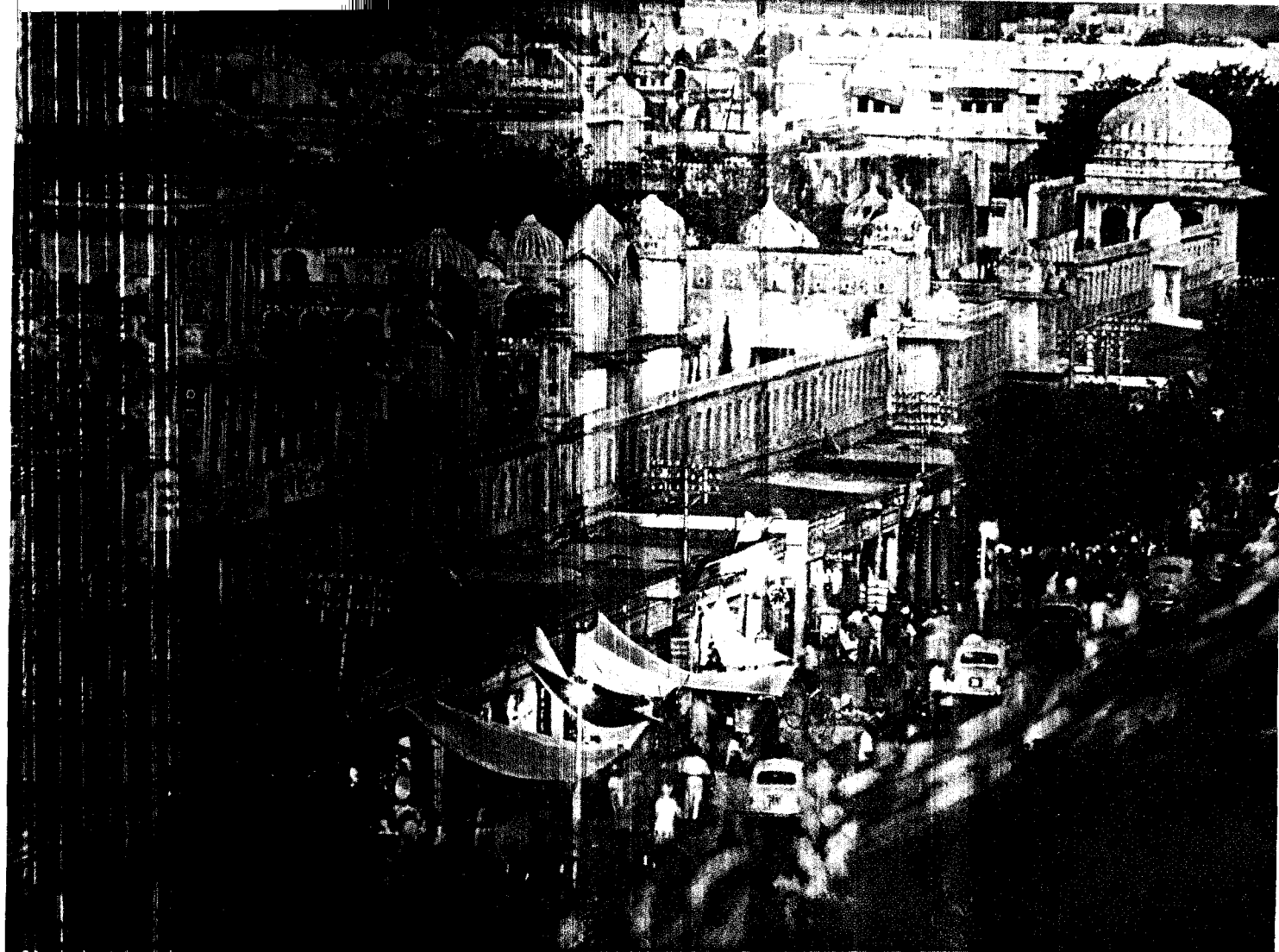
"Last year we decided to install a small computer," relates Mr. Simon. "A simple matter—so we thought. But when word got around, to our surprise, five computer companies were interested in submitting competitive bids. All the equipment was first class. It took six months of studying and thinking before we made up our minds.

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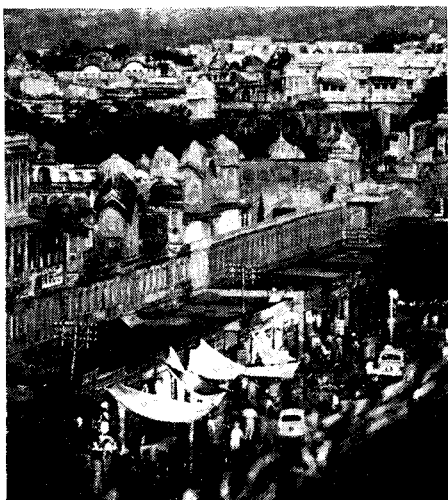
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Portuguese Africa

northern Angola. The first, which calls itself the Angolan Government in Exile, is made up mainly of a Bakongo political party called UPA (Union of the People of Angola) and is led by Holden Roberto, who keeps his headquarters in Kinshasa. A second group, which is headquartered in Brazzaville, is called MPLA (Popular Movement for the Liberation of Angola) and is led by mulatto intellectuals and members of the Kimbundu tribe. Most observers believe that the MPLA is infiltrated by Communists.

Classic tactics

Both the UPA and the MPLA ambush Portuguese patrols, lay mines on the roads, attack white farms and fortified villages, and fight each other. Sometimes fighting each other takes precedence over fighting the Portuguese.

Using classic tactics, the Portuguese try to beat down the insurgency by putting African civilians into new fortified villages. With civilians tucked away, Portuguese soldiers can scour the countryside for guerrillas. In addition, the clustering of civilians makes it easier for the Portuguese to prevent guerrillas from persuading or intimidating the civilians. The Portuguese admit, however, that they cannot penetrate the Dembos Forest, where most of the UPA guerrillas camp.

A new front opened on Christmas Day, 1966, when a band of 500 rebels attacked Teixeira de Sousa, the railroad town and border post in eastern Angola. The rebels were members of still another organization, UNITA (the National Union for the Total Independence of Angola). Headquartered in Lusaka, Zambia, UNITA rebels are mostly members of the Ovimbundu, the largest tribe in Angola. Since the fighting began in the East, the MPLA has joined the fighting there. UNITA has shown a great deal of resentment over this attempt by MPLA to move into its territory.

The profusion of rebel groups has helped the Portuguese. It is obvious that Portugal is in a dangerous position when rebel bands can move through large areas of the country, often close to major cities and rich agricultural regions. But the danger is blunted when the rebel groups

waste their energy sniping at each other with words and bullets, and when their leaders waste as much energy jockeying for positions of meaningless power in Lusaka, Kinshasa, and Brazzaville.

Intense

The war in Mozambique has recently intensified. Portuguese officials admit that the 6000 to 8000 rebels are better trained and equipped than before and killed more Portuguese soldiers in 1968 than during any similar period in the past. But the rebels have still failed to break out of the north, penned there by 45,000 to 60,000 Portuguese troops.

The war is very far away from the rich farmlands of central Mozambique or the huge ports and big cities of southern Mozambique. The most significant area of fighting is in the Cabo Delgado district in the northeast. That is where the rebellion broke out in the fall of 1964.

The rebels in Cabo Delgado belong to FRELIMO (Front for the Liberation of Mozambique), the organization of Mozambique Africans based in Dar es Salaam, Tanzania, and led by Dr. Eduardo Mondlane, a forty-seven-year-old former professor of anthropology at Syracuse University. FRELIMO troops roam an area from the Montepuez River north to the Tanzanian border, about a half to two thirds of the district. This is where the fighting is most bitter and intense.

The area is underpopulated and underdeveloped, and the Portuguese never bothered to administer it well or set up social services in the past. Now Portuguese troops control the towns and have enough control of the seacoast and the land alongside the Montepuez River to round up African farmers and force them to live in fortified villages. The underpopulated areas between the fortified villages are estimated as rebel territory or, at best, no man's land.

Courageous, determined

There is one area where the Portuguese have been unable to move Africans into fortified villages. This likely means that, for all practical purposes, it is administered by FRELIMO. Called the Mueda Plateau, the area is the heartland of the Makonde tribe in the northern third of the Cabo Delgado district.

The second major fighting area is

Portuguese Africa

in the Niassa district in the north-west. Here the fighting sweeps from the bush area below the district capital of Vila Cabral, west to Lake Nyasa, and then north to the Tanzanian border. The situation seems similar to that of Cabo Delgado, with the Portuguese controlling the towns but unable to move with safety in the countryside.

The Portuguese have a great deal of respect for the FRELIMO soldiers, particularly the Makonde tribesmen, who make up a large part of the African army. The Portuguese say their enemy is courageous, determined, efficient, and well trained. Using Russian, Czech, and Chinese weapons, FRELIMO soldiers lay mines on the roads, attack fortified villages, and ambush Portuguese army patrols and convoys. Occasionally, the Africans may group into a company of 150 men and attack a Portuguese post.

Tribal turn

Like most situations in Africa, the war, to some degree, turns on tribalism. The Portuguese, in fact, like to call the fight a tribal war between the Portuguese and the Makonde. The Makondes are a tribe split by the Tanzania-Mozambique border; 80,000 live in Mozambique, and 120,000 live in Tanzania. That makes it easy to recruit them, train them in Tanzania, and slip them back and forth across the border.

Dr. Mondlane, who comes from southern Mozambique, gets angry about talk of a Makonde war. He says that only three of his top twelve army officers and 3000 of his 8000-man army are Makonde. The truth seems to be that though FRELIMO's best fighters are Makonde and its most controlled territory is Makonde, the war has spread to other tribes. Even the Portuguese admit that there is fighting in the lands of the Ajawa and Nianja tribes in the Niassa District.

Nevertheless, there is a strong tribal factor in the war. The Portuguese seem to have set up their major line of defense in the area of the large Macua tribe. Most of the people who have moved into the fortified villages are Macua. For this reason, the Macua may be the key to the struggle. Whether by persuasion, intimidation, or show of

force, FRELIMO has to win allegiance of the Macua tribe before it can hope to crack the Portuguese defense and break through to the south.

There are similarities in both guerrilla wars and generalizations that can be drawn from them. The Portuguese have managed to contain the rebels in both territories so far and prevent them from disrupting the economies. But these are exhausting wars that are draining the limited resources of a small and poor country. There are dangers ahead for Portugal.

In fact, there are a number of factors outside the battlegrounds that may determine whether Portugal keeps its African empire.

Holding on

The first is the question of what direction Portugal will take under its new premier, Dr. Marcelo Caetano, sixty-two years old, who succeeded the ailing Salazar last September. The new regime might feel less of a need to hold on to the troublesome empire. The war, after all, is not popular among the Portuguese, who have to send their sons off to fight and face death in strange, little-known lands.

Events in Angola and Mozambique also might be changed by events in Portuguese Guinea. The Portuguese Army seems to have a far more difficult time holding the rebels there than in the two larger and richer colonies. This small West African territory is worthless, but its loss might depress morale of the Portuguese in Angola and Mozambique and embolden the rebels there.

There are other uncertainties that could change the course of the war: will South Africa send its troops into Angola and Mozambique if the Portuguese falter or withdraw? It's likely. Will the whites of Angola and Mozambique, supported by the troops overseas, declare their independence of Portugal if there is any hint that Lisbon wants to withdraw? This kind of Portuguese Rhodesia is a possibility. Can the various tribalist and antagonistic liberation groups overcome their differences and mount a united drive to defeat the common enemy? Perhaps. For now the Portuguese, sustained by imperialist delusions, are holding their own, but no more, in Angola and Mozambique.

— Stanley Meisler

Labor Arbitration: Britain and the U.S.

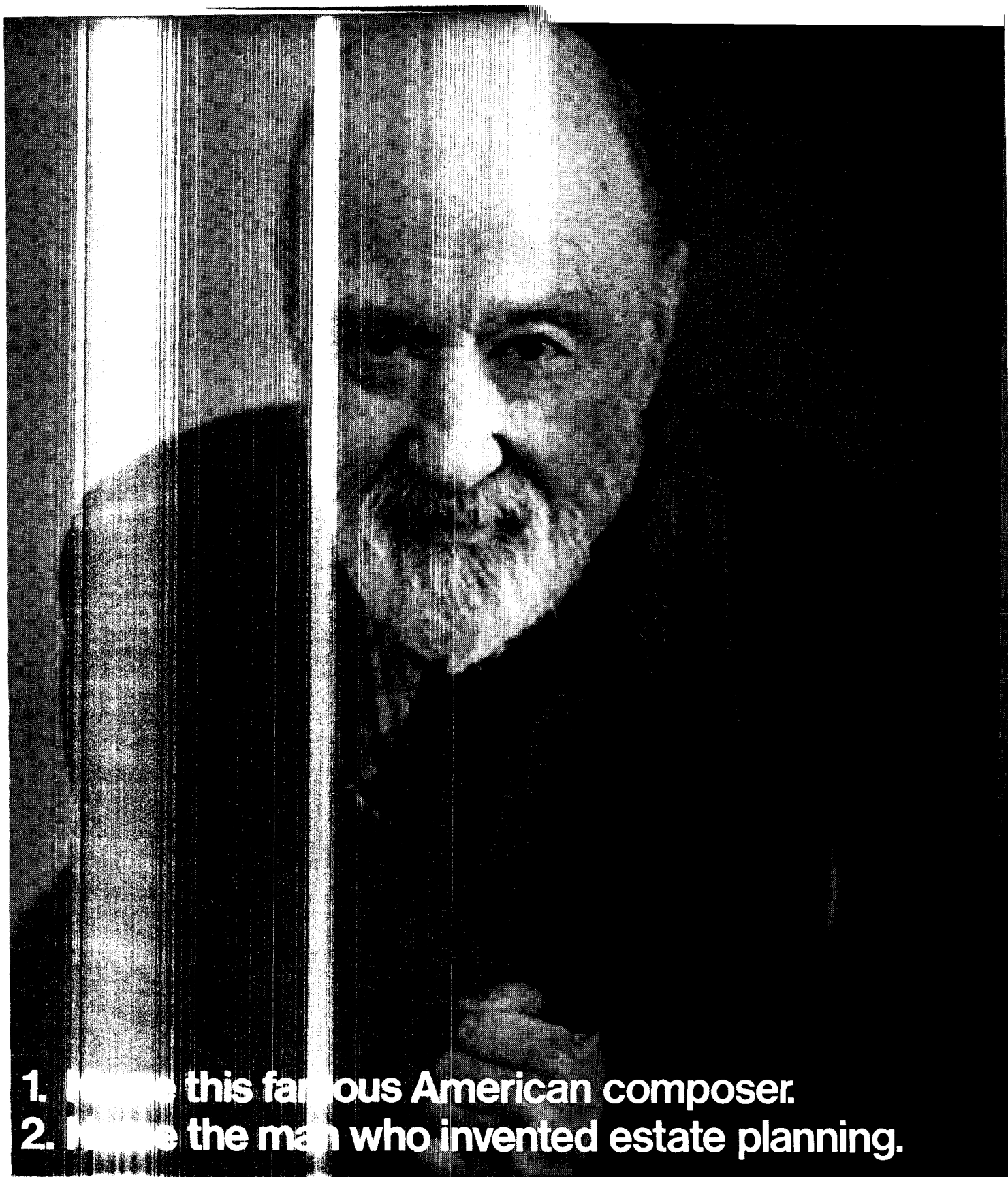
About a year ago at the Ford Motor Company plant in Dagenham, England, an employee was told to put a new drill in his machine, a simple chore he'd always done before. But now he balked for no apparent good reason. When he was suspended temporarily, 100 of his co-workers walked out in protest. Within two days, 9000 Ford employees were laid off because of the crippling effect of the walkout.

As is the case with about 95 percent of all the strikes in Britain, the stoppage was "unofficial," without the sanction of the national union. It could hardly be called illegal because almost no strikes are illegal in Britain. But legal or not, these "wildcat" strikes have been characterized by Lord Carron, the ex-president of the one-million-member Amalgamated Engineering and Foundrymen's Union, as "hammer blows at our [Britain's] existence." Largely because of the "quickie" strikes, the *Economist*, that fount of measured judgments, describes the labor relations picture in Britain as "a uniquely horrible mess."

If the Dagenham case had arisen, for example, at the Ford stamping plant in Cleveland, Ohio, it would have been handled differently. The recalcitrant employee's protest against being sent home would have been referred to a formal union-management settlement process for resolution. The odds are 1000 to one against a strike, but if the episode had boiled into a crippling walkout, the United Auto Workers' national staff would have moved in to end the stoppage.

Grievance

This private system for avoiding wildcat strikes about a multitude of issues from tardiness to the quality of washroom toilet tissue has been written into close to 100,000 separate private contracts between management and labor. It is founded upon a voluntary union pledge not to strike over so-called grievances arising during the period when the contract is in effect. Instead, union and management agree to the arbitration of all unresolved grievances. Those not settled by the supervisor and the



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Labor Arbitration

union steward or by higher officials in joint conference are sent to a private arbitrator. The parties agree in advance that the arbitrator's decision must be accepted as final and binding.

Except in highly regulated industries like the railroads and the air-

a high price in return for strike-free day-to-day stability is generally overlooked by the press. This attitude was aptly summarized some years back by Harry W. Anderson, General Motors vice president for industrial relations at the time: "The public doesn't understand about these highly-publicized settlements: the big thing we're buying is the union's collaboration in mak-

outs is what Lord Carron called the "suicidal strangling of trade."

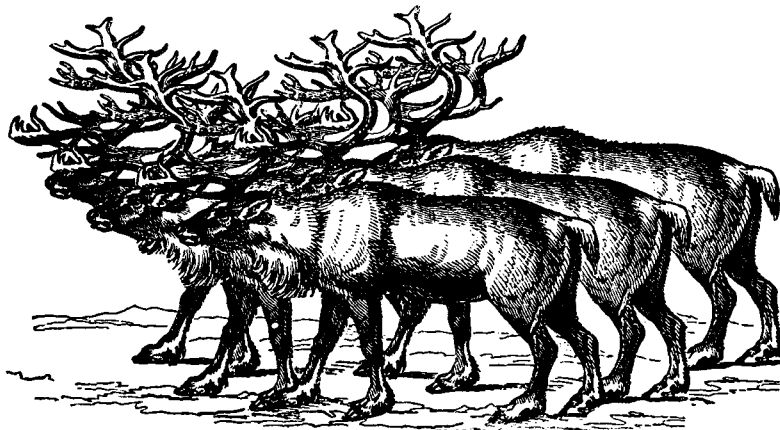
By contrast, as Kheel argued, the U.S. union leader uses his economic muscle to get big gains after the contract expires: "Because the U.S. union delivers the wage-and-fringe goodies when the contract is reopened at the end of its term, the union leader can say: 'Okay, you bastards, you can't strike for the next three years. Then we'll exercise our collective strength again and get something more that's really good.'"

Kheel raised a storm in Britain last year by declaring that the British employee relations system is "at least 50 years behind that of the U.S." Kheel indicated that Britain could be doomed economically unless there is a drastic revision of the current system under which anyone can call a strike anytime he feels like it. He noted that the economic damage of these wildcat strikes is enormous.

Kheel insists that British management fails to comprehend the need for "predictability" in its day-to-day relations with the employees. The British manager "doesn't know when the hell he's going to be hit by a strike," Kheel says, "and he has even less idea of how to settle it, except by giving in." As Kheel put it: "The ultimate consequence of this inability to plan" is to discourage industry from "going out and buying the machinery and making the other capital improvements that British industry desperately needs and isn't getting."

Miniskirts and moonlighting

In this country, the agenda of issues going to arbitration gets ever longer. It includes disputes about math tests required for promotions; favoritism in overtime assignments; premium pay for five-foot, five-inch operators who can fit into the motor case of a NASA missile; company policy on long hair and beards; the right to take a second job (moonlight) at another company; the effect of miniskirts on production; and civil-rights picketing as an excusable absence. Also on the arbitral agenda: the right to buy "numbers" tickets during working hours, on-the-job sodomy, and a blizzard as an act of God. From dolts to dope addicts, the arbitrators deal with all the variant personalities and problems in employee relations. Of the major issues, the staples are absen-



lines, the entire system is strictly a matter of private agreements. Neither state nor federal law requires the no-strike pledges given and honored by unions, and only a relative handful of the more than 40,000 arbitration decisions rendered annually ever wind up in court. Each year literally millions of grievances are resolved peacefully. For those not settled at the local plant or office, the arbitrator's ruling is unreviewable, uncontestable, and unimpeachable. With the rarest exceptions, the incident is terminated utterly. In Alva Johnston's phrase, it's "like a building falling on a man."

There are basically two types of strikes in this country. The first is that which occurs in the legally authorized period *after* a contract terminates. When the parties cannot agree on new money terms and other benefits, the union has the right to strike.

The second is the strike over grievances that erupt *during* the contract term. This report deals only with the latter. And, make no mistake, these strikes are no mere sideshow to the crucial emergency affairs. Despite the gravity of the questions raised by major strikes over new contract terms, most of today's ablest managers would regard the return of midterm "wildcat" strikes as an equally serious menace.

Management's willingness to pay

ing that grievance system work. That day-by-day union performance on dealing with grievances and keeping production going smoothly is a damn-sight more important than the money deal we make with Walter [Reuther]."

In Britain, no such gyrostabilizer for day-to-day employee relations has been developed. As Theodore W. Kheel, the American labor troubleshooter, pointed out recently, the most important practical difference between the U.S. and British systems is the power of a local shop steward in Britain to "call a nuisance walk-out any time he chooses." Recent causes of these walkouts include a welder's changing a light bulb instead of waiting for an electrician to do it; the installation of automatic tea dispensers to cut down excessive tea-break time caused by individual tea brewing; the disciplining of an Andy-Capp-like brewery employee who regularly "knocked back" more than his two free pints of on-the-job bitter each day; the hiring of a Negro at Alcan Industries in preference to several white applicants; the reduction in the number of sausages at tea breaks at a Liverpool shipyard.

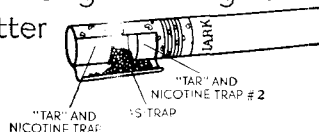
Harold Wilson's Labor government declared that a wildcat tie-up on the Royal Docks in 1967 was a major factor in driving the government to its November, 1967, devaluation of the pound sterling. The broader result of these walk-

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Labor Arbitration

teism, vacation-and-holiday scheduling, insubordination, abuse of sick leave, overtime, ability versus seniority in promotions, and discrimination against women in promotion, assignments, and so on.

Although arbitration of employee grievances in the United States ranges back to an 1865 steel puddlers case in Pittsburgh, only in the last twenty-five years has the system been broadly used. Prior to that, the New York cloak and suit industry, with Louis D. Brandeis as the arbitrator, under the famous 1910 Protocol; the newspaper industry and the typographical and printing pressmen's unions; and Hart, Schaffner & Marx, with its 1911 arbitration pact engineered largely by Sidney Hillman, the president of the Amalgamated Clothing Workers, did the most important pioneering with grievance arbitration. In the 1930s, Dr. George W. Taylor of the University of Pennsylvania attracted attention with his resourceful services as the arbitrator in the hosiery and men's clothing industries.

But the real breakthrough did not come until June 10, 1939, at a dramatic meeting of the United Auto Workers' General Motors Council in Detroit. The 119-day sit-down strike at GM's Flint plants in 1936-1937 was followed by GM's capitulation to John L. Lewis, the CIO president. But the auto workers were no more appeased than the Paris Commune had been by the Vicomte de Noailles's 1789 offer to surrender the rights and privileges of the French nobility. Several frenzied years followed in Detroit, Flint, and Pontiac.

One hundred and seventy wildcat stoppages hit General Motors between February and June, 1937. In 1938, there were at least 300. In most of the GM plants, the militant UAW members were cocked for instant strike action at the mere raising of a foreman's voice. They

were about as concerned about GM's dependence on efficiency as H. Rap Brown is about the future of the Grosse Pointe Yacht Club.

By 1939, Walter P. Reuther, the head of the UAW's GM Department, saw clearly that wildcat strikes could impair the infant CIO's opportunity to move into the economic and political big leagues. Advised by Sidney Hillman, Reuther began exploratory talks with GM officials. At the June 10, 1939, showdown of UAW's GM Council, Reuther spoke out against wildcat strikes: "I don't want to tie up 90,000 workers because one worker was laid off for two months. That is a case for the arbitrator." To many in the UAW, this was unacceptable appeasement, but Reuther managed to carry the day.

For its part, GM management was looking hard at the idea of a grievance-and-arbitration system before they'd even heard of Walter Reuther. They proceeded in the manner described by a longtime GM adviser from the investment house of Morgan Stanley: "When GM takes up a question, they don't just discuss it, they pulverize it." The result of Reuther's initiative and GM's homework was the 1940 agreement for a grievance-and-arbitration system.

Rule of law

This agreement, coming at a crucial time, had an influential impact after America entered World War II. The War Labor Board, charged with handling wartime labor disputes, seized the occasion to write grievance-and-arbitration clauses into thousands of contracts. Despite their imposition at many companies as pure diktat, these clauses plainly answered what Justice Holmes has called "a felt need." They were widely embraced and became the sole point of labor-management unanimity at President Truman's post-war Labor Management Conference on the whole range of labor policy. Both the NAM and the CIO agreed on the desirability of private arbitration of employee grievances under a plan based on no-strike pledges by local unions.

The practical significance for management, unions, and the economy was summed up a few years ago by Archibald Cox, the former U.S. Solicitor General, now Boylston Professor of Law at Harvard:

The extraordinary accomplishments of collective bargaining in the . . . years since [1935] . . . are all too easily forgotten. It is hard to think of any institution that has accomplished so much in the short span of [a few] years. . . .

Take . . . the vital goal of establishing a rule of law in the mine, mill, and factory — the substitution of a rule of law [through the arbitration process] for the arbitrary and capricious power of the boss. Men have few greater concerns than this kind of justice. What equal example is there of extending a rule of law — both substantive rights and duties and also the machinery to administer them — into so large an area of human life affecting so many people within so short a time. Nothing less has been done by collective bargaining through the rules it brings into the shop and the industrial jurisprudence being made and administered through grievance procedures and arbitration.

In addition to Dr. George W. Taylor, who became a special adviser on labor relations to Presidents Roosevelt, Truman, Eisenhower, and Kennedy, a remarkably able and wise group of arbitrators deserves credit for their role in the grievance-and-arbitration experiment. Most played important roles on the World War II War Labor Board. Thereafter, many served as arbitrators for key companies and unions during the formative and trying stages of collective bargaining. For example, Ralph T. Seward at General Motors and International Harvester, Harry Shulman at Ford, Sylvester Garrett at U.S. Steel, Gabriel N. Alexander at GM, Harry Platt at Ford and Republic Steel, and Saul Wallen at Sylvania Electric Products and B. F. Goodrich contributed mightily to make the grievance systems work. Their constructive influence and example also were felt in many other fledgling relationships and were emulated by new arbitrators.

An arbitrator can be fired at any time by either party. He decides very few "great" cases, and his career can be lonely and often drab. But the luminaries in what is called the arbitrators' "College of Cardinals" move into the bright public light from time to time as White House mediators and fact-finders in the big labor-relations "spectaculars." In these national emergency cases, the role of the mediator is entirely different from that of the arbitrator, although many in the profession ex-

Illustrations in the Reports: p. 4, "An Odium of Politicians," and p. 24, "A Gang of Elk," from *An Exaltation of Larks*, by James Lipton (Grossman, New York, Copyright © 1968); p. 16, "Fetish Figure, Bakongo Tribe," from *The Sculpture of Africa* by Eliot Elisofon (Praeger, New York, Copyright © Thames and Hudson, London, 1958).

change the two hats with alacrity. The arbitrator makes like a judge and decides a case; the mediator makes like a high-level con man and tries to get the parties to resolve their differences themselves.

Others who have served with distinction in both categories include Ben Aaron, director of the Industrial Relations Institute at UCLA and a member of the Presidential Automation Commission of 1965; David L. Cole, President Eisenhower's Mediation Service Director; Archibald Cox; John T. Dunlop of the Harvard Economics Department, who is a dynamic legend even among his fellow "Cardinals"; N. P. Feinsinger of the Wisconsin Law School, who was chairman of the National Wage Stabilization Board; Robben W. Fleming, the president of the University of Michigan since 1968; Ted Kheel, who "plays God" in the tangled labor relations of New York City the way Dunlop did until recently in the construction and atomic energy industries; and W. Willard Wirtz, the Secretary of Labor under Presidents Kennedy and Johnson.

In some ways, the second wave of arbitrators has not been of comparable quality. The unions and management have been far too slow in extending their confidence to new arbitrators and in seeing to it that arbitration was made an attractive career. Some of the new arbitrators like Paul Hanlon, David Miller, Richard Mittenenthal, and Rolf Valtin are excellent, but more are needed.

Today, about twenty-five years since arbitration was imposed from Washington on a reluctant management, the system is widely accepted. Although some procedures work poorly, and although the nature of the system, with winners and losers in every case, guarantees a hail of off-the-cuff contumely for the arbitrators, the system is under no serious challenge. A quick peek at the British "wildcat" strikes is bound to give pause to the harshest critics of the U.S. system. — *Ben Rathbun*

REPORT CONTRIBUTORS

Elizabeth B. Drew is the ATLANTIC'S Washington editor. Stanley Meisler reports from Africa for the Los Angeles TIMES. Ben Rathbun is associate editor of the Bureau of National Affairs in Washington, which specializes in labor-management relations.

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the mail

Duberman on student rebels

SIR: I fully agree with Martin Duberman ("On Misunderstanding Student Rebels," November *Atlantic*) that our youth are extraordinarily energetic, strongly and positively motivated, exceptionally well educated (in certain categories of knowledge), and passionately concerned with improving the world in which they live.

But this does not mean that they are infallible, that they are the ultimate repository of either passion or understanding, and that a critical evaluation of their demands and positions is not useful and could not possibly be helpful to them. As a determined partisan of the young, I find it painful to see them rejecting the lessons of history especially at a moment when on an international scale they are organizing and acting in a way that is unprecedented and vital. It is nonsense to condemn young people for their manners, or their hair, or their style of life. But it is equally nonsensical and perhaps more dangerous to accept their shibboleths and inconsequentialities as being meaningful simply because it comes from them.

To say that the "condescension or blindness" on the part of the older generation is a "crime" does not vitiate the guilt of those who take advantage of youthful emotionality, enthusiasm, and naïveté to attempt to lead young people into self-aggrandizing adventures rather than attempting to channel part of the enthusiasm into self-criticism, evaluation of programs, establishment of direction and goals, and objectification of the movement.

Mr. Duberman is a teacher. He has the problem of defining his own role. What does he see as his function in the academic environment? How does he describe the necessities of his relationships with his students? Is the reform of the academic community to "meet the needs" of our youth simply a matter of new forms? Since student radicals tend to be

anti-historical, are we to eliminate history from the curriculum? Or do we have an obligation to demonstrate the relevance of history, or economics, or sociology, or literature, or math? Is the attack on the universities real or is it an easy substitute for an attack on the heart of the industrial power structure?

We do indeed have enormous responsibility for the ways of our youth, and in general and in particular I approve of its radical directions. It therefore becomes my obligation not simply to approve uncritically, but to attempt to apply whatever values there may be attached to age and learning to make our young radical leaders and their followers better able effectively to accomplish their ends, and perhaps to define the ends themselves. To do otherwise is an abdication of role.

WILLIAM CAPITMAN
New York City

SIR: In my years as student and professor I've heard and read some pretty mind-boggling statements made by some pretty weird academic characters, but Duberman's takes the cake. I'm particularly incensed at his deliberate misinterpretation of Hook's point. Hook's not very exceptional thesis is: (1) In most situations in life intelligence should be the director of activity, (2) means and ends are intimately related. Hook's quarrel with the rioters was not their youth, or their grievances, or their presumed sexual prowess. What Hook was arguing was that the truly educated human whether sixteen or sixty determines both his means and his ends through the use of intelligence, and that evil means may corrupt good ends.

This mode of thought has not been adopted by the SDS, and other groups of a similar nature. I, and others, listened while a fairly important member of one of these groups told a philosophy of education convention that every tenth child should be randomly slaughtered in order to

secure justice in this corrupt country. It wasn't the young man's sexual power I envied, but his chutzpah. Extended and intensive conversations with many of these students reveal their overweening hubris and their profound ignorance, despite, in some cases, good academic records. Furthermore, most have all the earmarks of the "true believer." No amount of counterevidence and no demonstration of their logical contradictions faze them a bit.

ROBERT PRIMACK
College of Education
University of Florida
Gainesville, Fla.

SIR: According to Martin Duberman's article students were denounced in the 1950s for their apathy, but now they are being denounced for the intensity of their involvement in public questions. From this conjunction of opposites, Duberman concludes that the denunciations arise not in what students do, but in a resentment of what they are. Adults, it is said, envy students because they are young and strong. The conclusion may well be true of some adults, but it has no basis in the argument that is supposed to lead to it. Adults may honestly deplore unconstructive self-dramatization, whether or not they are regretting their fading vigor.

However shrilly Mr. Duberman argues to the contrary, I cannot persuade myself that college sophomores have as a general rule had more "experience" than I have had, although I grant that it may be different. Nor can I believe that getting old necessarily means getting wise or tolerant. The point — and it is an unpleasant surprise to have an occasion for writing this to the *Atlantic* — is that age provides no ready criterion for distinguishing right from wrong. Neither does moral fervor, which seems to be what Mr. Duberman himself offers us in lieu of being a sophomore.

Mr. Duberman wants professors



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→SWISSAIR

Heidi wouldn't lie.

to be the models after whom students might pattern their lives. Fine. Let him be one. Fortunately for the advancement of knowledge and for the society that values it, lesser men may make a contribution. Hopefully, universities will continue to be centers of learning, in addition to educational institutions, for we have conceived as yet no more suitable environment for scholars. Besides, it may be educational for students to observe and talk with people engaged in the scholarly enterprise — the “narrow specialists” as Mr. Duberman terms them — while they are in the transition from childhood to adulthood.

R. J. HERRNSTEIN
Department of Psychology
Harvard University
Cambridge, Mass.

SIR: Martin Duberman defends the student activists on the ground that students and others “had appealed to the Columbia administration to review its policies on the gym construction — all to no avail.”

This philosophy opens interesting vistas to other groups who may feel frustrated by institutions over which they have little or no control. One such institution is the Supreme Court. Now the remedy is clear: seize the Court, imprison the Justices, destroy their records, urinate in their wastebaskets, and bring the rascals to heel.

I should think Mr. Duberman might be concerned about the threat to academic freedom in the kind of environment he condones. If an activist minority can tell a university what it may do it can also tell its professors what they may teach.

CHARLES R. CHAPPELL
San Marino, Calif.

SIR: I thoroughly agree with Martin Duberman's thesis on student rebels, but I am a bit puzzled by his choice of enemies.

Opinions on matters of import fall into three categories: (1) right, (2) wrong, but worth refuting, (3) wrong and *not* worth refuting. George Kennan's, perhaps, fall into category two; but Barzun's and Hook's clearly fall into category three, and I can't for the life of me see why Martin Duberman spends valuable time pointing out their errors. For some years now these academic gentlemen have written only *pour épater le professorat*, to shock, outrage,

amuse, titillate — but not to communicate anything worth communicating. Their effect on academic nerves is predictable, but their effort is certainly not to be taken seriously.

Barzun, for instance (similar examples could be found for Hook, but I won't bother), defends the idea of a university removed from the world, not involved in the hurly-burly — yet he defends the practice of service to the military in the form of government-sponsored research. Now a university cannot remain gloriously aloof from the world while serving the military; why does Barzun defend both positions at once? Easy, because the students and the liberal faculty who review his books *attack* both positions, and he wants to annoy them as much as possible. It doesn't really matter to him what he says, just so long as he's *noticed*!

But student rebellion is a serious matter, and deserves serious discussion. Perhaps we would be better off leaving these lightweights to their own amusements, and concentrating on the views of those who address themselves to the problem rather than, mischievously, to their colleagues.

LISA H. PERKINS
Hofstra University
Hempstead, Long Island, N. Y.

SIR: Mr. Duberman deserves full marks for the sanest thing on students this reader has seen yet. I am an assistant professor in a large urban university, hardly a rebel or a member of the “underclass.” Yet while I deplore the ugliness of some of the Columbia protest, there is all the difference in the world between deploping behavior and refusing to open one's eyes to the very good reasons for it.

In some places, it has been possible at least to mitigate the reasons and to continue to talk about those that remain. This does not mean one must abdicate the right to object to bare feet on library tables and the like. In some unhappier places, huge size and the dead weight of administration indifference and sheer student need for education, however bad, make change much harder. More articles like Mr. Duberman's, more widely circulated, might especially help those who support public universities to see the students there as able, promising human beings with hopes and dreams we desperately need. Thank you for restoring a

much needed balance to a debate which had ceased to be such.

DANILA C. SPIELMAN
Haverford, Penn.

SIR: I want to express my admiration for Martin Duberman and his wonderfully perceptive article.

I quit college in my second year last spring because I seemed to be wasting my life; I could find no link between what I was being taught in class and what was going on in the world outside. I rebelled by turning my back on the system completely, an act which may have been a rejection of responsibility. I greatly respect the students who remain to try to change the order of things — that they should still have the stomach for such a task after being exposed to the system is amazing and encouraging.

LISA D. KNUDSEN
Jackson, Wyo.

SIR: Except for minor details, we have found at King's College that the principles Martin Duberman identifies, and their sensible application, permit us to interact with the current student generation in an effective educational way, to the benefit of all concerned: students, professors, and staff.

Since you will receive letters from other readers who take exception to Mr. Duberman's remarks, I would like to testify that Mr. Duberman has accurately assessed the situation.

JAY A. YOUNG
Department of Chemistry
King's College
Wilkes-Barre, Penn.

SIR: Martin Duberman's “On Misunderstanding Student Rebels” proves once again that no magazine in America even comes close to the *Atlantic's* depth, insight, and fresh articulate style.

JAMES E. QUINN
Department of Humanities
University of Missouri
Rolla, Mo.

The war against the young

SIR: I think Martin Duberman, and Richard Poirier (“The War Against the Young,” October *Atlantic*), are unrealistic in that both seem to look upon students as adults.

It seems to me that the basic cause for the disturbing behavior seen in many of our older adolescents is the fact that they have been treated like

adults since early childhood. Poirer's interpretation of Friedenberg's "Vanishing Adolescent" is incorrect. I believe Friedenberg did not mean to say that adolescence is vanishing because young people are more mature but rather that parents are depriving young people of a chance to perform the important developmental tasks which must be accomplished during adolescence. This has resulted in the disappearance of normal adolescence, and it has been replaced by a premature adulthood against which some adolescents have reacted by regressing to childish behavior.

The segment of our younger generation which has turned to the hippie world, as well as those who have chosen disruptive rebellion as an outlet, seems to me to be expressing disgust and anger because of a felt emotional deprivation which to a large part has risen because of a withholding, on the part of parents and authorities, of appropriate action, attention, and understanding during their childhood and adolescence.

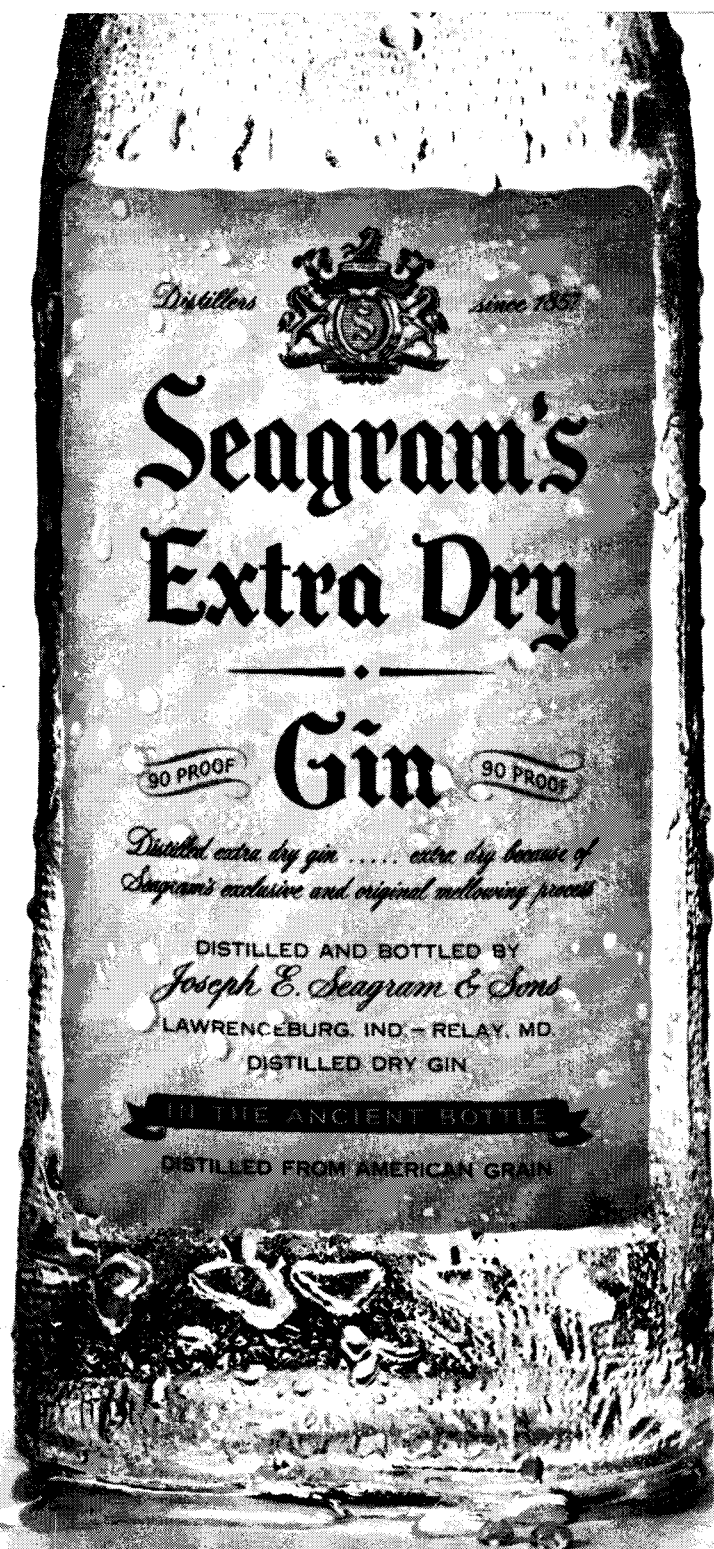
As Erikson has so clearly pointed out, the adolescent needs help in finding his identity and in establishing intimacy. This help does not come from pretending that he is totally self-reliant and in every sense already an adult. He needs close association with respected adults as well as guidelines and to some degree limits in order to achieve healthy adulthood.

The behavior of the hippies and the extreme revolutionaries is basically very childish. The hippies' infantile withdrawal and playful use of flowers and bizarre costumes are one example. The revolutionaries' demand for instant gratification and their tantrum-like expressions of rage are another. The disappointing lack of continuity in many of the younger generation's attempts to reform, such as SNCC and Tocsin, is still another example of immaturity. In contrast, their efforts to change the establishment through previously organized channels with the aid of adults, such as the ventures begun with Phillips Brooks House, have been sustained for many years.

GRAHAM B. BLAINE, JR.
Chief, Psychiatric Service
Harvard University Health Services
Cambridge, Mass.

SIR: I should like to refute James S. Kunen's absurd assertion ("Why We're Against the Biggees," October

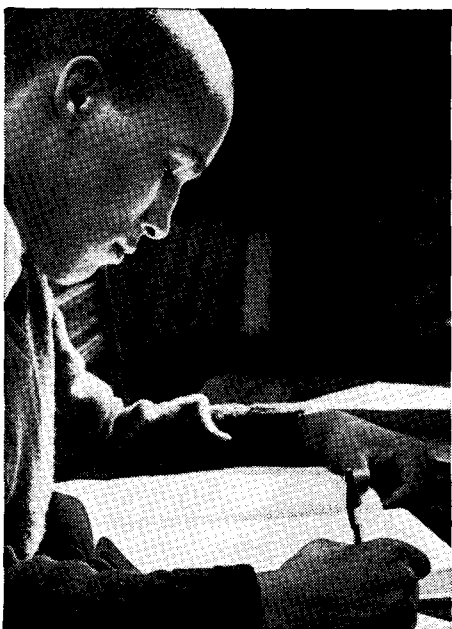
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Atlantic) that the Biggees possess and control our minds. My volition is entirely my own. This has been a recording.

MARK B. FISHMAN
Philadelphia, Penn.

SIR: I am a young farmer, in college now, and I object to the romantic nonsense of Richard Poirier about the beauty of young idealism, and so forth, which might have been a new idea when Hammurabi was King of Babylon — but is tiresome today. I am also up to here with the belly-aching of the likes of drippie James Kunen and his weeping and wailing and hating everything but himself. I see no signs in my school of any special quality among my contemporaries; they are no more stupid or bright or idealistic than their parents. Some are drippies, some are Biggees, some are cruds — but so are their parents. The difference is my friends are living off, sponging off, good old Hateful Dad.

MARK STERN
Sand Lake, Mich.

SIR: It is indeed a sad commentary on our times that an ordinarily enlightened magazine such as yours deems an article such as James S. Kunen's fit for publication.

Mr. Kunen's most ludicrous statement appears in his last paragraph when he remarks, "If we get it [Columbia], we will never give it back." He fails utterly to realize that under those inconceivable circumstances, there would indeed be no Columbia to give back. As evidenced by the wreckage of President Kirk's office after the recent occupation, Kunen and his ilk are not even fit for custodial positions in the modern university.

Those of us in higher education who are trying to take responsible, progressive positions as counselors and administrators find our work made that much more difficult by you and other shortsighted members of the Fourth Estate. My subscription expires this month; be assured that it will not be renewed.

ALBERT S. FARVER, JR.
*Supervisor of Psychometric Services
University of Maryland
College Park, Md.*

SIR: Mr. Kunen's answers are just too easy. They do not take account of the facts, and here are some of the facts they do not take account of:

1. Every generation of young people — the best part at least — has felt precisely as he does, and the only reason he can protest as he does is that the current generation of Oldees is more permissive and more sympathetic with his frustrations than any other generation of Oldees has ever been.

2. Biggees are as anxious to be decent and to act intelligently as anyone else, and are just as inefficient. Humanity is a disease which we all have, and which the burning of College Hall will not cure.

3. Most things in life have to be paid for. I'm not especially shocked at any of the things Kunen and his friends *do*; but distressed by the fact that they want to be praised and petted for doing them, not penalized.

4. Until one has become a contributing member of a society, one does not have very much right to dictate what that society shall do.

LAURENCE B. JOHNSON
Pitman, N. J.

SIR: James Kunen's case against the Biggees rests on two things which deprive him of his freedom: the draft, and his wish to have money. The latter is mentioned to supplement the missing moralistic sound of an argument based only on the draft, which consumes only two years of life and carries with it the possibility of serious injury no greater than the chances of being injured in an automobile accident as a civilian.

Aside from the draft, Kunen says he isn't free because he has to study certain things to get a degree which he needs "to make it," which he must do to get what he wants. Never before has suppression of freedom been defined as the opportunity to take those legal actions necessary to obtain one's goals or wants. He says, predictably, that his desires are controlled by the Biggees who have programmed him. Yet he has rejected the system and its idol and support: money.

Actually his thought is controlled. His programmer is the cowardice of intellect fed by undisciplined laziness. Lacking the moral strength to reject his own desire to "make it," he attempts to deprive the rest of society of their freedom of choice. If he can prevent the John Smiths from having the opportunity of "making it," then conformity's

strength will shore up the intellectual weakness of the James Kunens.

WAYNE L. ROHRICH
Euclid, Ohio

The class of '43 is angry

SIR: I did not know that our Harvard 1943 reunion had been bugged by a secret agent of the *Atlantic*, but I certainly found it out in Nicholas von Hoffman's article in your October issue ("The Class of '43 Is Puzzled"). We were neatly pilloried, with our heads sticking through the holes in the canvas which von Hoffman had painted before he came. It is a clever and funny souvenir, but it is basically untrue, and belongs among the ephemera of journalism rather than the archives of our time.

What I object to essentially about von Hoffman's article is the homogenization which has gone into the construction of his man of straw (or crabgrass). How indeed can one summarize five hundred people, or five hundred multiplied by twenty-five man-years of diverse experience, some of it antithetical?

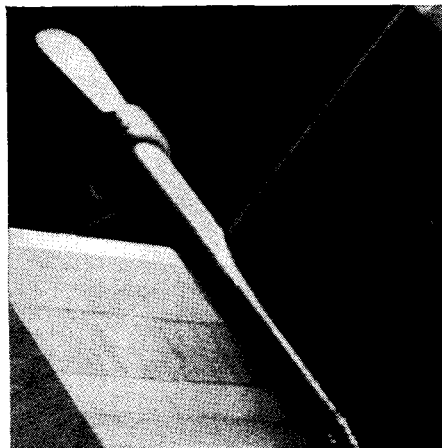
I also miss a recognition of the depth of social concern which involved many of these men in college and which persists among them today. An example: John Richardson (no kin) is not seen for what he is. Few would have abandoned a law practice, as he did, to work full-time for Hungarian refugees. This is not mentioned in Mr. von Hoffman's patronizing sketch.

For many of us, the reunion was a mission of self-education, and the meat of it, the central issue, was contained in the "confrontation" with the younger generation at Winthrop House. Herbert Weiner spoke for no small minority, and with a sensitivity both native and cultivated, turned aside the rather Oedipal emotions which seem to crop up on such occasions. He made it clear that Harvard 1943 is largely sympathetic with the younger generation, and is not contented with the status quo. Included among us are, or were, not merely some of the best of the ordinary people, but some of the most extraordinary of the best people. As with any encounter with a stranger, it takes a while of looking and listening to find that out.

GEORGE S. RICHARDSON, M.D.
Boston, Mass.

SIR: The article on the Harvard class of 1943 was a fraud. It failed

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Coming in the Atlantic



**"Am trying to knock Mr. Shakespeare on his ass."
Ernest Hemingway in HEMINGWAY: LIVING, LOV-
ING, DYING. Part Two of our excerpts from the
new biography by Carlos Baker.**

**". . . Thoreau's predominating aim was to save his
life, not to spend it." From THOREAU AS NON-HERO
by Alfred Kazin.**

**"To be a Transylvanian is something very special indeed.
My dear wife, who believes almost everything I tell her,
still doesn't quite accept the fact that out where I come
from pitch-black buffalos graze in the meadows and
that I was raised on their milk." From TO THE TICK OF
A DIFFERENT CLOCK by Charles Derecskey.**

**"The most persistently troublesome issue in political
theory is the relationship between freedom and equality.
In the liberal, democratic state — and particularly in
the United States — this issue has largely been avoided."
From THE HIDDEN COSTS OF EQUALITY by Edgar Z.
Friedenberg.**

Also:

**NOTES OF A GENTLE REVOLUTIONARY
by James S. Kunen**

Stories by Florence Hecht and James Alan McPherson

to provide any evidence that today's generation gap is any wider than yesterday's, and it perpetuates a monumental libel of countless thousands of Harvard graduates.

Obviously, there is a serious gap in understanding between parents and offspring, but what reunion class has not worried about what the younger generation is coming to? I'm surprised that the *Atlantic* would claim to have commissioned a serious "anthropological" look at this class and then present little more than a disjointed collection of offhand and sometimes alcoholic comments made at informal reunion affairs without any knowledge that a surreptitious imposter was recording them for posterity.

Much worse, however, is the false image the article presents of Harvard alumni. To be sure, the typical Harvard man once upon a time was a filthy rich, stuffy, indifferent Bostonian who deserved all the contempt and derision he received from less obnoxious types.

But times have changed, as *Atlantic* keeps trying to say, and so has the typical Harvard man. For at least a generation or more the typical Harvard man has been far removed from the persistent other malcontents. I don't have the exact figures, but I submit that the typical Harvard man for the past twenty-five years or so has been unable to pay for college without a scholarship or student job, has been no stuffier than any other Ivy Leaguer, and has demonstrated greater social consciousness than most of his peers. And his home is more likely to be near Kalamazoo than Cambridge.

How about having the rich, stuffy, Bostonian *Atlantic* publish an article that finally reports the truth about the composite Harvard man?

ARTHUR E. (TED) ROWSE
Washington, D.C.

SIR: I feel a real injustice is done in your characterization of Albert W. Merck. The mistake consists of using an excerpt from his modest and somewhat offhand class autobiography to summarize the man himself.

He is in actuality exactly the sort of man our class can be proud of. He is a college teacher. He is vitally concerned in urban planning, is chairman of the New Jersey Committee of the New York Regional Plan Association, and is an imaginative and bold chairman of his own

Dean Martin's son lived on \$6.50 a week.

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ATL-1-69

town's planning board. He is also a trustee of a school, a college, and a hospital. Finally, along with his wife, he is a prime mover in our state in raising funds for the Legal Defense Fund of the NAACP. I see them conduct their drives year after year, and Mrs. Merck has been honored by a citation from the NAACP. He is a very good citizen, even if he is a member of our "puzzled" class of 1943.

CORTLANDT PARKER
Bernardsville, N. J.

Szasz on battered children

SIR: In the October *Atlantic*, Thomas S. Szasz ("Justice and Psychiatry") criticizes Ray E. Helfer's and C. Henry Kempe's book, *The Battered Child*, essentially for advocating that the parent who batters a child be treated mentally rather than thrown in a dungeon. Mr. Szasz avoids saying this so bluntly, but a return to the dungeon is the only logical outcome of his insistence that modern tendencies to increase mental treatment at the expense of judicial or "police" control are malign.

His strong point is that we should have due process of law or some innocent parents may be subjected to psychiatric "meddling" or incarceration in hospitals. Obviously we should have due process, in which the accused has counselors and defends himself in a rational discussion with his accusers, but this is true of whatever system we have, whether it be the judicial system Mr. Szasz favors or the medico legal system he says the authors of the book favor. The question is whether it should be due process of law or some other kind of due process.

Unlike Mr. Szasz, I see that the due process of medical treatment can be far more humane and less dehumanizing, far less bureaucratic, than the due process of law. There is nothing less humane than laws put in at times of mass hysteria, as laws about battering parents tend to be. There is nothing more rigid and inflexible, less subject to individual cases, than properly administrated law. There is no organization more bureaucratic than a police organization. There is no punishment more dehumanizing than jails and other outlets for social vengeance. Due process of law is rigid and slow and expensive and harrowing when it releases the innocent, but in the

three other possible situations it is pernicious. If it convicts the innocent, perhaps because they did not have enough money to hire an eloquent lawyer and a battery of psychiatrists or because society got hysterical and wanted scapegoats, it subjects them to very inhumane treatment.

If it releases the guilty, perhaps because they are rich and powerful, it clearly gives them a license to beat their children some more. If it convicts the guilty, it attacks the symptoms and not the causes of battering. Does Mr. Szasz feel that putting battering parents in the care of policemen actively prejudiced against the parents and trained in nothing but punitive techniques will be better at returning that parent to society than treatment by trained medical personnel? Such simplistic antirational attitudes are fairly popular in some segments of society, since they make people without education feel superior, and since they create black-and-white situations where one can vent his ire in socially accepted ways, but they are surprising in the columns of the *Atlantic*. This kind of appeal to base emotionalism and fears of the better-trained is like saying policemen and soldiers are better than science and diplomacy for those rioters. Mr. Szasz should welcome rather than deplore the expansion of humane, nonbureaucratic psychiatric treatments to reduce the overcrowding of our courts and jails.

EDWIN O. WILLIS
Department of Zoology
University of Washington
Seattle, Wash.

SIR: *The Battered Child*, reviewed (or, should I say, maligned) in the *Atlantic*, is a compassionate, responsible, and constructive contribution to the solution of a tragic social problem.

If it is true that your reviewer is himself a psychiatrist, I ask you, what do we make of a psychiatrist when he denies that a mother who mutilates or murders her own child is mentally ill? What about *him*? Should we, in the terms of his own primitive dichotomy, consider him mad or bad, or perhaps a bit of both?

ERNST J. MEYER, M.D.
Cambridge, Mass.

SIR: Thank God there is someone around who harbors the suspicion

that outsiders prying into the intimacies of the mother-child relationship may do more harm than good.

My insight tells me that the sanity of individual members of a family is linked to the *sanctity* of the home, that is, its inviolability from well-meaning intruders, as well as from the malevolent kind. It certainly is shocking that some parents in desperation lash out against helpless children, doing lasting damage. But how can *anyone* think that they know enough to be able to help? Degrees conferred by assorted father-figures do not guarantee an understanding of the confusions created by conflicting responsibilities. When a mother is swamped by too, too many demands upon her time, her strength, her endurance, her patience, is an appointment discussing things with a privileged intellectual going to help? Society is so ready to "help" with words alone when it is the little deeds that make all the difference. I suggest that society assign a scrubwoman to do the floors once a week for the woman with the battered child; the floors *and* the windows for a family with two battered children. Such a morale booster might well assure a woman that she isn't alone in the world with all the dirty work waiting for her to do. Such a service might well raise her spirits to the point where she could plan and execute a good supper for the six other children and their father, thereby boosting *their* morale.

When a mother says, "That child is driving me crazy," she may, quite literally, be telling God's own truth. A mother of young children is like a female possum trying to swim from here to there with a passel of young on her back. That one or two fall by the wayside is not too surprising.

My grandmother told my mother that unwanted babies didn't live long. But that was back in the last century. Now society is snooping around to see that they do.

PATRICIA WANNING, M.D.
Saugerties, N. Y.

The ATLANTIC welcomes communications from its readers, but can rarely accommodate letters in excess of 500 words. Light editing, for style and economy, is the rule rather than the exception, and we assume that any letter, unless otherwise stipulated, is free for publication in our monthly letters column.

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and all over Greece for 300 years.

The Americans are coming
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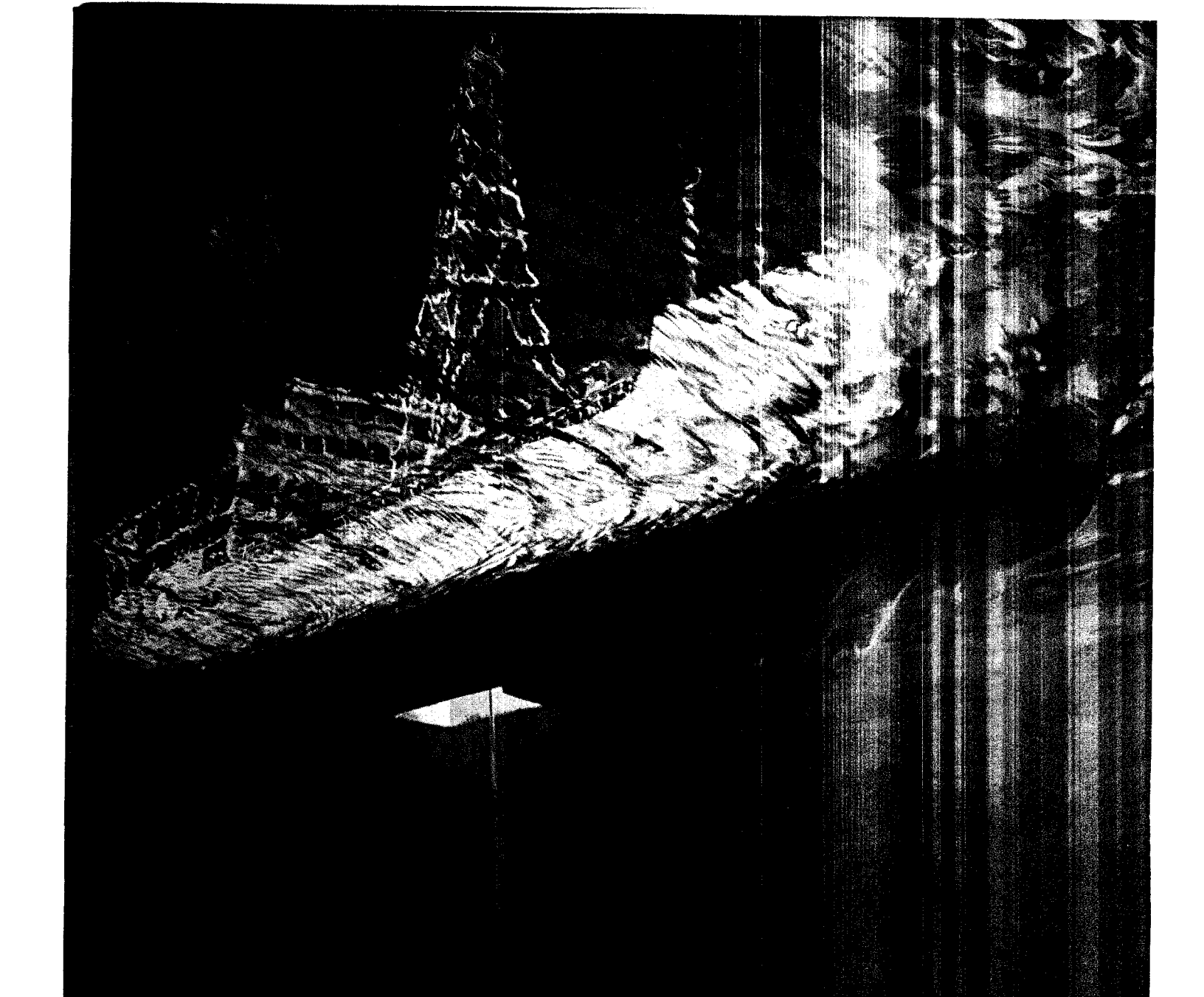
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NOTES ON LOSING A WAR

BY WARD S. JUST

There are some who claim we won it — but from the Pentagon to MACV headquarters at Tan Son Nhut, reports Mr. Just, the search is on for scapegoats for what went wrong in Vietnam. Since 1965 a Washington POST correspondent in the field, in Saigon, and here on the home front, Mr. Just published a book, TO WHAT END: A REPORT FROM VIETNAM (Houghton Mifflin), last year. He covered the 1968 election campaign, and made a return visit to South Vietnam last fall before filing this account.

THE Pentagon is now the most melancholy building in Washington. Wracked with bitterness and dissension, near-paranoid since the enemy's successful assault at Tet, the Vietnamese New Year, and the assault on Saigon in May, the generals and their aides, in one of President Johnson's favorite phrases, are hunkered down like jackrabbits in a hailstorm.

The events at Tet are instructive, although the rot set in long before. The point is not whether the success was ours or theirs, for it can be argued either way depending on the definition of success, but the fact that Tet was done at all. No one, not the colonels, the diplomats, the intelligence agents, or the journalists, thought that the Viet Cong had the capacity to mount the offensive that they did; the enemy hit Saigon, every provincial capital in the country, more than thirty district capitals, and held Huế for twenty-two days. The fact of it produced a crisis of confidence in the American ability to estimate the resources of the enemy, and confidence that when the enemy struck he could be quickly contained.

In America, the public perception of the war as something Out There in the rice paddies ended forever when the Viet Cong occupied the American Embassy — in living, vivid Cronkite color. Whatever the situation was (and who knew?), it was certainly different from what the public had been led

to believe in November of 1967, when Ellsworth Bunker and William Westmoreland came marching home again to give positive accountings. The one reality did not square with the other, and it did not matter whether the spectator was thinking linearly or not; none of it jibed.

At any event, Tet was a sobering experience from which American officials in Washington still have not recovered. Could the estimates ever be trusted again? "It is very strange," said an embassy official in Saigon. "After Tet, Washington became very pessimistic, and we became very optimistic. Before, it was the other way around."

Why did Tet produce a surge of optimism in Saigon? It is quite simply that officials there believed that for the first time the Vietnamese saw the seriousness of the struggle and therefore would take the steps required to deal with it. In Washington Tet was commonly analyzed as a military victory for the allies and a psychological victory for the Viet Cong. In Saigon, it was regarded as both a military and psychological triumph for the allies: the latter in the sense that everyone could plainly see that the situation was grim. The argument went that the Thieu government could no longer dither over reforms; the enemy was at the gates. It appeared to be true for a time that government efficiency increased. The prospect of imminent disaster concentrated the

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minds of Vietnamese officials wonderfully, the Americans said. For the first time, Saigon and Hué felt the effects of war; far from being demoralizing, the Americans said, the disaster would prove positively beneficial. The Vietnamese people would not now hesitate to place themselves in the center of the struggle against the Communists. It was for this reason that when the pessimism began to pour in from Washington, American diplomats fought against it. If only the Administration could hang on; victory was closer than ever. But Washington had concentrated its own mind and taken a reading. It had looked at the situation and decided to cut bait.

So there were no more optimistic readings from Washington. More important, the fact followed the logic: Westmoreland requested more men, and Lyndon Johnson refused to give them to him. The American command would have to make do with what it had, and the Vietnamese had to be made to understand that there was a bottom to the pit. As a practical matter, Tet seemed to confirm the belief here that the war would not end with a victory on the battlefield. However obvious that may seem, or have seemed, to the civilian strategists, it was never obvious to the American military, who customarily fought to win, nor to the principal civilians who dealt with the war, beginning with the President.

Wear him down. Wear the Cong down, and he'll quit. Put him through the meat grinder. Attrit him. He is hurting, said the American commander in mid-1967. *He can't take it much longer.* During the trip to Washington late that year, when he and the ambassador spoke so confidently of success, the general indicated that withdrawals of American troops could begin in 1969. They could begin because the war would be winding down, the beginning of the end begun. Of course there were other, more pessimistic estimates in Washington, most of them muted. "If we have not made marked progress in six months," said one of the ablest American experts in October, 1967, "then we ought to begin to disengage."

That is the meaning of Paris, and it also accounts for the odd silence in Washington, a silence that endured for most of the last half of 1968. The articles datelined Saigon, South Vietnam, appeared with merciless regularity on the front pages of the *Washington Post* and the *New York Times*, but they caused little comment. General Creighton Abrams, unlike his predecessor, made few pronouncements on the war's course: "No comment," he said time and time again. Any expression of optimism, either in Washington or in Saigon, was tolerantly smiled down.

Except that one day in October, Abrams slipped out of Saigon and flew to Washington to spend the early morning hours with the President. He told Lyndon Johnson that the allies could stand a bomb-

ing halt; so the bombing stopped. The action was in Paris, but no one could make sense of that pattern, if there was one. Less and less **was** heard from Robert Komer, the generalissimo in charge of the pacification program, and just days before the election the President nominated him to be American ambassador to Turkey. Komer left Saigon with relief.

Where have all the hawks gone? There are no new proposals for more and better bombing, no carefully leaked plans for 200,000 more troops. In Vietnam, save for the two northernmost provinces, the multidivision offensive operations have mostly ceased, to be replaced by sorties from B-52 bombers. In fact, the term "search and destroy" has been replaced by "reconnaissance in force," a phrase at once more and less descriptive. Search and destroy, as an offensive tactic born of an essentially defensive strategy, is dead. No one speaks now of a war of attrition. Even before the talks began, the war was existing largely as a holding action. To any American military man, to say this is to say that American forces have been held to a standoff. We have not won the war or even contained it. We have endured with it, and while that may be a triumph for American stamina, it is not as clear-cut as a colonel would like. The toughest colonels are calling it a defeat. And that is why the search for scapegoats has begun.

WHAT this country does not need right now is a wave of recrimination over Vietnam, but that is what is likely to happen. If anything in the war was predictable, it was that at some point there would be a search for those responsible and a reckoning. *Who lost China?* The logic is inexorable: *Who lost Vietnam?* "We are in for a very bad period," said a senior official of the State Department early this summer. "They are getting ready for a stab-in-the-back thing." By "they," of course, the official meant the military in the Pentagon.

Since by everyone's agreement the situation in Vietnam is not satisfactory, someone, somewhere, must be held accountable for what went wrong. A nation of 200 million people with the most powerful army and air force in the world does not get stood off by a nation which collectively dresses out to 28 million, many of them half-naked natives, without there being something terribly wrong. Forget all the guerrilla books by Che Guevara or Vo Nguyen Giap; they say very little that Clausewitz does not, and in any case do not explain the disaster in terms that the ordinary citizen, or captain or colonel of infantry, can understand.

The most convenient scapegoat, now as in 1963, is the press; but it won't stick. Newspapermen were not doing the fighting, nor were they devising the

strategy and the tactics or advising the Saigon government. There will be a postmortem on the war, and many will say that press accounts fortified morale in Hanoi. The officers, with Brigadier General (Ret.) S. L. A. Marshall in the vanguard, will say that an American victory was clear and present "if only the people were permitted to view it." There will be charges that the press lacked simple American patriotism, and charges that the war was covered from the bar of the Caravelle Hotel. Some of these charges will be accurate. Of course the press will counterattack. None of it will be very edifying. But the argument that the press lost the war will not stick for the elementary reason that it is demonstrably not true.

Similarly, civilians of one stripe or another will find generals in the woodpile. If anything, the military is an even more convenient goat than the press: for every rum-soaked Hildy Johnson at the Caravelle, there is a Bat Guano at MACV (the acronym for the American military command). And from time to time, fascinating clues to the attitudes of the brass are uncovered. The most intriguing period is early 1965, when the President decided to send combat troops to South Vietnam. The initial domino was a brigade of the 173rd Airborne.

The late Robert F. Kennedy, in a conversation with this writer last fall, said it was his understanding that the Joint Chiefs of Staff sold the White House on the commitment by indicating that it was temporary. The Chiefs indicated that the single brigade would be enough to contain the insurgency, according to Kennedy, and would then be withdrawn before the end of 1965. If this is so, it was a miscalculation of staggering proportions; by the end of 1965, there were almost 200,000 troops in South Vietnam. Whether or not this account is correct, it is beyond dispute that from the beginning the military, led by their civilian Secretary of Defense, Robert S. McNamara, were relentlessly optimistic. Every day, in every way, the war was going better and better. The effect on the policy-makers in the White House and in the Cabinet was obvious.

Who then are the villains? First the press, from the point of view of the military. Second the generals in Washington, from the perspective of the demonologists. What of the generals in Saigon? An initial impression is that William C. Westmoreland is surely the least accountable commanding officer in American history, if not in the history of major conflicts since the beginning of warfare. The point is very tricky, since Westmoreland had the command and the authority, was the technically responsible official, and theoretically had full control over tactics in the South. But it is one thing to criticize his priorities: the emphasis on search and destroy; the failure properly to retrain the Vietnamese Army (ARVN); the persistent misreading of enemy

strength and intentions; and quite another to hold him responsible for the course of the war. Bombing was applied not massively and immediately but piecemeal, by stages; Laos and Cambodia were off limits; as civilian casualties mounted, additional restrictions inhibited tactical bombing. In retrospect, many of MACV's decisions seem wrong; but in retrospect, almost everything about the war seems wrong, including the reasons for getting into it in the first place. If the Americans had cleared and held, rather than searched and destroyed, would the war have been won? If the ARVN had been equipped with M-16 rifles in 1965 rather than 1968, would Haungchia Province now be pacified? If the American command had known to a man how many Communists there were in South Vietnam, could it then have accomplished their extinction? If. If. If. If Nguyen Cao Ky had been Ho Chi Minh, the people would have rallied behind the government of South Vietnam.

In any case, Westmoreland was never permitted to run the war the way he wanted to run it — which is to say he wanted more aircraft, more men, and fewer limits on the targets permitted to be destroyed. Massive deployment of American troops, perhaps a million or more, was in fact the only way the Americans could make their strategy of attrition work. "Attrition," incidentally, was a word used by Westmoreland in Saigon, never by Lyndon Johnson in Washington. It is an ugly word, signifying a long-drawn-out struggle with many dead and one side or the other exhausted and beaten at the end.

So Westmoreland wanted to strike Laos and Cambodia, where the sanctuaries were, and he wanted to hit the port of Haiphong. He wanted more and heavier bombing of the North. Some members of his staff wanted to drop nuclear bombs in the South Vietnamese highlands ("nukes in the highlands," as one colonel put it), but the general stopped well short of that. He thought conventional power was sufficient, if applied in force.

None of this was done because the civilians in Washington controlled strategy.¹ Vietnam was a civilian-run war from the beginning, notwithstanding the paradox that in the war zone itself MACV entirely dominated the civilian establishment. But

¹ It is a bit more complicated than that. Sometimes members of the JCS presented the service point of view only to get it on the record. The architects of the "civilian" decisions were often generals, and of course vice versa. It was often argued that the most important split was not civilian/military but Washington/Saigon, including elements of both on each side. Though some of the top military men who held office up to 1963 opposed a major land involvement in Vietnam, most generals after that time preferred a military solution applied massively. Most civilians were gradualists, uneasy to the end about the efficacy of arms to win a war whose roots lay in social revolution. Of course, Dean Rusk and his followers regarded the problem as one of external aggression.

that was tactical; the rest was strategy. The principal philosophical difficulty was the absence of a clearly stated war aim; in an age of doubt and Tito, it is not enough to state that the enemy is Communist.

The closest that senior officials could come to defining what the United States wanted out of the war was the celebrated formulation of Dean Rusk: "We want them to stop doing what they are doing." The war would end, Rusk said, when the North decided to "leave its neighbors alone." While not subject to misinterpretation, Rusk's statement was not subject to much interpretation, either. It was to say everything and nothing, the use of simple arithmetic to solve a quadratic equation.

So the object of the war became to kill the enemy. As the American techniques became more sophisticated, a pacification program was introduced. Its intent was to secure the countryside for the government, and induce the enemy to rally. The Americans prosecuted the war on the one hand and the pacification program on the other, never quite understanding where the one ended and the other began, if indeed there was a dividing line. The war part was run by the military, and the pacification part by the civilians.

The selection of bombing targets in North Vietnam was made by military officials but approved by the civilians, often by the President himself. The decision to introduce combat troops gradually was a civilian decision. The policy of restraint in the bombing of Laos and Cambodia was a political decision as, of course, were all the decisions relating to internal Vietnamese politics — to permit the fall of Ngo Dinh Diem, the establishment of Nguyen Cao Ky, the slow ascendancy of Nguyen Van Thieu.

It is impossible to say with certainty how important the internal situation was to the war effort, but my impression is that it was controlling. With the establishment of Ky, for example, the possibility of a neutralist government was foreclosed. But none of these decisions came flatly, by fiat. They are all characterized by gradualism, in Saigon as in Washington. They were hesitant policies, which flowed from the central presidential decision that America could have both guns and butter, could simultaneously win the war on poverty at home and the war against the Communists in Asia. That is, of course, if the war could be kept limited.

IN HIS final eighteen months of the war, when visits to America became more frequent, Westmoreland began to learn something of the public dissatisfaction with the effort. He was honestly sur-

prised, and appalled, when pickets appeared on his speaking tour. He shook his head, couldn't understand what was happening to the country. COMUSMACV picketed? Something had gone very wrong. Friends said that the general only began to understand the depth of disaffection when he returned to Washington in 1967 to speak at the Joint Session of Congress. He began then to comprehend what Lyndon Johnson was up against.

This is all by way of explanation why neither Westmoreland nor his command was finally accountable any more than anyone else. A brilliant tactician might have produced some startling temporary successes. A man with a more ironic turn of mind might have been able to convey the essential truth of the situation to the troops and the congressmen who invaded the war zone. But the war was more than public relations. There was no chance of structural change so long as the civilians were running it, and no chance for cosmetics so long as the soldiers were fighting it. Limited war, limited ends, as the President liked to say.

All of this, plus some other things as well, has produced in the military man something that can only be called rage, usually cold, sometimes hot. And thus the search for some rational explanation of why it all went so wrong. To Lieutenant Colonel William R. Corson, the literate Marine whose superiors tried to suppress his book *The Betrayal* (Norton, 1968), the villains are the timid American official in Saigon who refuses to demand that the Vietnamese government rid itself of corruption, and the hidebound general at headquarters who refuses to permit deployment of American forces to protect the Vietnamese people in their hamlets. To Lieutenant Colonel David H. Hackworth, one of the most decorated officers in the American Army, it is the refusal of his superiors to cast aside World War II tactics and fight the Viet Cong and the North Vietnamese Army on their own terms, which is to say, a return to guerrilla warfare. To Lieutenant General Stanley R. ("Swede") Larsen it is the American press, which refused to support the success of the American pacification program. To a high-ranking Marine general, now retired, it is moral cowardice not to do what needs to be done. "We have told the Communists: 'Go ahead, take it over,'" he said last August; to the Marine general, American political leadership failed the men in the field.

The military establishment, of which the two generals can be said to be a part, tends to find its villains in high places. *They wouldn't let me do this . . . that . . . something else.* One man accuses the CIA, another the diplomats at State, a third the White House; a vacillating Congress, a self-indulgent public, left-wing journalists, men who were afraid, men who *wouldn't let us win it.* A single

thread runs through these complaints: it is that if America had fought the war differently, it could have been won.

THE American apparatus now sprawls over Vietnam like sleep. In the huge MACV headquarters at Tansonnhut — Pentagon East, it's called — colonels pad down well-lit noiseless corridors, the light a greenish hue from the special windows meant to withstand nearby explosions. There are heavy bunkers built of sandbags, with a concrete veneer all around the structure. A forest of antennas reaches over the buildings. Standing outside, looking up, you see aircraft of all kinds: Pan Am jets from Guam; an Army Caribou from Cantho; an Air Force C-130 from Pleiku; an RVNAF Skyraider returning from a sortie in Tayninh; a Navy Cod from an aircraft carrier on Dixie station in the South China Sea; a Phantom jet from an air strike in the Delta; and now the big four-engined 707 jets with unfamiliar names: Seaboard World Airlines, for example.

As if by rote, the old measurements are trotted out and dusted off for the visitor. At Camp Evans north of Hué, the intelligence officer of the 1st Cavalry Division (Air Mobile) talks of the body count for the past two months, avers that the commander of the 1st ARVN Division "is a real tiger" who, if unleashed, would willingly thrust north. Intelligence-gathering is now so improved that specialists can draw a circle around a house in a hamlet; beyond that, the enemy has moved away from Hué. He no longer commands the approaches into the city. "He knows he cannot win, and that is why he has pulled back," the intelligence officer says. "Every time we fight him, we win and he loses."

Chieu hoi (the program to induce enemy defections) figures are way up in Quangtri and Thua-thien provinces, the two northernmost in the country. It is inexplicable, unless you assume that the enemy is losing badly, is coming apart at the seams, is prepared to give up the struggle. So that is what is believed. The best Viet Cong cadres are rallying to the government, supplying important data about enemy movements; some of the ralliers are of field-grade rank.

All this — the *chieu hoi*, the defectors, the KIA, and the rest — are now, as they have been since 1965 and before, quantified on charts and bar graphs. The colonels point to the bar graphs and say with pitiless simplicity: We are winning now . . . we are winning, yet the American people want to give up. They want to stop the bombing. The colonel shakes his head bitterly. If the bombing is stopped, it all might be lost. To the colonel, it

is a question of the bombing; in Saigon, among the Vietnamese rulers, it is a question of the National Liberation Front. Simply a matter of proportion, or of perception of what the struggle means.

When the bombing was stopped, and the Saigon government was exercising its right not to participate in the talks at Paris, Nguyen Van Thieu talked of the NLF, and what recognition, at the talks or anywhere else, would mean: "They will become the winners," he said. "And the people will believe them. The regional force and popular force militia, quite a few of them I'm afraid, may be discouraged and lay down their weapons and go home, or worse join the Viet Cong. All the painfully built democratic institutions will collapse. Our existence is at stake." It was not precisely the remark of a man who saw victory around the corner; he was saying that the mere recognition of the existence of the Front would be sufficient to unravel the people of the South. The leaders of South Vietnam have never been as bullish on progress as the Americans; perhaps it is because the war has gone on so long.

Now that the end is in sight, it seems the cruelest irony that the Americans at last have an authentic hero (at least among themselves) in Saigon. He is General Creighton Abrams, who is admired and respected by literally all segments of opinion in Saigon; including, for what it is worth, the most dovish and disbelieving of the American correspondents. They say he understands the political realities, is less impressed with his weight as a political figure. He understands the climate in the United States. He is offhand with journalists, does not cultivate them, apparently regards them as a necessary evil. He is a superb tactician. He listens to Mozart in his villa in the evening.

As Chief of Staff of the Army, Westmoreland himself spends as little time at the Pentagon as he can get away with. He has gathered much of his old staff around him: Lieutenant General Bruce Palmer, a corps commander in Vietnam, is vice chief of staff; and Major General Joseph McChristian, the controversial chief of intelligence for MACV, is now chief of intelligence for the entire Army. As in Vietnam, he tours Army bases giving pep talks and shoring up morale. He sees little of the press in Washington, but meets the locals occasionally when he turns up at Fort Benning or Fort Bragg. By at least one account, he is an unhappy man. "Why do they keep saying that Giap is such a great strategist?" he asked a recent visitor. The implication is obvious. "If Westy had had the good luck to leave Vietnam in late 1966, he would have looked pretty good. But the longer he stayed the worse it got," said an American official who has watched him here and there.

But Westmoreland is not much thought about in

Saigon now, any more than is Henry Cabot Lodge or Ngo Dinh Diem. Memories are twelve or eighteen months long, no longer. The faces change, the war goes on. It has been for many of them a problem of bureaucracy. Officials working with the Hamlet Evaluation Survey (HES), the controversial method of computing which hamlets are friendly, which are unfriendly, and which are toss-ups in the race with the Communists, are in command of extraordinary facts which are said to ensure accuracy. Check and doublecheck; check and balance; check and recheck. Robert Komer until his ambassadorial nomination was in charge of it. Ask him or his extremely able aides about the HES, and they will display it and discuss it in the manner of a Swiss watchmaker discussing a Girard Perregaux. Wheels click and whirl, mesh, and the machine runs. It does what its makers want it to do. It does not matter if the clock is five minutes fast or five hours slow. It is the mechanism that counts, and the mechanism is a marvel.

The Algerian analogy is now being used freely in Washington, and while very few men see a Secret Army Organization rising from the ashes of the Vietnam War, a number do see unprecedented bitterness and frustration among the officer corps at not being "permitted" to win the war. But this undercurrent is not evident in South Vietnam. For the first time, one hears majors and lieutenant colonels speaking of the war's absurdity. Creature comforts are at an unparalleled high (except for the wretch in the foxhole), and the sense of it is men watching the slow slide to the dark side of the moon. Marijuana is everywhere, casually available on street corners and in the bar of the Continental Palace Hotel. One finds bitterness, but the suspicion is that for the majority it is only skin-deep. The perversity of attitude allows a man to hate both the war and the press for "knocking" the effort, allows him to hate the Viet Cong and respect and admire him as a tough and tenacious fighter. It is a product of emotion. The war is not to soldiers an abstraction, but an existential event that must somehow be given meaning. To men accustomed to thinking in terms of honor and country, it is not enough to explain Vietnam away as a terrible mistake, an aberration in the American conscience, the result of nascent imperialism, a radical departure — as Eugene McCarthy says — from the traditional themes of American foreign policy.

Did all those men, the enlisted men for whom the officer corps is responsible, die in vain? If the war was worth fighting in 1966 and 1967, why is it not worth fighting in 1968 and 1969? It is one thing for a politician or a journalist to understand how it happened, how we got from here to there in

Asia, denounce it as wrong, and say it will never happen again; quite another for a battalion commander who fought all three battles of Dakto. They have done the dirty work of the state, when all is said and done, and sooner or later if the enterprise fails they are entitled to explanations of why it failed. The rest of us are merely accomplices.

ONE returned finally to South Vietnam to talk to the inmates, to try to find out what lessons have been learned. We have been in it now for — what, three years? Five years? What do the people there think about it? How does it look inside the kaleidoscope?

"It really is a lot better now," a friend, an official, said, as if speaking of someone who was ill. "Really, it is . . . The civil defense forces really are doing very well; the GVN has supplied the guns faster than we ever thought they could. The coordination has been fantastic. . . . You know about the new miracle rice. It's terrific. It is going to revolutionize farming in Southeast Asia. There is only one small trouble [smile]: the Vietnamese don't like the rice much [smile]; they don't like the taste of it. . . ."

He had been nodding, and speaking very slowly. Then his voice became an edge, and looking at me, he went on: "You know the GVN has beefed up the ARVN. They are past their 1968 quota and well into 1969. I *know* there are troubles with the officers and the rest; *none* of it is perfect. But the GVN has gotten off its ass better than we ever thought they could. It is a real government now; it's working."

Now he looked at me directly: "Look. We have proven one thing. We have proven that if something like this happens somewhere else in the world we have proven now that *we know how to do it*. We know how to contain an insurgency. We have made a hell of a lot of mistakes, but we've won this war, make no mistake about it. We have proven that we can win. We can do it. We have proven that now. . . ."

He went on for a little, but I did not pursue it. There was no point. I no longer lived in Vietnam; I lived in America. He had been in the country since the 1950s, had spent the better part of the last ten years dealing with the Vietnam problem. He knew more about it than I did. If he wanted to win the war, wanted to believe that it was won, it seemed to me that he had every right. There was nothing I could say that would help, because I saw it as an outsider. But as we left the restaurant I thought of the country, South Vietnam, as a corpse: molding, long dead, but with the hair and fingernails continuing to grow.



He was thirty-seven when this chapter of his life begins, already established as one of the greatest American writers, and living as if to prove Alfred Kazin's characterization of him as "the bronze god of the whole contemporary literary experience in America." THE SUN ALSO RISES, A FAREWELL TO ARMS, and some of the finest short English prose ever written were behind him. So was one marriage, that to Hadley Richardson, and his second, to Pauline Pfeiffer, was moving toward the rocks. He had three young sons. John (of his first marriage), Patrick and Gregory (of the second). This installment, and a second to follow in the February ATLANTIC, are drawn from ERNEST HEMINGWAY: A LIFE STORY by Carlos Baker of Princeton. The authorized biography will be published in April by Scribner's, publishers of almost all of Hemingway's seven novels, dozens of short stories, and one play.

Living Loving Dying

by Carlos Baker

PART I

During the last week in July, 1936, Ernest was busy preparing for another visit to the Nordquist ranch in Wyoming. This was the week that marked the beginning of the Civil War in Spain. The Loyalists had just stormed the Montaña Barracks in Madrid when Ernest wrote his young friend Prudencio de Pereda that "we ought to have been in Spain all this week." But he did not seem to be in any great hurry to go. Nor did he show any outward signs of disappointment as he loaded the Ford car for a trip that would take him in exactly the opposite direction from Spain.

Besides Ernest, his wife Pauline, and the two boys, Bumby and Patrick, Pauline's sister Jinny and Professor Harry Burns were riding along as far as New Orleans. It was hurricane weather, and the drive to Louisiana was wet and sultry. Through Texas and Colorado heavy showers repeatedly drenched the car. Late in the afternoon of August 10 they crossed the echoing plank bridge into the L-Bar-T Ranch. The two boys leaped into action like colts let out to pasture. Next day, Ernest wrote Mrs. Pfeiffer that in the first twelve hours Patrick had stayed off his horse only long enough to eat.

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The Hemingways moved into the Sidleys' cabin on the knoll beside the river. It was larger than any of the others, and included a living room with a fieldstone fireplace and a spare bedroom that Ernest used to write in. The mailbag was filled with letters from people who had read and admired "The Snows of Kilimanjaro." John Dos Passos' wife, Katy, guessed that it had "made more people cry than anything since the Armistice." The same was true of the Spanish Civil War. "I never look for the Spanish news," she wrote, "without that sick cold feeling I only used to have about my personal affairs and miseries." Dos wrote that Luis Quintanilla had become an officer in the Spanish Republican Army. He had participated in the attack against the Rebel garrison at the Montaña Barracks on July 20. Some of the wounded Rebels had been thrust into the very prison where Quintanilla had languished until Ernest and Dos had helped to secure his release.

In spite of his words to de Pereda, Hemingway was of two minds about going to Spain. He spoke longingly of another trip to Bimini and even of a second African safari. Yet the war troubled his conscience. At the end of September he told Max Perkins that he hated having missed "this Spanish thing" worse than anything in the world. He was still hoping to go if the fighting had not ended by the time he finished his novel. Premonitions of possible death struck him periodically like twinges of rheumatism. He confided to Marjorie Kinnan Rawlings his feeling that he would soon die, though he would much prefer to become a wise old man, wearing a white beard and chewing tobacco. Soon after setting down these sentiments, he sounded a more sinister note in a letter to MacLeish. He loved life so much, said he, that it would be a "big disgust" when the time came for him to shoot himself.

In September, Ernest returned to his novel *To Have and Have Not* with renewed zest, hoping to complete the first draft sometime in October. He wrote Max Perkins that it was shaping up as a hell of a fine book, full of poor people, rich people, reactionaries, and revolutionaries. So far, except for the opening in Havana, all the action took place in and around Key West. The writing had been hard to do, but also the best kind of fun. He had brought the book along to the point where the whole course of its development stood forth clearly in his imagination.

Though the major action was invented, he had drawn directly on his own experience for innumerable supporting details. The Thompson sub-machine gun with which Harry Morgan killed the Cubans was a twin to the weapon Ernest had acquired from Leeds in Bimini and had been using ever since against marauding sharks. He also

made good use of the Key West terrain, familiar now as the back of his hand after eight years of residence. The former submarine base at the navy yard where Harry stole back his boat was the very place in which the *Pilar*, Hemingway's boat, had ridden out the hurricane of September, 1935. Josie Russell was the prototype for Freddy Wallace, the owner of Freddy's Bar. Ernest even made him complain, as Josie had done that spring, about the way his legs ached from standing up all day behind the bar waiting on customers. Bee-lips, the lawyer with whom Harry did business, was drawn to the life from Georgie Brooks, a well-known Key West barrister and politician.

All through the weeks of writing, Ernest had behaved like a novelist instead of trying not to hurt the feelings of his friends. Shortly before Easter, he had amused Dos Passos with an account of their friend Jack Coles. Jack had brought his "new squaw" to Key West. Ernest maliciously described her as a crop-haired woman with a bad complexion and the build of a lady wrestler. Now in his book, he continued to indulge his taste for personal satire with a scene in Freddy's Bar involving Harry Morgan and a Mr. and Mrs. James Laughton. The Laughtons were thinly disguised portraits of Jack Coles and his wife. A third tourist, who sported a rust-colored mustache and a green-visored sun hat, was a professor of economics named John MacWalsey. The professor spoke sardonically "with a rather extraordinary movement of his lips as though he were eating something too hot for comfort." This eccentric educator, who gradually evolved into a minor hero in the subplot of the novel, was based on a rough approximation of Professor Harry Burns and Arnold Gingrich.

Late in October, Pauline began packing for the return trip to Key West. Ernest's contribution to the preparations was to borrow a pair of Nordquist's hair clippers, which he dipped in alcohol and then used to shave off half his beard. As he assembled the pages of his book for the journey, he computed that since the middle of August he had written 352 longhand pages, roughly 50,000 words — "working like a bastard," as he put it.

The trip east was accomplished without incident. Back in Key West he began to wrestle with the climactic scene of his novel, in which Harry Morgan lay dying in the captain's bunk of a Coast Guard cutter. For all Ernest's boastful words to Perkins and Gingrich that fall, the attempt to fashion a full-length novel by the attachment of a subplot to the three Morgan stories was giving him more trouble than he cared — or dared — to admit. After all the years of sturdy independence, the refusal to follow literary or political fashion, the repeated assertion of his own will and willfulness,

the fierce determination not to knuckle under, a counterforce was beginning to boil up from the depths. It was summarized in the dying words of Harry Morgan, who like Ernest had tried to stand by himself but was now less than certain that "one man alone" could survive in such a world as this. Maybe strength, or the renewal of strength, could be gained only through some kind of group action, such a united front as the Spanish Republic was seeking to forge against the Rebels under Franco.

Around Thanksgiving time, Spain came closer. A note in one of Walter Winchell's gossip columns said that Ernest would soon be going over for a look at the war. The mail presently brought Ernest a letter from John N. Wheeler, general manager of the North American Newspaper Alliance. Wheeler said that he had seen Winchell's statement, that his own organization serviced sixty leading newspapers, and that Ernest ought to think about the idea of covering the war for the NANA. Ernest replied cordially. This was the break he had been waiting for. Sidney Franklin, who was in Cuba, agreed to go along. Both Pauline and Max Perkins were much against the idea, though Pauline was somewhat mollified by the knowledge that Franklin would be at Ernest's side. He helped the Republican cause in a preliminary way by paying passage for two volunteers who were going to join the Loyalists. He also borrowed \$1500 to be paid in two monthly installments to the Medical Bureau of the American Friends of Spanish Democracy, pledging a like amount to be handed over on demand. The money was to be used to buy ambulances. Ernest's interest centered on the practical details of shipment. The cars would reach Le Havre in chassis form and be equipped with bodies after delivery in Spain. He strongly advised driving them down through France so that the engines would be broken in and they could be put to work immediately on arrival.

While Ernest continued his work on the novel, he made two new acquaintances among the winter visitors to Key West. They were James T. Farrell, author of the recently completed *Studs Lonigan* trilogy, and Rexford Guy Tugwell, a member of Roosevelt's Brain Trust. Farrell was a short and intense young man with unruly hair. He was much impressed by Ernest's generosity and kindness. Ernest immediately took him into his inmost confidence, or so Farrell thought, and even asserted during a wine-drinking session one evening that Faulkner was a far better writer than either himself or Farrell. A man named Jonathan Latimer had appeared in Key West. Farrell gave him a public tongue-lashing for putting on literary airs. Ernest, who was present, took Farrell aside.

"Jesus Christ, Jim," he said, "don't do that. Those fellows have nothing but their writing. Take that away from them and they'll commit suicide." Tugwell did not share Farrell's admiration for Hemingway. "He was fascinated by the New Deal," wrote Tugwell in retrospect, "but not willing to undertake an understanding of its issues. He was puzzled by me — not a politician, but close to political affairs." When Tugwell tried to interest him in politics as a subject for fiction, Ernest shrugged his shoulders.

ONE day in December Ernest was sitting in Sloppy Joe's place, nursing a drink and talking with Joe Russell, when a trio of tourists wandered in. One was a handsome blue-eyed woman in her middle fifties. She was accompanied by a good-looking boy of college age and a tall girl whose bright blond hair reached to her shoulders. The older woman had just been sending a telegram at the Western Union office nearby and had come in with her son and daughter to look over the establishment with the curious name of Sloppy Joe's. It developed that they were on vacation from their home in St. Louis, that they had disliked Miami, and that on an impulse they had boarded a bus for a ride down the Keys. The boy's name was Alfred, the girl was called Marty, and they addressed their mother as Omi.

The girl Martha looked askance at the large dirty man in shorts and a grubby T-shirt. But Ernest turned on his charm, introduced himself in a shy mumble, and said that he had known St. Louis in the days of his youth. Both his wives had gone to school there, and so had Bill and Katy Smith. The blue-eyed lady said that she had lived there all her adult life. She was Edna Fischel Gellhorn, the recent widow of a gynecologist and obstetrician, Dr. George Gellhorn, an Austrian by birth. Her daughter, Martha, had been educated at the John Burroughs School, afterward entering Bryn Mawr College in Pennsylvania. Both mother and daughter spoke with a recognizable Bryn Mawr accent.

Martha was restless and ambitious, determined to rise by her considerable talents, and already launched as a writer of fiction. Her first novel, *What Mad Pursuit*, had borrowed its title from Keats and its epigraph from Hemingway. *The Trouble I've Seen*, a collection of her short stories, had just been published in September, with an appreciative preface by H. G. Wells. She had lately been in Germany at work on a third book, and was very bitter about the rise of the Nazis. After this visit to her mother and brothers, she was planning to return to Europe.

The friendship with the Gellhorns ripened quickly. Ernest showed them around the island and invited them to meet Pauline. After her brother's return to school and her mother's departure for St. Louis, Martha stayed on for a while in Key West. Ernest was much in her company, sometimes taking her to a place called Penna's Garden of Roses or back to Sloppy Joe's. She spent so much time at his house that, as she presently told Pauline, she nearly became a fixture there, "like a kudu head." Subjective observers like Lorine Thompson began to think that Ernest was badly smitten by the bright-haired visitor. Pauline was far too perceptive not to notice, but she kept her counsel, at least publicly, in the apparent hope that nothing would come of it.

Ernest was meantime trying to finish his novel. He inserted a series of satiric passages on the private lives of the wealthy yachtsmen whose craft lay moored at the finger piers in the yacht basin. He also introduced a curious commentary on the once-wealthy suicides who had died of carbon-monoxide poisoning in locked garages, dived out of the windows of skyscrapers, or followed "the native tradition of the Colt or Smith and Wesson." His own chief worry now was the freedom with which he had exploited some of his friends and associates under thin disguises. Max Perkins spent the morning of December 8 at a lawyer's office with Tom Wolfe, who had been named defendant in a libel suit for \$125,000. Ernest wrote Max that when his own book reached print, Scribner's would have to insert an "air-tight" denial that any of the characters were based on actual people. As a preliminary safeguard, he summoned Arnold Gingrich from Chicago and Maurice Speiser from New York to look over the manuscript with libel suits in mind.

This process took most of a week, with afternoon interludes of fishing. Gingrich warned that the book clearly libeled Dos Passos through the figure of the novelist Richard Gordon, as well as Grant and Jane Mason, who in his view might be mistaken for the fictional Tommy and Helene Bradley. Being well acquainted with all of them, Gingrich thought that he could see "through every reference as through a screen door." The offending passages must be removed or reworked. But Ernest argued back, reminding Arnold that Jane Mason had been "flattered" when people said she was the model for Margot Macomber. Nobody would be likely to see any connection between the Masons and the Bradleys, anyway. Richard Gordon bore no real resemblance to Dos Passos, and if Dos should happen to object, Ernest was ready with a "neat stratagem." Knowing that Dos did not like Gingrich, he would merely tell Dos that Gingrich objected to a given passage. Dos would then be certain to approve it.

It was well into January when Martha Gellhorn left by car for Miami on the first leg of her trip back to St. Louis. She had no sooner departed than Ernest left with some deliberate haste on a business trip to New York. When they met in Miami, he took her to a restaurant for a steak dinner under the chaperonage of the boxer Tom Heeney. Afterward they caught the same north-bound train, parting company en route and continuing to their respective destinations. Shortly before their train left, Gingrich wired Ernest, having heard a rumor that he was seriously ill. Between the lines of Pauline's reply, the merest hint of acerbity might have been detected: "SECOND-HAND REPORT ABSOLUTELY BASELESS ERNEST IN MIAMI ENROUTE TO NEW YORK IN SHALL WE SAY PERFECT HEALTH THANKS FOR SOLICITUDE."

Her feelings, whatever they were, could not have been palliated by a letter from Martha in St. Louis several days later. She reported that St. Louis was wintry and damp. She longed to set sail for more exotic regions. She had enjoyed the steak dinner in Miami and admired Mr. Heeney. As for Ernest, whom she was now calling Ernestino, she had been reading his collected works with great admiration, and thought him a lovely guy. Whatever Pauline's opinion of this letter, it must have struck her as curiously reminiscent of some of those that she herself had sent to Hadley Richardson Hemingway from Bologna in the spring of 1926.

NEARLY every move that Ernest made in New York that January brought him one step closer to besieged Madrid. Some of the expenses of his trip were to be met through his first return to bona fide journalism since 1923. The contract he signed with John Wheeler called for \$500 per cabled story, and \$1000 for those sent by mail up to 1200 words. He also quizzed Jay Allen about conditions in Madrid, from which Allen had lately returned after resigning his post as Spanish correspondent for the *Chicago Tribune*. But the greater part of Ernest's time was given to working with the young novelist Prudencio de Pereda on a documentary film called *Spain in Flames*. Frankly propagandistic, the film included sequences on the siege of the Alcázar in Toledo, the Loyalist triumph in the Guadarrama Mountains, the destruction of defenseless towns by Fascist warplanes, and the evacuation of the children of Madrid to escape Franco's relentless artillery bombardment of the center of the city. A previous but inept commentary accompanied the film. Ernest scrapped it and began afresh.

His position on the war was still largely humanitarian. Even if the "Reds" were as bad as they were

rumored to be, he wrote Pauline's mother, they still represented the people of the country as over against the absentee landlords, the Moors, the Italians, and the Germans. He knew very well that most of the "Whites" were "rotten." Part of his purpose in going to Spain was to see how the lines of social demarcation were being drawn "on the basis of humanity." The struggle must affect all men because it was so plainly "a dress rehearsal for the inevitable European War." His intent in working for the NANA would be to serve as "anti-war war correspondent," seeking to keep the United States from becoming involved in the future conflict.

On his return to New York in February, he found Dos Passos engaged in fund-raising for a second documentary film, designed like the first to acquaint American sympathizers with the plight of the Spanish people. It was to be directed by a gifted Dutch Communist named Joris Ivens, with John Ferno as cameraman. Archie MacLeish, Lillian Hellman, Dos, and Ernest formed a corporation called Contemporary Historians to help with the funding and eventually with the distribution of the completed film. Both now and later, Ernest disagreed with Dos Passos on matters of emphasis. Dos wanted to stress the predicament of the common people in the midst of civil war. Ernest was far more interested in the military aspects.

When he embarked at last aboard the liner *Paris*, his traveling companions were Sidney Franklin and the poet Evan Shipman. Each of the group behaved characteristically at dockside. Shipman vanished anonymously into the ship's bar. Franklin held audience for reporters in a noisy stateroom where his four handsome sisters were giving him a farewell party. Ernest submitted to an interview in which he said it was his purpose to make Americans aware of the new kind of war now being waged by Franco and his foreign allies. It was a total war, said he, in which there was no such thing as a non-combatant. A young reporter named Ira Wolfert carefully set down these views in his notebook, though his chief interest was in Hemingway's appearance and personality. "His chest," wrote Wolfert, "bulged through his coat like a parapet." Even at thirty-seven he looked extremely youthful. Behind his black mustache his round and rosy countenance beamed with health. He peered at his interlocutors through steel-rimmed glasses and spoke from the side of his mouth, answering ques-

tions with a "yop" or a "nope," and holding his large hands at waist level, as if prepared either to slap a friend on the back or to throw a punch at the jaw of anyone he did not like. His destination was Madrid, he explained, but he planned to visit all the nearby towns to find out what the war had done to the "little people" — waiters, cabdrivers, cobblers, shoeshine boys. After that he would tour the front lines to "see what the boys are doing with the new toys they've been given since the last war."

The seriousness of the situation in Madrid was brought home to Ernest when he met the painter Luis Quintanilla early in March. Since his release from jail, Luis had turned from a man of art to a man of action. Having begun at the Montaña Barracks in July, he had afterward seen service in the Sierra de Guadarrama, Toledo, and the suburbs of Madrid. A bomb had gutted his studio.

"And the big frescoes," said Ernest, "University City and the Casa de Pueblo?"

"Finished," said Luis. "All smashed."

"What about the frescoes for the monument to Pablo Iglesias?"

"Destroyed," Luis said. "No, Ernesto, let's not talk about it. When a man loses all his life's work . . . it is much better not to talk about it."

Ernest's fraternal feelings were deeply engaged. He had never forgotten the loss of his own early manuscripts at the Gare de Lyon in Paris. The fate of Quintanilla's work must now be classified among *los desastros de la guerra*.

The question of Franklin's visa for Spain was unsettled, and Ernest invoked the aid of Quintanilla's superior, Luis Araquistain, ambassador to Paris from Republican Spain, and went on alone to Toulouse, the staging area for flights south.

Arriving on the fourteenth, he chartered a car and went to check the French border patrol. The car was twice stopped by mobile guardsmen with fixed bayonets. A police commissioner at the frontier said that only special visas from the French government could assure entry. It was one of the ironies of the time, thought Ernest, that 12,000 Italian troops had recently landed on the south coast as part of Mussolini's aid to Franco while the French continued to haggle over the passports of neutral observers. On the sixteenth he boarded an Air France plane which put down briefly at Barcelona and then continued south.

The scenery on the low-level flight down the



Photo by Joris Ivens

coast did not suggest a nation at war. Small waves curled peacefully along the white beaches; trains chuffed over undamaged roadbeds; men were plowing the fields; factory chimneys sent up plumes of smoke. Not until Tarragona, where a Loyalist freighter lay heeled over at the water's edge, looking, Ernest thought, like a beached whale with smokestacks, was there any visible evidence of the conflict. Beyond the yellow sprawl of Valencia, the plane climbed briefly over a mountain range and settled to the "African-looking" shoreline of Alicante. Here the people were celebrating news of the Loyalist victory over the Italians at Guadalajara. Men and women sang and shouted, the streets resounded with guitar and accordion music, and pleasure boats with names like *Rosa de Primavera* cruised the bay, filled with lovers holding hands. There were queues before the recruiting stations. The fiesta atmosphere prevailed all the way up the coast to Valencia. Half asleep in the front seat of the car, Hemingway reflected that even the orange groves were celebrating, wafting rich perfume across the dusty roadway. He sat there drowsily, thinking of weddings.

At the press bureau in Valencia he secured official transport from Constanca de la Mora, a tall aristocratic woman in her early thirties, with the dark eyes, long neck, and oval face of a Modigliani model. The chauffeur assigned to him was called Tomás. He looked like a dwarf out of Velázquez modernized with a proletarian suit of blue denim. On the twentieth they set out on the long drive out of the green Valencian plain and up through the arid gray mountains, with many wayside stops for warmth and wine. At length Ernest saw once again the yellow plateau of Castile, with the snow-crowned peaks of the Sierras to the north, and the city rising like a white fortress from the surrounding plain. "Long live Madrid," cried Tomás, "the capital of my soul." He sped down the Gran Vía to the Plaza de Callao and delivered his passenger to the grimy portals of the Hotel Florida.

Ernest was in a great hurry to visit the site of the victory at Guadalajara and Brihuega, which had been so proudly hailed all over Republican Spain the day he flew in. He was already speaking of it as "the biggest Italian defeat since Caporetto." Now he wished to examine the terrain before the burial squads had completed their work. He paused in Madrid only long enough to register with the censor in the tall white building of the International Telephone and Telegraph Company, known locally as the Telefónica. Here he met a stiff-backed, Prussian-looking German Communist named Hans Kahle, who had fought in the Kaiser's war on the western front, fled Nazi Germany, and reached Spain in time to hold a command under Miaja in the winter's defense of Madrid.

Early in the morning of March 22, guided by General Hans and with Tomás at the wheel, Ernest was driven north through a mixture of gray rain and intermittent snow flurries. The weather prepared him for the evidence of disaster which they found on reaching the battlefields some fifty miles from Madrid. Here lay the mute debris of struggle and flight: abandoned machine guns, light mortars, piles of boxed ammunition, and a nightmare of tractors, trucks, and small tanks, stalled on the road shoulders, capsized in the ditches, or hub-deep in the fields. Tomás displayed little stomach for the war. On a muddy road which angled up a hill just below Brihuega, they met a Republican tank which had stalled on a hairpin turn with six others behind it. The target attracted three Rebel bombers, which plastered the wet hillside "in sudden, clustered, bumping shocks." From that time on, Tomás' handling of the car was notably inefficient.

On the heights above Brihuega, behind boulders where they had huddled for protection, they found the Italian dead, small and pitiful as forgotten dolls, their faces gray and waxen in the sullen rain. Once more Ernest noticed the curious abundance of letters and papers around them, as well as the entrenching tools with which they had tried vainly to dig foxholes in the rocky soil. Kahle said that the defeat of the Italians had destroyed Franco's hope of encircling Madrid. The city's climate might be atrocious, but its marvelous natural defense position more than made up for other deficiencies. Coming back, he pointed out that fortification had now progressed to a point where direct assault could no longer take the city. In order to win, Franco must drive through Teruel to the coast, separating Barcelona and Valencia. Meantime, Republican forces in Castile were growing stronger each day. In a few months, as Ernest wrote in a dispatch that drew heavily on Kahle's knowledge, the Loyalists could take the offensive.

ERNEST was at dinner in the basement restaurant of the Gran Vía Hotel across the street from the Telefónica when Martha Gellhorn and Sidney Franklin appeared. They had reached Valencia by widely different routes and driven up together. Ernest's greeting enraged Martha. In spite of her intrepid spirit, she was tired, dusty, and cold from the day's journey. "I knew you'd get here, daughter," said Ernest expansively, "because I fixed it so you could." Beyond a phone call or two he had in fact done nothing, and Martha resented the implication that she had needed help. The food in the restaurant was bad, and the waiters were visibly distressed by the late arrivals. Martha's

first meeting with Ernest since January could hardly have been accomplished under less romantic circumstances. His interest in her was still mainly that of a successful author for a younger aspirant, though they shared an idealistic concern for the plight of the common people. Rightly or not, Martha saw herself as more politically aware as well as more fiercely anti-Fascist than he was.

Next day Ernest took her to the Telefónica and introduced her to Arturo Barea and Ilsa Kulcsar, who together directed the office of censorship and provided newcomers with hotel rooms, petrol vouchers, and safe-conduct passes. This fantastically overworked pair stared in disbelief at the "sleek woman with a halo of fair hair, who walked through the dark fusty office with a swaying movement" which they associated with American film stars. Had she known of it, this opinion would have enraged Martha anew. She went north with Ernest on the twenty-seventh, the first warm spring day, to stand among the red hills of the Guadalajara sector and watch the scores of Rebel soldiers who moved like ants up a steep bluff across the narrow valley, fortifying their tableland against an expected Loyalist attack. The troops around Ernest and Marty smoked and laughed. "sunbathing and seam-picking" in the warm air. It was hard to imagine one's way back into the seven bitter days, much of it in foul weather, which had ended in the rout of three Italian divisions.

Now, at least, the situation was happier in the field than it was in the city. Franco's artillery on Garabitas Hill bombarded Madrid daily. Granite dust and the acrid fumes of high explosive lay everywhere. The morning after his return from the north, Ernest was awakened by the scream and boom of a shell in the square outside. In bathrobe and slippers he hurried down to see a middle-aged woman being helped into the lobby, bleeding from a wound in the abdomen. Not twenty yards from the hotel entrance was a great hole in the sidewalk and the body of a man covered with dust in a heap of rubble. The noise from the University City sector, seventeen short blocks away, often kept up all night.

He made a point of frequent calls at the hotel called Gaylord's, the social center of operations for the Russian contingent. Once he was known there, he enjoyed the feeling of being able to wave familiarly to the sentries who guarded the porte cochere with fixed bayonets, of striding through the marble entrance hall and stepping unchallenged into the slow-moving elevator. At first, he did not like the place. Food and drink were too abundant, the appointments too luxurious for a besieged city. The talk struck him also as far too cynical. Yet he returned often, convinced that if he kept his ears open, he would be able to learn precisely how the

war was being conducted. One immediate discovery was that many of the Spanish commanders had received thorough Soviet indoctrination. Enrique Lister from Galicia, who commanded a division, spoke Russian fluently. Juan Modesto of Andalusia, in charge of an army corps, had "never learned his Russian in Puerto de Santa María." El Campesino, ex-sergeant in the Spanish Foreign Legion, "with his black beard, his thick negroid lips, and his feverish staring eyes," was a fine brigade commander who talked far too much for one in his position. But Ernest was all attention.

His chief informant at Gaylord's was Mikhail Koltsov, correspondent for *Pravda* and *Izvestia*, a youngish intellectual with high-colored mobile features, horn-rimmed glasses, and a mop of crinkled hair. Koltsov knew, said Ernest, that his American friend had no leanings toward Communism. But since he believed in Ernest as a writer, he tried to show him how everything was actually run so that he could later provide a true account of it. One evening Ilya Ehrenburg found Ernest in Koltsov's suite, morosely drinking whiskey. After some preliminary exchanges, Ehrenburg asked in French if Hemingway cabled home only feature stories or sent spot news dispatches as well. He was astonished when Ernest sprang up in a black rage and advanced menacingly upon him with a whiskey bottle because he had mistaken the word *nouvelles* for *novels*. Bystanders intervened, and the incident ended in laughter. Even such behavior could not disguise from Ehrenburg the fact that Hemingway was basically a cheerful man, attached to life, eager to talk by the hour of hunting and fishing. He spoke seriously of the film he was going to make and the purposes he hoped it would serve. He was committed to the war, thought Ehrenburg, "attracted by danger, death, great deeds." He was daily seeing men who refused to surrender. "He was revived and rejuvenated."

These were exact terms for what was happening to Ernest that spring. He had returned to scenes not unlike those he had known in Italy long ago. He had lately spoken in *Green Hills of Africa* about the "pleasant, comforting stench of comrades," the happy interdependence of a brotherhood in arms. In the time between the wars, he had largely abandoned these in the pursuit of his lonely vocation. Now he was back in the breach. Difficulty and danger were elements in which he flourished. Fully, and for the most part unselfishly, committed to the Spanish people and their cause, he knew at the same time that this was the kind of experience by which he could grow, adding new dimensions to his stature as a novelist.

Apart from Martha Gellhorn, Ernest's chief associates among the foreign journalists in Madrid were Herbert Matthews and Sefton Delmer. Both

had been there far longer than he, Delmer since the start of the war in July and Matthews since November. Matthews was tall and slender, serious and studious in manner, with a thin ascetic face that reminded Ernest of Savonarola. Delmer, called Tom, was an Oxford graduate in his early thirties, six feet tall and weighing 220 pounds. In Ernest's eyes he might have passed for a "ruddy English bishop." Delmer was a good deal less enthusiastic than his companions about the way in which the Communists were directing the fortunes of the Spanish Republic. Nor did he fully share Matthews' conviction that these months in besieged Madrid were the "great days" of his life as a journalist, so much better than sitting at a desk in Paris rewriting official handouts from the embassies. Ernest's euphoria surpassed even that of Matthews. After his first two weeks at the Florida, he developed an impersonal feeling of freedom, as if he had neither wife nor children, house nor boat, nor any other domestic possessions or entanglements.

During April, he threw himself wholeheartedly into the preparation of the documentary film, which was going to be called *The Spanish Earth*. He was much in the company of Joris Ivens, the director, and John Ferno, the taciturn and business-like cameraman. Ivens was a solidly built man of middle height, with thick brown hair and the look of a Left Bank intellectual, an artist, and a Communist to his fingertips. He began functioning as Ernest's Political Commissar, convinced that his friend was ready at last to become part of a genuine collective movement.

The film-making was not easy. When they followed the Loyalist tanks and infantry through the broken gray hills in the Morata de Tajuna sector, the wind from the mountains showered them with dust, caking the moisture in their eyes and nostrils, and clouding the lenses of the cameras. On the ninth, after a carouse that continued past midnight, Ernest lay awake for hours listening to Rebel artillery pounding Loyalist positions around Carabanchel. Soon after six, Ivens knocked on his door, eager to make an early start on the work of the day. The Loyalists were starting an attack against the Rebel lines beyond the Casa de Campo, a broad open valley north and west of the city. With Hank Gorrell of the United Press and Ferno, the cameraman, they left the hotel without breakfast and set out for brigade headquarters. Rebel artillery was shattering the ancient linden trees in the woodland near the old royal hunting lodge. They soon found that they had gone too far downgrade to get a clear view of the action, and climbed back, panting and sweating, to an eminence above the eastern edge of the woods.

From this point the whole battle was spread

out before them. A thin line of infantry was advancing on a trench which angled down the opposing hillside. Three Loyalist bombers unloaded on the Rebel earthworks, and the view from the ridge was blotted out in rising towers of dirt. But the exposed position of Ernest and his friends soon attracted enemy sniper fire. Ferno crawled away to find a location where the larger of the cameras, equipped with a telephoto lens, could be safely installed. The place he chose was a sort of grandstand seat in the row of apartment houses that fronted on the Paseo Rosales, commanding a long view westward into the valley. The buildings were ruined from five months of shelling, but one apartment on the top floor was intact enough to serve as a vantage point. Ernest nicknamed it "The Old Homestead," thinking of his grandfather Anson's house on North Oak Park Avenue. They camouflaged the camera with rags and spent the afternoon watching and filming the battle. It was too far off to film well. At a thousand yards, as Ernest said, "the tanks looked like small, mud-colored beetles bustling in the trees and spitting tiny flashes, and the men behind them were toy men who lay flat, then crouched and ran . . . spotting the hillside as the tanks moved on."

At twilight they carried the large camera down the stairs, removed its tripod, made three loads, and then sprinted, one at a time, across the dangerous corner of the Paseo Rosales into the lee of a stone wall. In the bare cobblestoned Plaza de España, they hunched their shoulders and ducked low as a big German monoplane bombed the Loyalist batteries and then swept on in their direction. But the enemy crew had done their work, and the plane roared away over the city.

Next day a large group converged on "The Old Homestead," including Dos Passos, Matthews, Sid Franklin, Tom Delmer, Martha Gellhorn, and Virginia Cowles. Delmer irritated Hemingway with scathing comments on the slow advance of the Loyalist tanks. Ernest was extremely careful "that no reflection from his or our binoculars should give away our hideaway and provoke a shell or two." He commented on the poor planning which caused the heaviest Loyalist attacks to come in the afternoon. The westering sun glinting on the camera lenses made them easily visible to the Moorish riflemen. "If you wanted to be properly sniped," said Ernest, "all you had to do was use a pair of [field] glasses without shading them adequately. They could shoot, too, and they had kept my mouth dry all day."

His liaison with Martha Gellhorn had only lately begun. Tom Delmer admired the "humorous indulgence" with which she treated Ernest, showing none of the "servile obsequiousness" with which his wants were commonly met by others. But Delmer

was not aware that they had become lovers until a Rebel shell burst in the hot-water tank of the Hotel Florida. The steam that escaped made the place look like a corridor in hell. "All kinds of liaisons were revealed," said Delmer, "as people poured from their bedrooms to seek shelter in the basement, among them Ernest and Martha." He noticed particularly the French writer Antoine de Saint-Exupéry, who had been hoarding a cartload of grapefruit in his room. "He stood with a basket at the staircase," said Delmer. As each woman passed, "he held out a yellow grapefruit with all the graciousness of an old-world French aristocrat and said, '*Voulez-vous une pamplemousse, Madame?*'"

But Ernest spent little time in the Hotel Florida. A succession of chauffeurs drove him to the various fronts around the outskirts of the city. After Tomás came one who made off with an official car and forty liters of petrol. Third was an anarchist boy named David from a village near Toledo. He spoke a language so inconceivably foul that Ernest's education in profanity entered a new orbit. David was passionately devoted to the idea of war until the day he saw a grocery queue of women hit by a Rebel shell near the Plaza Mayor. He soon left for the village of Fuentidueña de Tajo, where Ivens and Ferno were filming domestic scenes for *The Spanish Earth*, and did not reappear. His successor was Hipolito, tough, laconic, completely unromantic, and so capable that Ernest could easily imagine him as a sergeant of *conquistadores* in the heyday of Spain's colonial empire.

ERNEST's military acquaintance broadened rapidly. Among his favorites were the American volunteer aviators Whitey Dahl, who was said to be wanted by the police of Los Angeles on a check-forging charge, and Frank Tinker, who came from Arkansas, near where Pauline grew up. Another of his flying friends was Ramon Lavalle, whom he had known during Lavalle's boyhood in Paris. Still another acquaintance from the Paris days was Lieutenant Colonel Gustavo Durán, who had formerly been a student and composer of music. At the outbreak of the war he had held a reserve commission as second lieutenant, but had since risen rapidly in the Loyalist hierarchy and was now commanding the 69th Division at Torrejón de Ardoz and Loeches, east of Madrid. The lukewarm friendship of the Paris days now reached a new intensity. Like Luis Quintanilla, Durán was an artist turned soldier, and Ernest soon began to speak of him as one of his heroes.

He was a frequent visitor to the Eleventh International Brigade, largely composed of German Communists and commanded by Hans Kahle, with

whom he had made the trip to Brihuega in March. Many of Kahle's men were veterans of the Kaiser's war, and all had had military training. For a time Ernest thought of doing a book on Kahle until he reflected that "we have too much together for me ever to risk losing any of it by trying to write about it." But it was the Twelfth Brigade which most engaged his affections, chiefly for the people and their *esprit de corps*, though also because they welcomed him with the respect due a creative artist while making him feel more like a soldier than a noncombatant. The commander, whose *nom de guerre* was General Lucasz, was a forty-one-year-old Hungarian who had written some short stories and a novel: "Short, chunky, jovial-looking, with pale blue eyes, thinning blond hair, and a gay mouth under a bristly yellow mustache," Lucasz delighted Ernest with his relaxed good humor. He was also much attracted to Werner Heilbrun, chief medical officer of the brigade, a gentle, efficient man who was a model of stoic fortitude and humanitarianism. "With his cap tilted sideways on his shock of black hair," Heilbrun moved among the wounded "like a weary beggar-monk," working day and night, "his deep-set eyes glowing with the sense of his mission." Lucasz's political commissar, Gustav Regler, was the third of Ernest's favorites in the Twelfth. A German Communist with a tawny complexion, a deeply lined forehead, and the jaw of a fighter, he had begun as a boy soldier in 1918. Since then he had been a persistent anti-Fascist and more recently a refugee from Nazi Germany.

Ernest's greatest hatred was reserved for André Marty, commander of the International Brigades at the crowded base in and around the city of Albacete, a large man, as Ernest described him, "old and heavy, in an oversized khaki beret," with "bushy eyebrows . . . watery gray eyes . . . and double chin." In Ernest's view Marty's "gray face had a look of decay," as if it had been modeled "from the waste material you find under the claws of a very old lion." Ernest was not alone in his prejudice. Ehrenburg found Marty "imperious, very short-tempered, and always suspecting everyone of treason." Regler stated flatly that Marty covered his inadequacy as a soldier "with an unforgivable, passionate spy-hunt." He quarreled publicly with many of his subordinates who disagreed with his neurotic or even psychotic decisions, including the heroically hardworking American, Louis Fischer, who served for a time as his Quartermaster General.

Although Ernest saw little of Marty, he formed a useful working acquaintance with a Polish officer whose real name was Karol Swierczewski. Like many other officers in the International Brigades, he fought under a pseudonym, in this case General



Photo: Robert Capa, Magnum

Hemingway in Spain with officers of the Republican Army

Walter. Born in Warsaw, raised chiefly in Russia, he had served with the Red Army during the revolution, and was teaching military science and tactics at the Frunze Military Academy when the Spanish Civil War erupted. Since then he had commanded the Fourteenth Brigade during the battle of Coruña Road in December and January, moving on afterward to the defense of Madrid. He greatly impressed Ernest, both by his military knowledge and by his singular appearance, "with his strange white face that never tanned, his hawk eyes, the big nose and thin lips and the shaven head crossed with wrinkles and scars."

The bombardment of Madrid continued all through April. The Gran Vía was so often strewn with broken glass that Ernest came to think of it as one would think of a hailstorm that happened every day. Ilsa Kulcsar's shoes were burned to cinders in her hotel room by a red-hot chunk of shrapnel. One of the porters at the Florida was shot through the thigh by a stray machine-gun bullet. Another bullet made a neat round hole in a mirror in Martha's room while she was away. Food in the capital was in shorter supply than ever, though supplies from Valencia constantly rolled into Madrid, only to be inefficiently stored in locked warehouses until they rotted. Hungering for game, Ernest borrowed a shotgun and went hunting along the Pardo front on the morning of April 21, returning with a wild duck, a partridge, four rabbits, and an owl.

That evening he wrote a news dispatch, his first

in ten days. Martha left it for Franklin to file, with a note:

Dear Sidney: I am going back to the Jarama front for the night. I have read and corrected [i.e. proofread] E's article. Will you please take all three copies to Ilsa, Room 402, in the Telefonica, and have her pass them. She keeps one copy, the other two should be sent to the addresses attached to them. I have no envelopes, but you can surely find some up there in the press room — 401 — or even ask Ilsa. Probably these should go tonight. E. wanted them to go in the diplomatic valise for the sake of speed; kindly tell Ilsa that, and tell her it is important as E. has not sent a story for some days and this is good for the cause. . . . Thank you. Regler has had fever again, and Bethina still thinks it is typhoid. . . . All food is in my room, for his [Regler's] dinner. Gracias, Marty.

Next day Ernest left with Martha, and Hipolito as driver, for what he described as "ten hard days visiting the four central fronts." The itinerary included the 4800-foot Sierra de Guadarrama, where they spent hours on horseback climbing to inspect the Loyalist positions. He was impressed by the smartness and the discipline of the seasoned mountain troops. Once they rode in an armored car up a road exposed to Rebel machine guns. Hunched in the dark interior, they listened to the sharp rivet-hammering of four separate bursts against the protective metal plates. Even such an experience seemed less dangerous to Ernest than daily life in Madrid. Upon their return they found the air gritty with granite dust, saw new jagged craters

in the pavements along the Gran Vía, and reflected that beside this senseless shelling of the civilian population the mountain front seemed almost idyllic.

Ivens wrote from Valencia late in April. Sidney Franklin and John Ferno were to finish the final scenes of *The Spanish Earth* in the village of Fuentidueña on the twenty-eighth and twenty-ninth, and Ivens asked Ernest to join them there. He himself was on the point of leaving for New York, and Ernest had been promised plane passage out of the country about the sixth of May. Dos Passos was still actively protesting the murder of his friend Robles, and had lately been to see the American ambassador in Valencia. Ivens hoped that Dos would eventually come to recognize "what a man and comrade has to do in these difficult and serious war times."

With the film footage for *The Spanish Earth* completed and boxed for shipment, Ernest was ready to go home. He filed his last dispatch at the Foreign Ministry Building in the Plaza de la Cruz. The Telefónica, white in the morning sun, had become so good a target to Franco's artillery that Ilsa Kulcsar had asked and got permission to move the offices of censorship to the new location. Arturo Barea was close to a breakdown from overwork and the daily horrors of the bombardment. But Ernest, cheerful and hearty, knew nothing of this the day he said good-bye to Barea, standing on the flagstones in the Ministry courtyard, laughing and joking in colloquial Castilian.

He was equally gay at the farewell party given in his honor by the Twelfth Brigade. It took place on the evening of May Day in the grounds of the ancient castle at Moraleja, which served as their base hospital. Lucasz the commander was there, as well as Dr. Heilbrun and Gustav Regler. Ernest afterward remembered how Lucasz had played "the tune he only played so, very late at night, on a pencil held against his teeth; the music clear and delicate like a flute." It was his final meeting with Heilbrun and Lucasz. But for a fluke of fortune, it might also have been his last with Gustav Regler.

ON SUNDAY, the ninth of May, Ernest reached Paris after forty-five days in Spain. Looking bronzed and healthy, he told reporters that he had not expected the war to last so long. He said that his purpose in returning to the United States was to revise the first draft of a novel. When this job was done and the book had been seen through the press, he would return to Spain for the "big war of movement" which he expected to begin during the summer.

After the interview with the reporters he spent

four busy days in Paris, conferring with Luis Araquistain about the medical needs of the Loyalist Army, making a speech before the Anglo-American Press Club and another to the Friends of Shakespeare and Company at Sylvia Beach's bookshop. He stuttered and stammered through both the speeches, and his auditors got the impression that he would much rather be elsewhere. Joyce was present for the meeting at Sylvia's, huddled in a corner, fiercely uninterested in Spain and politics. Ernest assured the company that writing was very hard work. With the possible exception of *The Sun Also Rises*, he had never been wholly satisfied with any of his books. He spoke of these matters in an offhand fashion, and turned with evident relief to the reading of passages from his short story "Fathers and Sons."

When he reached New York aboard the *Normandie* on May 18, his immediate plans were to go to Key West, gather up his wife and children, and spend most of the summer at Bimini, revising the novel and fishing. Only two major interruptions confronted him. One was a speech he had agreed to deliver before the Second American Writers' Congress in New York early in June. The second was *The Spanish Earth*, which must now be cut, provided with a theme and a sound track, and then used for the all-important purpose of raising money for Loyalist ambulances. He was busily relaxing at Bimini on June 2 when Joris Ivens wired from New York that President and Mrs. Roosevelt had agreed to see the film at the White House early in July. This important meeting had been arranged by Martha Gellhorn, a good friend of Eleanor Roosevelt's. Meantime, Joris sent along a statement of the theme of the film for Ernest's scrutiny and revision. "Our people," it said, "gained their position by a democratic election. Now we are defending our rights. We are forced to fight against the military clique and foreign intervention. The whole country is united in the fight. The peasants make better use of their own land, better than their former landlords. They bring forth the full potentialities of the Spanish Earth." Hemingway's version reduced Joris' six sentences to three: "We gained the right to cultivate our land by democratic elections. Now the military cliques and absentee landlords attack to take our land from us again. But we fight for the right to irrigate and cultivate this Spanish Earth which the nobles kept idle for their own amusement." As a summary of the causes of the war, both versions were somewhat simplistic. But they stated with economy the basic theme of the film.

On the fourth of June, Ernest flew from Bimini to keep his engagement with the Writers' Congress. Scott Fitzgerald was in town, and they met briefly. Scott had "come back to life" in January, and was

now working for Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer under a lavish contract. "I wish we could meet more often," he told Ernest. "I don't feel I know you at all." Once again, as so often in the past, he was impressed by Ernest's sanguine vitality. The program at Carnegie Hall was already well along when Ernest strode in. He stood in the wings, muttering that he was not a speechmaker. The huge auditorium was hot and filled with tobacco smoke. The orchestra and all the balconies and boxes were jammed with a capacity audience of 3500, and another thousand had been turned away at the doors. Printed programs identified the sponsors as the League of American Writers, whose president was Donald Ogden Stewart. Besides Stewart, the speakers for the evening were Earl Browder, the Secretary of the Communist Party of the U.S.A., Joris Ivens, with the still unfinished film, and finally Hemingway, with Archibald MacLeish as chairman and master of ceremonies.

Browder's paper was restrained and straightforward. The European dictators had shattered the Ivory Tower with their bombs; all writers must now address themselves to the life of the common people, "the source of all strength in art." Ivens introduced *The Spanish Earth*, which still lacked a sound track. "Maybe it is a little strange," said he, "to have at a writers' congress a moving picture, but I think it belongs here. . . . This picture is made on the same front where I think every honest author ought to be." Ernest sat through these speeches in the company of MacLeish and Martha Gellhorn. He was dressed too heavily for the hot weather, and clawed at his tie as if it were choking him. When MacLeish introduced him, the applause was thunderous. His glasses fogged, his tanned cheeks gleaming with moisture, he leaped up nervously and launched into his seven-minute speech before the ovation had died down.

A writer's problem [he said] does not change. He himself changes, but his problem remains the same. It is always how to write truly and having found what is true, to project it in such a way that it becomes part of the experience of the person who reads it. . . . Really good writers are always rewarded under almost any existing system of government that they can tolerate. There is only one form of government that cannot produce good writers, and that system is fascism. For fascism is a lie told by bullies. A writer who will not lie cannot live and work under fascism.

The rest of the speech was not especially notable for its internal logic. But its faults were far less important than the fact of Hemingway's willingness to speak at all. Paul Romaine, the bookseller from Milwaukee, was among the hundreds in the audience who watched and listened with undisguised fervor. "It was magnificent," said he, "as if everyone had taken him into their arms, truly a com-

panion . . . in the fight against fascism. How could this fight be lost now, with Hemingway on our side?" Waves of applause swept the great hall as Ernest, "excited and wet, dashed into the wings not to appear again." His obvious sincerity, as well as "the strange power of his presence," had taken the place by storm.

THE war of movement that Ernest had predicted for the summer of 1937 had moved mostly in the wrong direction. During his absence, none of the Loyalist offensives had lifted the siege of Madrid or prevented the Rebel conquest of the northern provinces. General Walter's attack on the Segovia front late in May had begun well and then fizzled out. Bilbao had fallen to Franco on June 18. The bloody battle of Brunete in the blistering heat of July had cost the Loyalists heavy casualties. The Basque provinces were conquered, and the Rebel drive against Santander was launched on August 14, the very day Ernest had sailed from New York.

When he and Martha met Herbert Matthews at the Café de la Paix one afternoon in early September, the news was still dark. Franco held two thirds of Spain, and a fresh assault on Madrid was daily expected. But when they reached the Aragon front, the gloom lifted. A Loyalist offensive below Zaragoza had taken Belchite, and they went to explore the rubble and stench of the ruined town. Ernest talked to some of the volunteers in the 15th International Brigade and learned of the tactics they had used at Belchite. Their leader, Major Robert Merriman, had "bombed his way forward," in spite of many wounds from hand-grenade splinters, and had refused to stop until his men had reached and occupied the cathedral. Merriman immediately entered Ernest's gallery of heroes.

Ernest, Martha, and Herbert Matthews were the first American correspondents to make a complete survey of the sector around Belchite. They climbed steep, rocky trails on foot and horseback and followed raw new military roads in trucks and borrowed staff cars. Food and lodging gave them the most trouble. The peasants provided bread and wine, and they cooked over open fires. They slept in an open truck equipped with mattresses and blankets from Valencia. Parked in roofed-over courtyards among chickens, cattle, sheep, and donkeys, they were awakened each dawn by a chorus of lowing, braying, and crowing. Snow had already fallen in the mountains, and glacial winds blew in over the tailgate of the truck. Martha endured these hardships with typical courage and aplomb. For years afterward, Ernest remembered and praised her conduct in those September weeks.

Madrid in late September was far quieter than

it had been in April and May. Siege warfare still went on in Usera, Carabanchel, and University City, but whole days sometimes passed without shelling from the Rebel batteries across the Casa de Campo. Ernest and Martha moved into the Hotel Florida, this time without the jealous presence of Sidney Franklin. There were other changes. During the summer, Rubio Hidalgo had brought Constanca de la Mora from Valencia to replace Ilsa Kulcsar and Arturo Barea in the Censorship Bureau. On learning that they had been superseded, Ernest shook his head and frowned. "I don't understand the whole thing," he said, "but I'm sorry. It seems a lousy mess."

Early in October, Martha and Ernest went out with Matthews and Delmer to inspect the Brunete front. They peered down from the heights at Rebel soldiers walking in the streets, and were surprised to find most of the town not only intact but quiet. Delmer had mounted British and American flags on the front fenders of his Ford in token of neutrality. This nearly got them killed as they raced north toward Villanueva de la Canada. Rebel artillerymen mistook the Ford "for some sort of super-staff-car," and shells bracketed the road they were following. "Shells are all much the same," wrote Ernest. "If they don't hit you, there's no story, and if they do, you don't have to write it." Nevertheless, Delmer drove cautiously home through the blacked-out suburbs of Madrid. Constellations shone bright in the sky. Ernest and Herbert Matthews watched them from the back seat while Ernest discoursed learnedly on navigation by starlight in tropical latitudes.

His euphoria still persisted, though less markedly than it had done in the spring. His room at the Hotel Florida was a haven for men on leave from the International Brigades. One was Captain Phil Detro, a Texan well over six feet tall, who returned to the headquarters of the 15th Brigade near Albares with tales of Hemingway's hospitality — hot baths, ham and cheese, hard liquor, a blanket for crap shooting, a record player, and even now and then a girl. Ernest's meetings with the young Americans sometimes took place at Chicote's Bar, one of his favorite hangouts on the Gran Vía. It was here that he first met Milton Wolff, platoon commander in the Lincoln Machine-Gun Company. Wolff was twenty-two, as tall as Detro, with a large nose and a Lincolnian build. He found Ernest in the company of a beautiful girl. "Hemingway bought the drinks," wrote Wolff, "and after a while I was alone with the girl. . . . Papa had fixed me up. Ten wonderful days in Madrid. I owe him that." Another visitor was Freddy Keller, a stocky boy with bright blue eyes who was commissar for the Lincoln Machine-Gun Company, and had lately distinguished himself

during the battle of Fuentes del Ebro. Fred appeared with a Greek named Johnny Tsanakis, a fierce anti-Fascist who had served with the Greek underground. Phil Detro introduced them to Hemingway, with whom they hit it off at once. Tsanakis had an amusing habit of holding forth with a monologue in Ernest's room, only to pause in mid-career, look around suspiciously, and ask, "These other guys in the party?" Ernest picked it up as a temporary watchword.

ERNEST was still busy in Madrid when *To Have and Have Not* appeared in mid-October in New York. As always, he followed the sales figures with worried concentration. Between October 30 and December 9, he cabled Perkins three times to learn how the book was going. By early November, Perkins was able to report that the book stood fourth among national best sellers, with some 25,000 copies sold. Most of the reviewers, however, had displayed mixed feelings. Louis Kronenberger called the book confused or transitional or both. Despite Hemingway's success with *Morgan* and a handful of superb scenes, the book fell apart in the middle and displayed "shocking lapses from professional skill." J. Donald Adams thought that the Hemingway record would be stronger without the book, which struck him as distinctly inferior to *A Farewell to Arms*. *Time* magazine carried a cover story, reproducing Waldo Peirce's action portrait of Ernest in a blue-striped fisherman's jersey and a long-billed cap. The story itself held that Hemingway's writing method was now becoming dated, even though (under pressure from the political left and the political right) he had emerged into a new maturity of outlook. The Spanish Civil War, it was suggested, was mainly responsible for arousing his "hitherto well-hidden social consciousness." The reaction in England was somewhat more enthusiastic. The *Manchester Guardian's* reviewer was moved by the relationship between Harry Morgan and his wife, but accused Hemingway of "loading the dice against the people of leisure." The *Times Literary Supplement* admired the dialogue of understatement and the excitements of the narrative; the book's deficiencies arose from the narrowness of the author's scale of values.

As always under adverse judgment, Ernest simmered, boiled, blew up, and subsided. But his memory retained a file of names of those who did not like the book. They were numerous enough to justify the term he had used before and would use again whenever any of his books failed to earn universal praise: once more, said he, there had been a "critical gang-up" obviously designed to put him "out of business." But the book was behind him,

and he was already well into another. All summer he had been thinking about a three-act play. It would seek to make dramatic use of materials that he had picked up from conversations with various Republican officials in Madrid the previous spring. Up to late July, he had conceived it as a long short story of counterespionage. During August and September, it had begun to take shape as a melodrama. When the lull on the fighting fronts seemed, in John Wheeler's words, "to obviate the necessity" of further NANA dispatches, Ernest got to work.

He had long considered writing a play, without going any further than "Today Is Friday," the tasteless little account of the aftermath of the Crucifixion. As early as 1927, he had broached the subject of playwriting to Perkins, saying that he knew nothing about working for the stage, though it might be fun to try. Now, ten years later, he was as ready as he would ever be. Late in October he wrote Pauline that the play was done. On November 8 she sent the news along to Perkins. The *New York Times* presently broke the story, and interested theater people began badgering Scribner's with phone calls, asking for further details. But Max Perkins was still very much in the dark about the title and contents: all he knew was that the play existed in rough typescript in Ernest's luggage at the Hotel Florida.

Those to whom Ernest had shown the play must have been struck by its autobiographical aspects. He had amused himself by giving his protagonist, Philip Rawlings, certain habits and qualities of his own. Rawlings had "big shoulders and a walk like a gorilla," commonly skipped breakfast, read all the morning papers, liked sandwiches made of bully beef and raw onion, drank regularly at Chicote's Bar, and protested that he was "not supposed to be a damned monk." His social behavior included much drinking and fighting, many irrational quarrels, frequent assertion of his manhood, and a determination not to surrender to the domination of women. In short, the figure of Philip Rawlings, a correspondent secretly engaged as a counterspy in besieged Madrid, was a projection of Ernest himself, based on his imagination of how it might feel to be an actual insider, working with someone like Antonio, a dramatic re-creation of the thin-lipped executioner of Madrid, Pepe Quintanilla. With his passion for exactitude, he even used in some of the scenes a virtual replica of the room he was then occupying at the Florida, with the cretonne-covered chairs, the tall armoire where extra food was stored, the portable phonograph with Chopin records, and even a chambermaid called Petra. Further, since he was writing the play in the fall of the year, he introduced allusions to the recent capture of Asturias and to the signs of the coming winter.

The lady correspondent of the play, Dorothy Bridges, bore an unmistakable resemblance to Martha Gellhorn. She was a tall, handsome blonde with long smooth legs, a curiously cultivated accent, and a college degree. Like Martha, she disliked dirt, displayed a passion for making rooms home-like, and even owned a silver-fox cape. While she bore no physical resemblance to Pauline, she represented one more step in the gradual rejection



Hemingway with Pauline,
mother of Patrick and Gregory

UPI photo

of his second wife which Ernest had publicly begun in "The Snows of Kilimanjaro." When Philip scornfully named over the places to which he and Dorothy might go if he were not otherwise occupied, they were identical with those that Ernest had visited with Pauline in France, in Kenya, and in Cuba. All that, said Philip, was now behind him: "Where I go now I go alone, or with others who go there for the same reason I go." These were places where he went for duty's sake and in the company of men like Max, the broken-faced comrade who had spent his entire mature life in the fight against Fascism. The Moorish tart Anita told Philip that he was making a mistake in taking up with "that big blonde," Dorothy Bridges. Philip agreed that she was indeed "enormously on the make." But she was also beautiful, friendly, charming, rather innocent, and brave. "I'm afraid that's the whole trouble," said Philip to Anita. "I want to make an absolutely colossal mistake." There, in the midst of his play, was Ernest's curious characterization of his developing love affair with Martha Gellhorn.

While Ernest and Martha celebrated a quiet Catalan Christmas, Pauline reached Paris alone and unannounced in a last-ditch attempt to save her marriage. She had even let her hair grow in a long

bob like Martha's, although she told Jay Allen that her purpose in coming to France was to understand the causes of the war and to see why it meant so much to men like her husband. She asked Allen to intercede with the American Consul General to get her a visa for Spain. But Ernest was back in Paris before the visa was ready. He consulted the physician Robert Wallich for a severe liver complaint. Wallich put him on a regimen of Chophytol and Drainochol and forbade all further drinking. While they waited to embark for New York, Ernest and Pauline stayed on the top floor of the Hôtel Elysée Park at the Rond Point des Champs Élysées. Bill Bird paid a call on them, meeting Pauline for the first and last time. The atmosphere was gloomy. Bill heard afterward that they were quarreling bitterly over Martha, and that Pauline had threatened to jump off the balcony of their room.

They sailed for New York aboard the *Gripsholm* on January 12. It was a far cry from the pleasant voyage they had made aboard the same ship out of Africa four years earlier. Gales harassed them all the way across, and the seas were still running high when Ernest went to Miami to bring the *Pilar* down to Key West. He was full of multiple angers, complaints, and self-pity. His upset liver contributed heavily to his bilious view of the world. His rejection of Pauline in favor of Martha stirred up the remorse that had remained quiescent ever since his rejection of Hadley in favor of Pauline. Without being precisely beside himself, he continued to be petulant, quarrelsome, and almost pathologically suspicious all through the early months of 1938.

In this condition of mind and body, everything was an irritant. Advance publicity from the new *Ken* magazine had named him as one of the editors. He sent Arnold Gingrich a statement to be printed in the first number: "Ernest Hemingway has been in Spain since *Ken* was first projected. Although announced as an editor, he has taken no part in the editing of the magazine or in the formation of its policies. If he sees eye to eye with us on *Ken* we would like to have him as an editor. If not he will remain as a contributor until he is fired or quits." Smart and Gingrich accepted the retraction, and Ernest composed a 1600-word piece called "The Time Now, the Place Spain," which he airmailed to Gingrich on March 2. It was a very strong statement, as he aggressively told Gingrich, and there was plenty more where it had come from. The point was that if the United States would reverse its neutrality and sell the Loyalists the war materials they needed, Fascism could be beaten on Spanish soil. Otherwise, and in the very near future, the United States would have to face far tougher people than the legions of Mussolini or the forces of General Franco.

Ernest was fighting a battle of his own between the urge to return to Spain and a determination, almost equally strong, to stay on in Key West to write some stories about his recent experiences in and around Madrid. It did not help his state of mind that the stories would not come. When Patrick and Gigi caught the measles, the household was disturbed and his surliness increased. He scolded Perkins for having failed to advertise *To Have and Have Not*, and when he read somewhere that Scribner's had given a tea party for Max Eastman, he filled a page with angry mutterings about what he would do to Eastman if he ever caught him alone. When Perkins gently remarked that Tom Wolfe had recently been behaving like a manic depressive, Ernest answered that Wolfe was an enormous baby, adding that it must be very difficult to be a genius. Even Scott Fitzgerald's praise could not sweeten his rancor. Scott had described him, said Perkins, as the most dynamic personality in the world. Or was it only the United States? Max could not remember the geography of the compliment. Once more Ernest exploded irritably. He had never wanted to be dynamic. All he ever wanted to be was a writer, and by Jesus Christ that was what he was going to be.

WHAT I have to do now is write," declared Ernest. "As long as there is a war you always think perhaps you will be killed so you have nothing to worry about. But now I am not killed so I have to work. . . . Living is much more difficult and complicated than dying and it is just as hard as ever to write. . . . In stories about the war I try to show *all* the different sides of it, taking it slowly and honestly and examining it from many ways. So never think one story represents my viewpoint because it is much too complicated for that. We know war is bad. Yet sometimes it is necessary to fight. But still war is bad and any man who says it is not is a liar. But it is very complicated and difficult to write about truly. . . . In the war in Italy when I was a boy I had much fear. In Spain I had no fear after a couple of weeks and was very happy. Yet for me not to understand fear in others or deny its existence would be bad writing. It is just that now I understand the whole thing better. The only thing about a war, once it has started, is to win it — and that is what we did not do. The hell with war for a while, I want to write."

Apart from his dispatches on the chauffeurs of Madrid and the old man at the Amposta bridge, the first result of Ernest's war experience was a series of short stories. He was still in Paris in mid-November when "The Denunciation" appeared

in *Esquire*. It told of a waiter in Chicote's Bar who recognized a customer as a Rebel spy and turned him in with a telephone call to the secret police. Gingrich was also enthusiastic about a second story, "The Butterfly and the Tank," which was based, like the first, on an actual incident from the fall of 1937. Ernest had already summarized it briefly in *The Fifth Column*. A drunken citizen named Pedro took to squirting waiters in Chicote's with a flit gun of eau de cologne. Disgusted soldiers first beat and then shot him to death. When Steinbeck read it in the December number of *Esquire*, it struck him as "one of a very few finest stories in all time." To have seen it as a story was in itself a great thing, he wrote to Ernest. But to have written it so superbly was "almost too much."

The February number of *Esquire* contained his "Night Before Battle," which he had sent to Gingrich from Paris in October. He composed a free-verse poem, "On the American Dead in Spain," for publication in the *New Masses*, donating the typescript of the poem and the manuscript of *The Spanish Earth* to be auctioned off for the rehabilitation fund of the Abraham Lincoln Brigade. He was already planning a new book of short fiction for the fall of 1939. Besides collecting the recent war stories from *Esquire* and *Cosmopolitan*, he wanted to write three more very long ones. Two would deal with Spain and the other with an old Cuban fisherman. The first, to be called "Fatigue," would try to recapture the battle of Teruel; the second would describe the storming of a pass in the Sierra de Guadarrama by a detachment of Polish Lancers. The third and most ambitious had been in his mind for several years. He had already outlined it in "On the Blue Water," published in *Esquire* in April, 1936. It would tell of an aged commercial fisherman out of Casablanca on the eastward side of Havana Harbor. All alone in his skiff for four days and four nights he had fought a huge marlin, only to lose it to a pack of sharks because it was too big to get into his boat. The story would say everything that the old man did and thought during his long and lonely battle. Properly told, it could be "great," thought Ernest, and its presence in the new volume would "make" the book. He said that on his next trip to Cuba he hoped to go out in a skiff with old Carlos Gutiérrez to make sure that all his details were authentic.

His visit to Cuba was not long postponed. Beginning on February 14 he went there for a month. Each day he worked from eight to two, then played tennis, swam, or fished. He did not write any of the new stories he had proposed to Perkins. Instead he finished another called "Under the Ridge." The scene was a bleak hilltop in the Jarama sector where the 12th International Bri-

gade had just made an abortive attack. The force of the tale came from the anger of a man from Badajoz, who resented the murderous disciplinary measures of the battle police, a pair of cold-faced Russians in black leather jackets.

But the major achievement of his Cuban visit was to make a start on his novel of the Spanish Civil War. It was a task so ambitious, as he told Perkins, that he had not expected even to attempt it for a long time. In Paris at the end of October he had mentioned having finished two chapters of a novel. But he personally counted March 1, 1939, as the real beginning. By the end of three weeks, it had grown to 15,000 words. He thought it twenty times better than "Night Before Battle," and his excitement rose as he became more deeply involved. Already he was beginning to get that old familiar feeling of being emptied out each day, yet ready to return to his task with renewed energy every morning.

HE RETURNED to Key West in the middle of March, largely to see Bumby, who was on spring vacation from school. The only trouble was that the Key West social season was then at its height. Pauline had made many new friends during Ernest's absence in Spain and France, and showed little disposition to shoo them away so that he could get on with his work. The Ben Gallaghers arrived from Paris, and Jinny Pfeiffer came down to drink and argue with Pauline and Ernest. Shipwreck Kelly appeared, eager to talk about a movie based on "The Short Happy Life of Francis Macomber." The new road down the Keys, as Ernest complained, was like a tacit invitation to "every son of a bitch who had ever read a line" of Hemingway to come and be entertained. The small house where Ernest worked beside the swimming pool was constantly assailed with the sound of voices. When Tom Shevlin and Hugo Rutherford invited him to fish in a tuna tournament, Ernest bowed out. He was seething to get back to Cuba and his novel. Now, he knew, was the time of his career when he had to write "a real one."

On April 10 he crossed to Havana to resume his former life of writing, drinking, fishing, swimming, and tennis playing, though this time with the difference that he was presently joined by Martha Gellhorn. It was her first trip to Cuba, and she came prepared to stay. Ernest had agreed to look for a house. But when she found him in the Ambos Mundos bar, although he seemed genuinely happy to see her, he had done nothing in the way of house-hunting. Martha soon located an old estate called Finca Vigía in the village of San Francisco de Paula some fifteen miles from downtown

Havana. It was owned by a family named Dorn and occupied a hilltop with distant views of the sea and the city. It had fallen into disrepair, smelled of drains, and could be rented entire for a hundred a month. When Ernest went out with Martha to see it, he was immediately scornful. It was too far gone, too far from Havana, and too expensive. He turned on his heel and departed to go fishing. But Martha was persuaded that the house had possibilities. During his absence, and at her own expense, she hired artisans and servants to make the place cheerful and homelike. When he returned, she showed him the results. He liked it so well that he promptly moved in.

For the sake of appearances, he continued to use the Ambos Mundos as his mailing address. But by early May he had begun to mention to Perkins a "joint on the top of a hill" where there was always a breeze. His novel was progressing at the rate of 700 to 1000 words a day. He said that he was so happy with his work that it was sometimes seven thirty in the evening before he remembered to drink his usual three scotches before dinner. He was now predicting that the book would be done by late July or early August. Beside that possibility, everything else seemed far away and completely unimportant.

Except for weekend fishing trips whenever he felt stale, he stuck steadily to his task. He had been in Cuba for a month when a polio epidemic broke out in Key West. He wired Perkins to send \$500 to J. B. Sullivan, who promptly used it to ship Patrick and Gregory out of the danger zone. They would stay in New York through June and then spend July and August at a camp in Connecticut. As soon as the novel was finished, Ernest would take them away to Wyoming.

But the novel kept on expanding. When the manuscript reached 76,000 words and a logical stopping place in mid-August, Ernest decided to go west anyway. Pauline was abroad with Paul and Brenda Willerts. Ernest wrote Hadley that he had approved the trip. Pauline might as well have a good final fling before the lights began going out again all over Europe. For himself, Wyoming would do. He asked Otto Bruce to pick up the boys when their camp closed and to bring them by train to join him and Bumby at the Nordquist ranch. On the twenty-seventh he dropped Martha in St. Louis to stay with her mother and drove on alone from there.

Hadley had lately been much in his mind. At the time of his fortieth birthday in July, he had written her twice, signing the letters with his old nicknames of Tatie and Edward Everett Waxen. The more he saw of women, said he, the more he admired her. If heaven was something that people enjoyed on earth rather than after death, then he

and she had known a good slice of theirs in the Black Forest and at Cortina and Pamplona in 1922-1923. Hadley was on vacation with her husband, Paul Mowrer, at a ranch near Cody. When they returned from a fishing trip, they found another car parked near theirs. It was Ernest, listening to the radio while he waited for them to come back. He had not seen either of them for ten years. The meeting was quiet and cordial, centering chiefly on Bumby, who had already gone ahead to the Nordquist ranch to wait for his father's arrival. Once again Ernest was persuaded that Hadley's future was in the best possible hands.

His arrival at the L-Bar-T precisely coincided with the outbreak of the war in Europe. He stayed up most of the night listening to the newscasts on his portable radio. The war was hardly a surprise. He had been predicting it regularly in public and private for the past six years. But he felt about it just as he had felt about the onset of the Spanish Civil War in the summer of 1936. At that time, too, he had had a novel in progress, and had resolved to finish it before he thought of visiting the scene of the conflict. Now the pattern repeated itself. Although his letters of early September hinted at the commitments that the war might eventually bring, he was quite ready to gather his sons around him and bide his time. Europe, as he said, would be at war for many years to come.

He had scarcely settled in at the ranch when Pauline telephoned from New York. She had come back from Europe on the last day of August and was flying out to join him. But she arrived with such a bad cold that she was obliged to go to bed. Ernest later said that he cooked her meals and did his best to take care of her, though the cold weather and primitive living conditions made nursing so difficult that she got worse instead of better. Moreover, as he complained, he was very lonely at the ranch, with "nothing to do" when he had finished his work for the day. Whatever his excuses, he was at last determined to complete the break with his second wife. After what he regarded as a suitable interval he packed up his car, summoned Martha to meet him, and drove yet farther west to a new establishment called Sun Valley among the Sawtooth Mountains of central Idaho. Ernest washed the dirt from his throat in the ultramodern bar at Sun Valley Lodge and moved with Martha into Suite 206, among the most luxurious of the twelve-dozen rooms at the lodge.

Next morning, he had breakfast with two young Midwesterners who ran publicity for Sun Valley. Gene Van Guilder was a handsome and talented man in his middle thirties, a great rider and hunter who wore his Western clothes with dash and style and spoke enthusiastically of painting and writing. His companion, Lloyd Arnold, was the chief

photographer. They found Ernest friendly enough, but also wary and suspicious, as if fearful of being exploited for publicity purposes, as if he could not yet make up his mind what manner of men they really were. He was far more at ease with Taylor Williams, the chief guide at Sun Valley, a lean and caustic Kentuckian who was variously known as Beartracks or the Colonel.

His first suspicions vanished when he explored the country under the guidance of his new friends. His love of wing shooting and his appetite for game birds literally knew no bounds, and he settled happily into a rough pattern of work in the morning and play in the afternoon. By the end of October he had brought his novel to the middle of Chapter 18. He wrote Perkins that his story contained what people with Communist Party obligations could never write, what most of them could never know or — if they knew — allow themselves to believe. So far, said he, there were two wonderful women in the book. The locale was a Loyalist guerrilla camp in the Sierra de Guadarrama range northwest of Madrid. He was just now beginning to work on a flashback with scenes at Gaylord's, the Russian headquarters near the Prado, where he had talked so often with Koltsov, the *Izvestia* correspondent. Koltsov was already in the book, thinly disguised as Karkov. So were Valentín González, called El Campesino, ex-sergeant in the Spanish Foreign Legion; Enrique Lister, the Galician stonemason turned soldier; Juan Modesto from Andalucía; and Kleber, Lucasz, Hans Kahle, and Gustavo Durán — all the general officers Ernest had known that spring of 1937.

Martha set off to cover the war in Finland for *Collier's* magazine. Ernest made no serious attempt to oppose her plans, though he soon began to refer dramatically to the dark depths of his loneliness without her. After she left, he renamed Suite 206 "Hemingstein's Mixed Vicing and Dicing Establishment," and made it an evening haven for crap and poker games. One day he tried killing coyotes with a shotgun from a low-flying Piper Cub. Every fair afternoon he went hunting for pheasants, ducks, and jacksnipe with the novelist Christopher La Farge and a Philadelphia lawyer named Sturgis Ingersoll.

In spite of his friendships he often spoke of being "stinko deadly lonely" in Martha's absence. It was like living in limbo, said he, with the additional problem of having to write good prose. Both Hadley and Clara Spiegel asked him to Chicago for Christmas, but he declined on the ground that he was in the midst of the most exciting part of his novel. When he invited himself to Key West to spend Christmas with his sons, Pauline advised him that if he expected to come home only to leave after Christmas to rejoin Martha in Cuba, he had

better not come at all. Ernest immediately complained to Hadley that Pauline's conduct was atrocious and unbearable. But if people thought only of themselves, he felt, this was all that could be expected. When Otto Bruce arrived to drive Ernest to Florida, he reported that Pauline was still determined not to see her husband again. She was leaving for New York with Patrick and Gregory to spend the holidays with her sister Jinny.

A week later Ernest and Otto were back in Key West. As Pauline had promised, she and the children were gone and the house was empty. On the day after Christmas a man in Phoenix, Arizona, wired Ernest's publishers to ask for his current address. Next day Scribner's telegraphed a reply: "HEMINGWAYS ADDRESS KEY WEST FLORIDA." But it was not. From that date onward his address was Finca Vigía, San Francisco de Paula, Cuba.

WHEN Martha returned from Finland in the middle of January, 1940, she found that "the Pig," as she fondly called Ernest, was working wonderfully. She had been home only a few days when he completed Chapter 23. As advance evidence of the quality of the book, he sent Perkins two samples — the opening paragraphs of the first chapter and Pilar's story of the massacre of the Fascists in Pablo's Ronda-like native village. A spell of cold weather drove him back to his old habit of writing in bed to keep warm. In this manner he completed Chapter 24, though he said that it was unlucky for verisimilitude to be shivering while trying to write about a hot morning in June, 1937.

He had planned a far shorter book than this one was turning out to be. By the end of Chapter 28 he complained of feeling restive after so many months of solid work. Yet he knew that he must not become panicky and try for greater speed. He told Perkins that if he chose to write as sloppily as Sinclair Lewis, he could do 5000 words a day year in and year out. His own practice was the opposite: constant daily control to avoid the necessity of complete rewriting when he was done. His work, as he explained to Charles Scribner, was a disease, a vice, and an obsession. To be happy, he had to write, which made it a disease. He also enjoyed it, which turned the disease into a vice. Since he wished to write better than anyone else had ever done, the vice quickly became an obsession.

In order to reassure himself of the quality of what he was doing, he kept showing parts of the novel to a variety of close friends — Joris Ivens, Esther Chambers, Christopher La Farge, Otto Bruce, and of course Max Perkins. They all responded so ecstatically that he decided to risk a

reading by Ben Finney, whom he revered as a veteran of the Marine Corps and fearless bobsled pilot. Finney read through all that Ernest had written in a marathon bout that lasted from four one afternoon to four the next morning. He tried to make Ernest admit that he had personally experienced the action described in the novel. "Hell, no," said Ernest, vastly pleased. "I made it up." Despite such assurances, he still had moments of doubt. Pauline now hated him so much, he said, that she had refused to look at the book. This was a damned shame because she had the best literary judgment of any of them.

But the novel was still far from finished. At the end of the first week in April he completed Chapter 32, the twelfth that he had done since his return from Sun Valley. One of these was the superb account of El Sordo's last stand on the hilltop. Another was María's harrowing story of having been raped by Fascist soldiers. Chapter 32 was a cynical interlude at Gaylord's Hotel in which Ernest could hardly contain his anger at both the warring sides. For all his Loyalist sympathies, he had never been able to swallow the program of propaganda which had elevated Dolores Ibarruri, a Communist peasant woman from the Basque provinces, into La Pasionaria ("The Passion Flower"), a kind of leftist saint. "Dolores always made me vomit always," he emphatically told his friends. He took pleasure in painting a travesty portrait of the First Lady of Republican Spain, allowing his nausea to spill over into Robert Jordan's bilious reflections on other "flowers of Spanish chivalry" from Cortes to the present day. "There is no finer and no worse people in the world," Jordan had said.

Many of his friends appeared in the book, sometimes under their actual names, sometimes in thin disguises. He had lately been corresponding with Gustavo Durán, the Loyalist commander who had fled to London in 1939. Durán appeared by name, as did Petra, Ernest's chambermaid at the Hotel Florida. General Lucasz of the 12th International Brigade was described with loving pre-

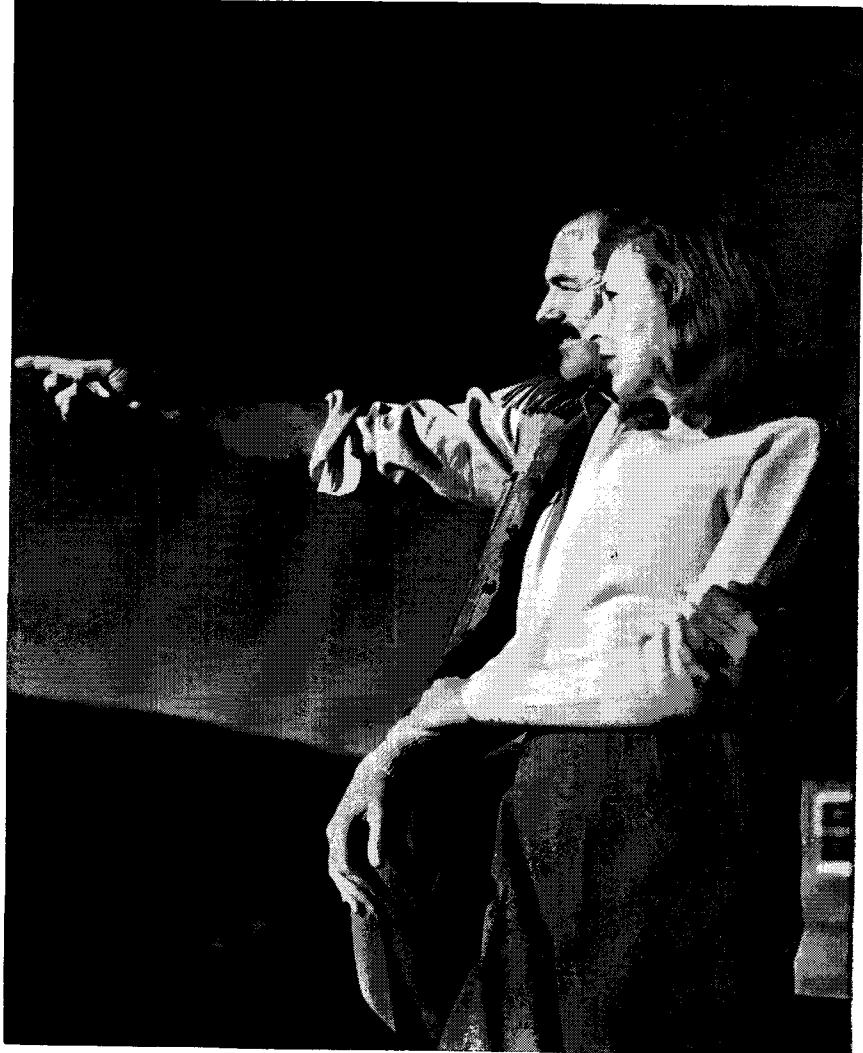


Photo: Lloyd Arnold

Hemingway with Martha Gellhorn at Sun Valley

cision. So was the Polish general Karol Swierczewski, known to his troops as General Walter, and in the novel as General Golz. Koltsov the journalist stalked through Gaylord's under his fictional name of Karkov. María, the heroine, bore the name of the nurse whom Ernest had met at Mataro in the spring of 1938, although her physical characteristics, including the blond hair "like a wheatfield in the wind," were evidently designed as a secret tribute to Martha Gellhorn. Robert Jordan, the professor from Montana, owed at least something to the courageous figure of Major Robert Merriman of the 15th International Brigade, the onetime professor of economics from California. Like most of Ernest's heroes, however, Jordan shared many of the personal characteristics and opinions of his creator. Jordan's parents were clearly modeled on Dr. and Mrs. Hemingway. The elder Jordan had shot himself to death with a Smith and Wesson Civil War pistol. His son was made to reflect on

his father's cowardice ("the worst luck any man could have") and his mother's aggressiveness ("because if he wasn't a coward he would have stood up to that woman and not let her bully him"). Ernest even gave Jordan one of his own most prominent traits — a "red, black, killing anger" that spread scorn and contempt as widely and unjustly as a forest fire spreads ruin, only to die away and leave his mind as quiet and empty-calm as a man might be after "sexual intercourse with a woman he does not love."

Throughout the rest of April and May, Ernest complained to Perkins that Pauline was trying to put him "out of business." She did not like to face the fact that he was writing a hell of a good book while living with someone else. She had been "shelling" him "plenty, plenty." He had tried growing armor plate to no avail. It had become a point of pride with him to write so well now that any book he ever wrote in Pauline's company would seem slight by comparison. In parting from her he had agreed to pay \$500 a month for the support of Patrick and Gregory, but he told Perkins that in case he died these payments were to stop immediately. His mother wrote to say that she had heard he was doing a novel and hoped that for once it might contain "something constructive." Ernest answered coldly. Who could say? Perhaps the book might indeed turn out as she wished.

By Memorial Day Ernest believed that the end of his novel had come into view, though still far off — like a heavenly city. As if to signalize this apocalyptic moment, the living-room ceiling fell down, covering everything with plaster dust, which the leaking rains soon converted to a hard white coating. When Patrick and Bumby arrived for a short visit, the living room looked to Martha like a wading pool. This was a blow to her sense of neatness, but she was even more upset by the

noises from the American mainland, including false political speechmaking, the threat of increased taxation, and the constant waste of federal funds. Twice a day she fell into "paroxysms of rage" over the state of the nation and the world. She would have liked to go to Europe to see if anything could be done, and her itch at least to get away from the isolation of the Finca was becoming intolerable. When Ernest, preoccupied with his own work, became profanely critical of her social interests, Martha picked up and left to spend a month in New York.

When she returned late in June, bringing her mother for a visit, Ernest assured her that he was nearly done. He had sworn not to have a haircut until the novel was finished, and his appearance was notably unkempt. He had found the blowing of the bridge almost unbearably exciting. After it was over he felt, as he said, nearly as limp and dead as if he had been there himself. He professed to be reluctant to kill his hero after having lived steadily in his company for seventeen months. On July 1, however, he decided that the end was near, and sent Perkins a cable: "BRIDGE ALL BLOWN AM ENDING LAST CHAPTER." It was time at last for a visit to his barber in Havana.

He was padding down the sidewalk in the old city when he caught sight of Joe North and a man named Douglas Jacobs, whom he had first met at Jay Allen's. He let out a whoop and seized North in a bear hug. He said that he was eager to tell Joe all about the new novel before Joe read it and got angry at it. They arranged to meet for lunch at the Floridita. Despite the profound differences of political opinion between North and Hemingway, the lunch went so well that they were still deep in talk at four o'clock. Suddenly the door of the bar swung open and Martha stalked in. "She was obviously in a rage," said Jacobs, "and made little effort to hide it." Ernest had promised to

ATLANTIC "FIRSTS"

For twenty-three years the ATLANTIC has held out a special incentive to short-story writers. In January, 1946, we began to publish what we called Atlantic "Firsts" — short stories by unpublished writers making their first appearance in our pages. We are happy to announce the following prizewinners for 1968:

**First Prize of \$750 awarded to
JAMES ALAN McPHERSON
for "Gold Coast"
in the November issue**

**Second Prize of \$250 awarded to
JACK CANSON
for "The Surprise"
in the August issue**

meet her and her mother at two. He mumbled an apology, which Martha shrugged off. "You can stand me up," she cried, "but you can't do that to my mother." Ernest paid the bill, excused himself, and sheepishly followed her out.

In spite of his ceremonial haircut, the forty-third and final chapter continued to give him trouble. By July 13, Jordan was lying prone beneath a tree, watching the approach of the Fascist Lieutenant Berrendo. The book could obviously end there, yet Ernest was still vaguely dissatisfied. He spent the final week before his forty-first birthday in composing a kind of epilogue, two short chapters designed to knit up every dangling thread as neatly as possible. One part told of a meeting between Karkov and General Golz after the failure of the Segovia offensive, and of their driving together back to Madrid, discussing Jordan's blowing of the bridge and his subsequent disappearance. The short final chapter described Andres and his visit to the abandoned camp of Pablo and Pilar, where he stood for a moment gazing at the wrecked bridge in the gorge below. It was evidently necessary for Ernest to write these anticlimactic sections in order to find out that they were neither necessary nor desirable.

He waited anxiously until the manuscript was typed and then carried it to New York. A late July heat wave covered the whole Eastern seaboard, and the train was like an oven. In the poor light of the parlor car he worked over the typescript until his eyes gave out, and staggered out at Pennsylvania Station feeling like "a blind sardine in a processing factory." His room at the Hotel Barclay was only a few blocks from Scribner's, and he began to deliver the book piecemeal by runner boy at the rate of 200 pages a day. Calling at his hotel a few days later, Bob Van Gelder of the *New York Times Book Review* found him wearing an unbuttoned pajama jacket and surrounded by a lively company. One of his companions was the exiled Loyalist commander, Gustavo Durán, who had recently married an American girl named Bonte Crompton and moved to the United States. Durán listened politely to the talk between Hemingway and Van Gelder, and Ernest occasionally paused to translate for his benefit. When Durán left the room to make a phone call, Ernest explained in a whisper that he had often longed to get information from him while he was writing his novel. But Durán had now assured him that the story as written was perfectly sound. When Durán left for his bride's summer home in New Hampshire, Ernest asked him to read the galley proofs to make sure that the Spanish was correct. Ernest observed modestly that he himself was obviously unqualified to do a book on Spain, the Spaniards, the movement, or the war, and was moreover acutely

embarrassed to ask Durán, a native Spaniard who was also his "God damn hero," to read what he had written. Durán complied, partly out of curiosity. He was not much impressed by the quality of Ernest's Spanish. But, with some reservations, he thought the book surprisingly effective.

On August 26 Ernest airmailed from Havana the first 123 galleys of his book. He had been uncommonly docile about revising to meet the objections of Perkins and Scribner, and had carefully rewritten a passage of onanism to make one of the love scenes less offensive. But he argued back vigorously against their view that Pilar's disquisition on "the smell of death to come" was not in good taste. It was harsh all right, said he, but to delete it would be like removing the bass viol or the oboe from his symphony orchestra merely because they sounded ugly when played alone. The passage was meant to be horrifying, but not gratuitously obscene: he had needed to get across the earthy vulgarity of the gypsies he had known in Madrid. They were a very strange people. He had not wanted to "pretty them up" any more than he had done with the Michigan Indians in the Nick Adams stories.

Finally, and most important, he had decided to remove his epilogue. His original motive, he explained, was like a good sailor's determination to have everything knitted up and stowed away shipshape. But now he saw that the novel really stopped when Jordan lay on the pine-needled floor of the forest just as he had lain sixty-eight hours earlier in the opening sentence of the first chapter.

ERNEST had begun 1940 by asking Perkins for another thousand-dollar advance on his half-finished novel. Perkins complied, with the hope that this would be a big year. With the combined income from the Broadway play, which was now launched and doing well, and the publication of the novel, it was certain that Ernest's royalties would exceed the \$6000 he had earned in 1939. Perkins' hope was fulfilled late in August when the Book-of-the-Month Club chose the novel for October, and proposed a first printing of 100,000 copies. Scribner's was planning to match this figure in the regular trade edition. Ernest wrote wryly to Arnold Gingrich, computing what *For Whom the Bell Tolls* had cost him — the loss of one wife and of a year and a half out of his life. But he made no attempt to conceal his pride in the novel, which contained no loose writing and was all of a piece, with "every word depending on every other word" straight through the grand total of forty-three chapters. He now planned a vacation in Sun Valley with Martha and his sons, who would

assemble from diverse points of the compass during early September. After more than three years of what Martha called "living in contented sin," she and Ernest were planning to be married as soon as Pauline's divorce became final.

With the approach of publication day, Perkins kept up a reassuring postal barrage about the book's probable reception. But Ernest was too nervous to wait for the first shipment of reviews, and telephoned Jay Allen in New York to ask him to read some of them aloud. Jay kept protesting that the phone call was too expensive, but Ernest did not care. His responses were like those of a small boy. "Did he really say that?" he would ask. Or, "That guy is just digging his grave as a critic." He was pleased with John Chamberlain's opinion that the novel had "the bracing quality of brandy" and with J. Donald Adams' conviction that this was "the fullest, the deepest, and the truest" of Hemingway's novels. Adams found the love scenes between Jordan and María the best in American fiction, far beyond those in *A Farewell to Arms* and infinitely preferable to the "casual couplings" of *The Sun Also Rises*. Bob Sherwood in the *Atlantic* called the book "rare and beautiful," containing "strength and brutality," but also "a degree of delicacy," which proved that "this fine writer, unlike some other fine American writers," was "capable of self-criticism and self-development." Clifton Fadiman in the *New Yorker* likewise emphasized the principle of growth: the book expressed and released the adult Hemingway, "whose voice was first heard in the groping *To Have and Have Not*." In the *Nation*, Margaret Marshall said that the bad taste left in the mouths of readers by *The Fifth Column* was now dissipated, and that Hemingway had set himself a new standard in characterization, dialogue, suspense, and compassion for the human being faced with death. While the novel did not embody "the deeper social meanings of the Spanish Civil War," it provided "as moving and vivid a story of a group of human beings involved in that war as we are likely to have."

Like any author with much at stake, Ernest accepted the praise as his just due and was indignant about the adverse comments. But when Donald Friede advised from Hollywood that he was holding out for a figure of \$150,000, Ernest cannily urged him to sell the book for \$100,000 "plus ten cents a copy for each copy sold including Book of the Month." Since the Book-of-the-Month organization had now contracted for 200,000 copies, and Scribner's had printed another 160,000 copies, Ernest stood to gain \$136,000 from the film sale alone, apart from royalties on Book-of-the-Month printings and the regular Scribner trade edition. He thought it wise to settle matters with Paramount Pictures during the first flush of victory.

There was no telling when a counterattack might come. By the end of October the sale was completed on these terms. It struck Ernest as "bloody wonderful." In fact, it was, since Friede had secured the highest price ever yet paid for film rights to a book.

News of his final divorce from Pauline reached Ernest over the Associated Press wire from Miami on November 4. The uncontested decree was based on charges of desertion, and Pauline was given custody of her sons. Ernest showed no outward sign of contrition at the end of a marriage which had lasted thirteen years, during which he had produced seven books, acquired the *Pilar* and the house in Key West, and enjoyed an African safari, frequent visits to Europe, many sporting vacations in Montana and Wyoming, and the freedom to spend two years in warring Spain. In leaving Hadley for Pauline he had suffered remorse for at least three years. Something inside his association with Pauline had finally served to cauterize his conscience. In "The Snows of Kilimanjaro" he had obliquely blamed her for being wealthy. A good deal later he attributed the failure of his second marriage to sexual maladjustment growing out of Pauline's ardent Catholicism and the fact that she could not safely bear more children. Somewhere among his motivations in giving up Pauline for Martha lay the hope of having a daughter. Pappy Arnold took some handsome prenuptial pictures of Martha and Ernest, sun-bronzed, healthy, and gazing westward into the sunset, and they left Sun Valley on November 20. A justice of the peace performed a quiet civil ceremony next day in the Union Pacific Railroad dining room at Cheyenne. Ernest found it "wonderful to be legal" after four years of association, and proudly drove Martha to New York.

Ernest's Christmas gift to himself and Martha was the purchase of the Finca Vigía. Fearing that the news of his recent successes with *For Whom the Bell Tolls* would raise the asking price, he empowered Otto Bruce to conduct negotiations without revealing the buyer's name. Bruce concluded the arrangements on December 28 at \$12,500. To celebrate the event, Ernest went quail shooting in Pinar del Río Province, romantically returning under starlight to the house he now owned and meant to occupy for the rest of his life.

His pleasure in the new house was marred by the leftist counterattack on his new novel. Although he had expected and predicted it, he was not prepared for the virulence of the assault. Mike Gold used one of his "Change the World" columns in the *Daily Worker* to assail Hemingway as "limited, narrow . . . mutilated by his class egotism . . . [and] the poverty of his mind." The novel merely proved, said Gold, that an unprincipled man who

understood neither democracy nor Communism was able to join in the Spanish Civil War for various personal reasons and to maintain an appearance of loyalty for a few years. When the cause seemed lost and democracy defeated, he chose to desert — as Frederic Henry had done in *A Farewell to Arms* — “leaving a trail of alibis, whines, and slanders.”

Alvah Bessie’s review in the *New Masses* was both fairer and better informed. As a veteran of the Lincoln Brigade, he had twice seen Ernest in Spain and began his long and thoughtful analysis with a tribute to Ernest’s intimate participation in the struggle. Yet he found the novel very deficient both in depth of understanding and breadth of conception. “He has yet to expand his personality as a novelist,” said Bessie, “to embrace the truths of other people everywhere; he has yet to dive deep into the lives of others, and there to find his own.” But Bessie was also the author of a long open letter to Ernest, dated November 20, and forwarded to the *Daily Worker* over the signatures of Milt Wolff, national commander of the Veterans of the Abraham Lincoln Brigade, Freddy Keller, New York post commander, and Irv Goff, acting secretary-treasurer. Hemingway had “mutilated” the cause for which so many brave men had fought and died. He had maligned La Pasionaria and slandered André Marty. He had misrepresented the attitude of the Soviet Union toward the Spanish Republic. Worst of all, he had failed to show the relevance of the war in Spain to the world of 1940, where Fascism still ran rampant. In sum, his friends repudiated Ernest’s work as false, distorted, slanderous, and undemocratic.

He was still defending his position the day before Christmas. He had heard from Hans Kahle, former commander of the 15th Brigade and the 45th Division, that *For Whom the Bell Tolls* was a great and true book. Gustavo Durán, who had participated along with General Walter in the very Loyalist attack on Segovia that appeared in the book, had also praised it. So had Mirko Markovich, commander of the Washington Battalion, and Steve Nelson, the battalion’s political commissar and perhaps the best-liked member of the International Brigades. Such an array looked formidable. Ernest thought. He said that he had once been asked by André Malraux when he planned to write about the Spanish Civil War. His answer was that he would wait until he could write truly about that son of a bitch Marty without harming the Loyalist cause. If only Marty were not such a bloody symbol, Ernest believed they would have shot him long ago.

When Milt Wolff made the mistake of writing

him a private letter accusing him of having been a mere “rooter” for the Loyalists and a part-time “tourist” in Spain, Ernest was hurt enough to answer with an angry blast:

Dear Milt: I won’t try to explain how concited [sic], confused and stupid your letter was. Will only take up one point. So I was just a rooter in Spain. O.K. Did it ever occur to you that there were 595,000 some troops in the Spanish army beside the 15th Brigade and that the entire action of my book took place and was over before you personally had ever been in the line and before Alvah Bessie had ever left America? While Mike Gold, that other heroic denouncer hasn’t reached Spain yet. I guess he is saving himself for the next movement there. At the time the book deals with you did not know Marx from your ass and neither did Freddy [Keller]. I know because I remember the date on which I advised him to do some reading. . . . O.K. scientist given what experience I have and what talents I may possess what would you like me to have done to aid the cause of the Spanish Republic that I did not do? So I was a rooter because I did not command a battalion of the 15th International Brigade. O.K. Scientist. Have it as you want it. But we are not friends anymore after that letter which will doubtless be a relief to you as you can believe any kinds of lies you hear about me now and even work up some special personal denunciations of your own. . . . I have never seen you after you have been wounded. It takes guys different ways. So don’t talk too snotty about the things you haven’t done yet. And scientist old pal I was in wars, commanded troops, was wounded etc. before you were dry behind the ears. So don’t give me the old soldier talking to the non-combatant. . . . You have your Marty and I’ve married my Marty and we’ll see who does the most for the world in the end. And I’ll keep right on trying to get you out of jail and one thing and another and you’ll keep on denouncing [sic] me every time you are ordered to. It’s all fine. After your letter I think you are a prick if that makes it any easier for you to knife your friends in the back. . . . Does that make you feel better? Hemingstein.

Ernest’s big year ended solemnly enough with a letter from Max Perkins, who had just returned from Scott Fitzgerald’s funeral. “I thought of telegraphing you,” said Max, “but it didn’t seem as if there were any use in it, and I shrank from doing it. Anyhow, he didn’t suffer at all, that’s one thing. It was a heart attack and his death was instantaneous.” Scott’s final letter to Ernest in November had thanked him for an inscribed copy of *For Whom the Bell Tolls*, calling it a better novel than anyone else could have done. “I envy you like hell and there is no irony in this,” Scott had said. “I envy you the time it will give you to do what you want.” The envy was justly directed. At the time of Scott’s death, *For Whom the Bell Tolls* had sold 189,000 copies.

Next month’s installment begins in the summer of 1948 and takes Hemingway back to Italy, to his home in Cuba, to Africa, and to the triumph of the Nobel Prize.

WORDS FROM

Distance
is where we were
but empty of us and ahead of
me lying out in the rushes thinking
even the nights cannot come back to their hill
any time

I would rather the wind came from outside
from mountains anywhere
from the stars from other
worlds even as
cold as it is this
ghost of mine passing
through me

I know your silence
and the repetition
like that of a word in the ear of death
teaching
itself
itself
that is the sound of my running
the plea
plea that it makes
which you will never hear
oh god of beginnings
immortal

I might have been right
not who I am
but all right
among the walls among the reasons
not even waiting
not seen
but now I am out in my feet
and they on their way
the old trees jump up again and again
strangers
there are no names for the rivers
for the days for the nights
I am who I am
oh lord cold as the thoughts of birds
and everyone can see me

Caught again and held again
again I am not a blessing
they bring me
names
that would fit anything
they bring them to me
they bring me hopes
all day I turn
making ropes
helping

My eyes are waiting for me
in the dusk
they are still closed
they have been waiting a long time
and I am feeling my way toward them

I am going upstream
taking to the water from time to time
my marks dry off the stones before morning
the dark surface strokes
the night above its
way
there are no stars
there is no grief
I will never arrive
I stumble when I remember how it was
with one foot
one foot still in a name

TOTEM ANIMAL

I can turn myself toward the other joys and their lights
but not find them
I can put my words into the mouths
of spirits
but they will not say them
I can run all night and win
and win

Dead leaves crushed grasses fallen limbs
the world is full of prayers
arrived at from
afterwards
a voice full of breaking
heard from afterwards
through all
the length of the night

I am never all of me
unto myself
and sometimes I go slowly
knowing that a sound one sound
is following me from world
to world
and that I die each time
before it reaches me

When I stop I am alone
at night sometimes it is almost good
as though I were almost there
sometimes then I see there is
in a bush beside me the same question
why are you
on this way
I said I will ask the stars
why are you falling and they answered
which of us

I dreamed I had no nails
no hair
I had lost one of the senses
not sure which
the soles peeled from my feet and
drifted away
clouds
It's all one
feet
stay mine
hold the world lightly

Stars even you
have been used
but not you
silence
blessing
calling me when I am lost

Maybe I will come
to where I am one
and find
I have been waiting there
as a new
year finds the song of the nuthatch

Send me out into another life
lord because this one is growing faint
I do not think it goes all the way

A BASKET OF APPLES *a story by Shirley Faessler*

THIS morning Pa had his operation. He said I was not to come for at least two or three days, but I slipped in anyway and took a look at him. He was asleep, and I was there only a minute before I was hustled out by a nurse.

"He looks terrible, nurse. Is he all right?"

She said he was fine. The operation was successful, there were no secondaries, instead of a bowel he would have a colostomy, and with care should last another —

Colostomy. The word had set up such a drumming in my ears that I can't be sure now whether she said another few years or another five years. Let's say she said five years. If I go home and report this to Ma she'll fall down in a dead faint. She doesn't even know he's had an operation. She thinks he's in the hospital for a rest, a checkup. Nor did we know — my brother, my sister, and I — that he'd been having a series of X rays.

"It looks like an obstruction in the lower bowel," he told us privately, "and I'll have to go in the hospital for a few days to find out what it's all about. Don't say anything to Ma."

"I have to go in the hospital," he announced to Ma the morning he was going in.

She screamed.

"Just for a little rest, a checkup," he went on, patient with her for once.

He's always hollering at her. He scolds her for a meal that isn't to his taste, finds fault with her housekeeping, gives her hell because her hair isn't

combed in the morning and sends her back to the bedroom to tidy herself.

But Ma loves the old man. "Sooner a harsh word from Pa than a kind one from anyone else," she says.

"You're not to come and see me, you hear?" he cautioned her the morning he left for the hospital. "I'll phone you when I'm coming out."

I don't want to make out that my pa's a beast. He's not. True, he never speaks an endearing word to her, never praises her. He loses patience with her, flies off the handle and shouts. But Ma's content. Poor man works like a horse, she says, and what pleasures does he have. "So he hollers at me once in a while, I don't mind. God give him the strength to keep hollering at me, I won't repine."

Night after night he joins his buddies in the back room of an ice-cream parlor on Augusta Avenue for a glass of wine, a game of klüberjass, pinochle, dominoes: she's happy he's enjoying himself. She blesses him on his way out. "God keep you in good health and return you in good health."

But when he is home of an evening reading the newspaper and comes across an item that engages his interest, he lets her in on it too. He shows her a picture of the Dionne quintuplets and explains exactly what happened out there in Callander, Ontario. This is a golden moment for her — she and Pa sitting over a newspaper discussing world events. Another time he shows her a picture of the Irish Sweepstakes winner. He won a hundred

and fifty thousand, he tells her. She's entranced. *Mmm-mm-mm!* What she couldn't do with that money. They'd fix up the bathroom, paint the kitchen, clean out the backyard. *Mmm-mm-mm!* Pa says if we had that kind of money we could afford to put a match to a hundred-dollar bill, set fire to the house and buy a new one. She laughs at his wit. He's so clever, Pa. Christmas morning King George VI is speaking on the radio. She's rattling around in the kitchen, Pa calls her to come and hear the King of England. She doesn't understand a word of English, but pulls up a chair and sits listening. "He stutters," says Pa. This she won't believe. A king? Stutters? But if Pa says so it must be true. She bends an ear to the radio. Next day she has something to report to Mrs. Oxenberg, our next-door neighbor.

I speak of Pa's impatience with her; I get impatient with her too. I'm always at her about one thing and another, chiefly about the weight she's putting on. Why doesn't she cut down on the bread, does she have to drink twenty glasses of tea a day? No wonder her feet are sore, carrying all that weight. (My ma's a short woman a little over five feet and weighs almost two hundred pounds.) "Go ahead, keep getting fatter," I tell her. "The way you're going you'll never be able to get into a decent dress again."

But it's Pa who finds a dress to fit her, a Martha Washington Cotton size 52, which but for the length is perfect for her. He finds a shoe she can wear, Romeo Slippers with elasticized sides. And it's Pa who gets her to soak her feet, then sits with them in his lap scraping away with a razor blade at the callouses and corns.

Ma is my father's second wife, and our step-mother. My father, now sixty-three, was widowed thirty years ago. My sister was six at the time, I was five, and my brother four when our mother died giving birth to a fourth child who lived only a few days. We were shunted around from one family to another who took us in out of compassion, till finally my father went to a marriage broker and put his case before him. He wanted a woman to make a home for his three orphans. An honest woman with a good heart, these were the two and only requirements. The marriage broker consulted his lists and said he thought he had two or three people who might fill the bill. Specifically, he had in mind a young woman from Russia, thirty years old, who was working without pay for relatives who had brought her over. She wasn't exactly an educated woman; in fact, she couldn't even read or write. As for honesty and heart, this he could vouch for. She was an orphan herself and as a child had been brought up in servitude.

Of the three women the marriage broker trotted

out for him, my father chose Ma, and shortly afterward they were married.

A COLOSTOMY. So it is cancer . . .

As of the second day Pa was in hospital I had taken to dropping in on him on my way home from work. "Nothing yet," he kept saying, "maybe tomorrow they'll find out."

After each of these visits, four in all, I reported to Ma that I had seen Pa. "He looks fine. Best thing in the world for him, a rest in the hospital."

"Pa's not lonesome for me?" she asked me once, and laughing, turned her head aside to hide her foolishness from me.

Yesterday Pa said to me, "It looks a little more serious than I thought. I have to have an operation tomorrow. Don't say anything to Ma. And don't come here for at least two or three days."

I take my time getting home. I'm not too anxious to face Ma — grinning like a monkey and lying to her the way I have been doing the last four days. I step into a hospital telephone booth to call my married sister. She moans. "What are you going to say to Ma?" she asks.

I get home about half past six, and Ma's in the kitchen making a special treat for supper. A recipe given her by a neighbor and which she's recently put in her culinary inventory — pieces of cauliflower dipped in batter and fried in butter.

"I'm not hungry, Ma. I had something in the hospital cafeteria." (We speak in Yiddish; as I mentioned before, Ma can't speak English.)

She continues scraping away at the cauliflower stuck to the bottom of the pan. (Anything she puts in a pan sticks.) "You saw Pa?" she asks without looking up. Suddenly she thrusts the pan aside. "The devil take it, I put in too much flour." She makes a pot of tea, and we sit at the kitchen table drinking it. To keep from facing her I drink mine leafing through a magazine. I can hear her sipping hers through a cube of sugar in her mouth. I can feel her eyes on me. Why doesn't she ask me, How's Pa? Why doesn't she speak? She never stops questioning me when I come from hospital, drives me crazy with the same questions again and again. I keep turning pages, she's still sucking away at that cube of sugar — a maddening habit of hers. I look up. Of course her eyes are fixed on me, probing, searching.

I lash out at her. "Why are you looking at me like that?"

Without answer she takes her tea and dashes it in the sink. She spits the cube of sugar from her mouth. (Thank God for that; she generally puts it back in the sugar bowl.) She resumes her place, puts her hands in her lap, and starts twirling her

thumbs. No one in the world can twirl his thumbs as fast as Ma. When she gets them going they look like miniature windmills whirring around.

"She asks me why I'm looking at her like that," she says, addressing herself to the twirling thumbs in her lap. "I'm looking at her like that because I'm trying to read the expression in her face. She tells me Pa's fine, but my heart tells me different."

Suddenly she looks up, and thrusting her head forward, splay her hands out flat on the table. She has a dark-complexioned strong face, masculine almost, and eyes so black the pupil is indistinguishable from the iris.

"Do you know who Pa is!" she says. "Do you know who's lying in the hospital? I'll tell you who. The captain of our ship is lying in the hospital. The emperor of our domain. If the captain goes down, the ship goes with him. If the emperor leaves his throne, we can say good-bye to our domain. That's who's lying in the hospital. Now ask me why do I look at you like that."

She breaks my heart. I want to put my arms around her, but I can't do it. We're not a demonstrative family, we never kiss, we seldom show affection. We're always hollering at each other. Less than a month ago I hollered at Pa. He had taken to dosing himself. He was forever mixing something in a glass, and I became irritated at the powders, pills, and potions lying around in every corner of the house like mouse droppings.

"You're getting to be a hypochondriac!" I hollered at him, not knowing what trouble he was in.

I reach out and put my hand over hers. "I wouldn't lie to you, Ma. Pa's fine, honest to God."

She holds her hand still a few seconds, then eases it from under and puts it over mine. I can feel the weight of her hand pinioning mine to the table, and in an unaccustomed gesture of tenderness we sit a moment with locked hands.

"You know I had a dream about Pa last night?" she says. "I dreamt he came home with a basket of apples. I think that's a good dream?"

MA's immigration to Canada had been sponsored by her Uncle Yankev. Yankev at the time he sent for his niece was in his mid-forties and had been settled a number of years in Toronto with his wife, Danyeh, and their six children. They made an odd pair, Yankev and Danyeh. He was a tall two-hundred-and-fifty-pound handsome man, and Danyeh, whom he detested, was a lackluster little woman with a pockmarked face, maybe weighing ninety pounds. Yankev was constantly abusing her. Old Devil, he called her to her face and in the presence of company.

Ma stayed three years with Yankev and his family, working like a skivvy for them and without pay. Why would Yankev pay his niece like a common servant? She was one of the family, she sat at table with them and ate as much as she wanted. She had a bed and even a room to herself, which she'd never had before. When Yankev took his family for a ride in the car to Sunnyside, she was included. When he bought ice-cream cones, he bought for all.

She came to Pa without a dime in her pocket.

Ma has a slew of relatives, most of them émigrés from a remote little village somewhere in the depths of Russia. They're a crude lot, loudmouthed and coarse, and my father (but for a few exceptions) had no use for any of them. The Russian Hordes, he called them. He was never rude; anytime they came around to visit he simply made himself scarce.

One night I remember in particular; I must have been about seven. Ma was washing up after supper and Pa was reading a newspaper when Yankev arrived, with Danyeh trailing him. Pa folded his paper, excused himself, and was gone. The minute Pa was gone Yankev went to the stove and lifted the lids from the two pots. Just as he thought—*mamaliga* in one pot, in the other one beans, and in the frying pan a piece of meat their cat would turn its nose up at. He sat himself in the rocking chair he had given Ma as a wedding present, and rocking, proceeded to lecture her. He had warned her against the marriage, but if she was satisfied, he was content. One question and that's all. How had she bettered her lot? True, she was no longer an old maid. True, she was now mistress of her own home. He looked around him and snorted. A hovel. "And three snot-nose kids," he said, pointing to us.

Danyeh, hunched over in a kitchen chair, her feet barely reaching the floor, said something to him in Russian, cautioning him, I think. He told her to shut up, and in Yiddish continued his tirade against Ma. He had one word to say to her. To *watch* herself. Against his advice she had married this no-good Rumanian twister, this murderer. The story of how he had kept his first wife pregnant all the time was now well known. Also well known was the story of how she had died in her ninth month with a fourth child. Over an ironing board. Ironing his shirts while he was out playing cards with his Rumanian cronies and drinking wine. He had buried one wife, and now was after burying a second. So Ma had better *watch* herself, that's all.

Ma left her dishwashing and with dripping wet hands took hold of a chair and seated herself facing Yankev. She begged him not to say another word. "Not another word, Uncle Yankev, I beg you. Till the day I die I'll be grateful to you for

bringing me over. I don't know how much money you laid out for my passage, but I tried my best to make up for it the three years I stayed with you, by helping out in the house. But maybe I'm still in your debt? Is this what gives you the right to talk against my husband?"

Yankev, rocking, turned up his eyes and groaned. "You speak to her," he said to Danyeh. "It's impossible for a *human being* to get through to her."

Danyeh knew better than to open her mouth.

"Uncle Yankev," Ma continued, "every word you speak against my husband is like a knife stab in my heart." She leaned forward, thumbs whirring away. "*Mamaliga?* Beans? A piece of meat your cat wouldn't eat? A crust of *bread* at his board, and I will still thank God every day of my life that he chose me from the other two the *shadchan* showed him."

IN THE beginning my father gave her a hard time. I remember his bursts of temper at her rough ways in the kitchen. She never opened a kitchen drawer without wrestling it — wrenching it open, slamming it shut. She never put a kettle on the stove without its running over at the boil. A pot never came to stove without its lid being inverted, and this for some reason maddened him. He'd right the lid, sometimes scalding his fingers — and all hell would break loose. We never sat down to a set or laid table. As she had been used to doing, so she continued; slamming a pot down on the table, scattering a handful of cutlery, dealing out assorted-size plates. More than once, with one swipe of his hand my father would send a few plates crashing to the floor, and stalk out. She'd sit a minute looking in our faces, one by one, then start twirling her thumbs and talking to herself. What had she done now?

"Eat!" she'd admonish us, and leaving table would go to the mirror over the kitchen sink and ask herself face to face, "What did I do now?" She would examine her face profile and front and then sit down to eat. After, she'd gather up the dishes, dump them in the sink, and running the water over them, would study herself in the mirror. "He'll be better," she'd tell herself, smiling. "He'll be soft as butter when he comes home. You'll see," she'd promise her image in the mirror.

Later in life, mellowed by the years perhaps (or just plain defeated — there was no changing her), he became more tolerant of her ways and was kinder to her. When it became difficult for her to get around because of her poor feet, he did her marketing. He attended to her feet, bought her the Martha Washingtons, the Romeo Slippers, and on a summer's evening on his way home from work, a brick of ice cream. She was very fond of it.

Three years ago he began promoting a plan, a plan to give Ma some pleasure. (This was during Exhibition time.) "You know," he said to me, "it would be very nice if Ma could see the fireworks at the Exhibition. She's never seen anything like that in her life. Why don't you take her?"

The idea of Ma going to the Ex for the fireworks was so preposterous, it made me laugh. She never went anywhere.

"Don't laugh," he said. "It wouldn't hurt you to give her a little pleasure once in a while."

He was quite keen that she should go, and the following year he canvassed the idea again. He put money on the table for taxi and grandstand seats. "Take her," he said.

"Why don't you take her?" I said. "She'll enjoy it more going with you."

"Me? What will I do at the Exhibition?"

As children, we were terrified of Pa's temper. Once in a while he'd belt us around, and we were scared that he might take the strap to Ma too. But before long we came to know that she was the only one of us not scared of Pa when he got mad. Not even from the beginning when he used to let fly at her was she intimidated by him, not in the least, and in later years was even capable of getting her own back by taking a little dig at him now and then about the "aristocracy" — as she called my father's Rumanian connections.

Aside from his buddies in the back room of the ice-cream parlor on Augusta Avenue, my father also kept in touch with his Rumanian compatriots (all of whom had prospered), and would once in a while go to them for an evening. We were never invited, nor did they come to us. This may have been my father's doing, I don't know. I expect he was ashamed of his circumstances, possibly of Ma, and certainly of how we lived.

Once in a blue moon during Rosh Hashanah or Yom Kippur after shul, they would unexpectedly drop in on us. One time a group of four came to the house, and I remember Pa darting around like a gadfly, collecting glasses, wiping them, and pouring a glass of wine he'd made himself. Ma shook hands all around, then went to the kitchen to cut some slices of her honey cake, scraping off the burnt part. I was summoned to take the plate in to "Pa's gentle folk." Pretending to be busy, she rattled around the kitchen a few seconds, then seated herself in the partially open door, inspecting them. Not till they were leaving did she come out again, to wish them a good year.

The minute they were gone, my father turned on her. "Russian peasant! Tartar savage, you! Sitting there with your eyes popping out. Do you think they couldn't see you?"

"What's the matter? Even a cat may look at a king?" she said blandly.

"Why didn't you come out instead of sitting there like a caged animal?"

"Because I didn't want to shame you," she said, twirling her thumbs and swaying back and forth in the chair Yankev had given her as a wedding present.

My father busied himself clearing table, and after a while he softened. But she wasn't through yet. "Which one was Falik's wife?" she asked in seeming innocence. "The one with the beard?"

This drew his fire again. "No!" he shouted.

"Oh, the other one. The pale one with the hump on her back," she said wickedly.

So . . . notwithstanding the good dream Ma had of Pa coming home with a basket of apples, she never saw him again. He died six days after the operation.

It was a harrowing six days, dreadful. As Pa got weaker, the more disputatious we became — my brother, my sister, and I — arguing and snapping at each other outside his door, the point of contention being should Ma be told or not.

Nurse Brown, the special we'd put on duty, came out once to hush us. "You're not helping him by arguing like this. He can hear you."

"Is he conscious, nurse?"

"Of course he's conscious."

"Is there any hope?"

"There's always hope," she said. "I've been on cases like this before, and I've seen them rally."

We went our separate ways, clinging to the thread of hope she'd given us. The fifth day after the operation I had a call from Nurse Brown: "Your father wants to see you."

Nurse Brown left the room when I arrived, and my father motioned me to undo the zipper of his oxygen tent. "Ma's a good woman," he said, his voice so weak I had to lean close to hear him. "You'll look after her? Don't put her aside. Don't forget about her —"

"What are you talking about!" I said shrilly, then lowered my voice to a whisper. "The doctor told me you're getting better. Honest to God, Pa, I wouldn't lie to you," I whispered.

He went on as if I hadn't spoken. "Even a servant if you had her for thirty years, you wouldn't put aside because you don't need her anymore —"

"Wait a minute," I said, and went to the corridor to fetch Nurse Brown. "Nurse Brown, will you tell my father what you told me yesterday. You remember? About being on cases like this

before, and you've seen them rally. Will you tell that to my father, please. He talks as if he's —"

I ran from the room and stood outside the door, bawling. Nurse Brown opened the door a crack. "Ssh! You'd better go now; I'll call you if there's any change."

At five the next morning, my brother telephoned from hospital. Ma was sound asleep and didn't hear. "You'd better get down here," he said. "I think the old man's checking out. I've already phoned Gertie."

My sister and I arrived at the hospital within seconds of each other. My brother was just emerging from Pa's room. In the gesture of a baseball umpire he jerked a thumb over his shoulder, signifying OUT.

"Is he dead?" we asked our brother.

"Just this minute," he replied.

Like three dummies we paced the dimly lit corridor, not speaking to each other. In the end we were obliged to speak; we had to come to a decision about how to proceed next.

We taxied to the synagogue of which Pa was a member, and roused the shamus. "As soon as it's light I'll get the rabbi," he said. "He'll attend to everything. Meantime go home."

In silence we walked slowly home. Dawn was just breaking, and Ma, a habitually early riser, was bound to be up now and in the kitchen. Quietly we let ourselves in and passed through the hall leading to the kitchen. We were granted an unexpected respite; Ma was not yet up. We waited ten minutes for her, fifteen — an agonizing wait. We decided one of us had better go and wake her; what was the sense in prolonging it? The next minute we changed our minds. To awaken her with such tidings would be inhuman, a brutal thing to do.

"Let's stop whispering," my sister whispered. "Let's talk in normal tones, do something, make a noise, she'll hear us and come out."

In an access of activity we busied ourselves. My sister put the kettle on with a clatter; I took teaspoons from the drawer, clacking them like castanets. She was bound to hear, their bedroom was on the same floor at the front of the house — but five minutes elapsed and not a sound from the room.

"Go and see," my sister said, and I went and opened the door to that untidy bedroom Pa used to rail against.

Ma, her black eyes circled and her hair in disarray, was sitting up in bed. At sight of me she flopped back and pulled the feather tick over her head. I approached the bed and took the covers from her face. "Ma —"

She sat up. "You are guests in my house now?"

For the moment I didn't understand. I didn't

Miss Faessler, who lives and writes in Toronto, Canada, had her first story published in the April, 1967, ATLANTIC.

know the meaning of her words. But the next minute the meaning of them was clear — with Pa dead, the link was broken. The bond, the tie that held us together. We were no longer her children. We were now guests in her house.

"When did Pa die?" she asked.

"How did you know?"

"My heart told me."

Barefooted, she followed me to the kitchen. My sister gave her a glass of tea, and we stood like mutes, watching her sipping it through a cube of sugar.

"You were all there when Pa died?"

"Just me, Ma," my brother said.

She nodded. "His kaddish. Good."

I took a chair beside her, and for once without constraint or self-consciousness, put my arm around her and kissed her on the cheek.

"Ma, the last words Pa spoke were about you. He said you were a good woman. 'Ma's a good woman,' that's what he said to me."

She put her tea down and looked me in the face. "Pa said that? He said I was a good woman?" She clasped her hands. "May the light shine on him in paradise," she said, and wept silently, putting her head down to hide her tears.

Eight o'clock the rabbi telephoned. Pa was now at the funeral parlor on College near Augusta, and the funeral was to be at eleven o'clock. Ma went to ready herself, and in a few minutes called me to come and zip up her black crepe, the dress Pa had bought her six years ago for the Applebaum wedding.

The Applebaums, neighbors, had invited Ma and Pa to the wedding of their daughter, Lily. Right away Pa had declared he wouldn't go. Ma kept coaxing. How would it look? It would be construed as unfriendly, unneighborly. A few days before the wedding he gave in, and Ma began scratching through her wardrobe for something suitable to wear. Nothing she exhibited pleased him. He went downtown and came back with the black crepe and an outside corset.

I dressed her for the wedding, combed her hair, and put some powder on her face. Pa became impatient; he had already called a cab. What was I doing? Getting her ready for a beauty contest? The taxi came, and as Pa held her coat he said to me in English, "You know, Ma's not a bad-looking woman?"

For weeks she talked about the good time she'd had at the Applebaum wedding, but chiefly about how Pa had attended her. Not for a minute had he left her side. Two hundred people at the wedding and not one woman among them had the attention from her husband that she had had from Pa. "Pa's a gentleman," she said to me, proud as proud.

Word of Pa's death got around quickly, and by nine in the morning people began trickling in. First arrivals were Yankev and Danyeh. Yankev, now in his seventies and white-haired, was still straight and handsome. The same Yankev except for the white hair and an asthmatic condition causing him to wheeze and gasp for breath. Danyeh was wizened and bent over, her hands hanging almost to her knees. They approached Ma, Danyeh trailing Yankev. Yankev held out a hand and with the other one thumped his chest, signifying he was too congested to speak. Danyeh gave her bony hand to Ma and muttered a condolence.

From then on there was a steady influx of people. Here was Chaim the schnorrer! We hadn't seen him in years. Chaim the schnorrer, stinking of fish and in leg wrappings as always, instead of socks. Rich as Croesus he was said to be, a fish-peddling miser who lived on soda crackers and milk and kept his money in his leg wrappings. Yankev, a minute ago too congested for speech, found words for Chaim. "How much money have you got in those *gutkess*? The truth, Chaim!"

Ma shook hands with all, acknowledged their sympathy, and to some she spoke a few words. I observed the Widow Spector, a gossip and trouble-maker, sidling through the crowd and easing her way toward Ma. "The Post" she was called by people on the street. No one had the time of day for her; even Ma used to hide from her.

I groaned at the sight of her. As if Ma didn't have enough to contend with. But no! here was Ma welcoming the Widow Spector, holding a hand out to her. "Give me your hand, Mrs. Spector. Shake hands, we're partners now. Now I know the taste, I'm a widow too." Ma patted the chair beside her. "Sit down, partner. Sit down."

At a quarter to eleven the house was clear of people. "Is it time?" Ma asked, and we answered, Yes, it was time to go. We were afraid this would be the breaking point for her, but she went calmly to the bedroom and took her coat from the peg on the door and came to the kitchen with it, requesting that it be brushed off.

The small funeral parlor was jammed to the doors, every seat taken but for four up front left vacant for us. On a trestle table directly in front of our seating was the coffin. A pine box draped in a black cloth, and in its center a white Star of David.

Ma left her place, approached the coffin, and as she stood before it with clasped hands I noticed the uneven hemline of her coat, hiked up in back by that mound of flesh on her shoulders. I observed that her lisle stockings were twisted at the ankles, and was embarrassed for her.

She stood silently a moment, then began to speak. She called him her dove, her comrade, her friend.

"Life is a dream," she said. "You were my treasure. You were the light of my eyes. I thought to live my days out with you — and look what it has come to." (She swayed slightly, the black shawl slipping from her head — and I observed that could have done with a brushing too.) "If ever I offended you or caused you even a twinge of discomfort, forgive me for it. As your wife I lived like a queen. Look at me now. I'm nothing. You were my jewel, my crown. With you at its head my house was a palace. I return now to a hovel. Forgive me for everything, my dove. Forgive me."

("Russian peasant," Pa used to say to her in anger, "Tartar savage." If he could see her now as she stood before his bier mourning him. Mourning him like Hecuba mourning Priam and the fall of Troy. And I a minute ago was ashamed of her

hiked-up coat, her twisted stockings and dusty shawl.)

People were weeping; Ma resumed her place dry-eyed, and the rabbi began the service.

It is now a year since Pa died, and as he had enjoined me to do, I am looking after Ma. I have not put her aside. I get cross and holler at her as I always have done, but she allows for my testiness and does not hold it against me. I'm a spinster, an old maid now approaching my thirty-seventh year, and she pities me for it. I get bored telling her again and again that Pa's last words were Ma's a good woman, and sometimes wish I'd never mentioned it. She cries a lot, and I get impatient with her tears. But I'm good to her.

This afternoon I called Moodey's, booked two seats for the grandstand, and tonight I'm taking her to the Ex and she'll see the fireworks.

THE DREAM

BY PAUL PETRIE

(For my father)

I dreamed you were my child, and I had come
to tell you you must die. Your back was bowed,
and brittle as the wings of a dead moth
which let the light shine through. Through the late window
we watched the sun spreading in meres of haze
over the crisp September fields that crumbled,
dissolving in our glances, into gold,
and then the dark words came, and with them, tears
rolling down my cheeks, and you were the one
to comfort me — your arm about my shoulders —
and childhood's fears were all charmed away —
the kitchen floor quaking beneath black boots,
the leather strap descending (that hurt you more
than me), the tears I hid to make you sad —
and hunched together there we watched the shadows
come flocking from beneath the eaves — great bats
whose interwoven dartings blocked the sun
and brought night down.

Let dreams invade the night
that holds you now, father — dark voices tell you
how after many nightmares we are friends.

For Local Control in the Schools

by Robert A. Dentler

Dr. Dentler, director of the Center for Urban Education in New York, continues the ATLANTIC's discussion of the issues arising out of New York City's school crisis.

It remains an open question whether New York City will be able to reassemble its Humpty-Dumpty public school system, let alone put it back on the wall. And if it must lie forever broken on the ground, it will have been broken not by the quest for neighborhood control and not by the fears of teachers, but by the inexorable, cumulative push of decades of public and corporate neglect.

If all or some parts of the system get back into operation, the great fall may produce important positive changes. We must hope that one of these will be a change in the quality of transaction between the diverse cultures of the poor and the culture of the city school.

Most city public schools appear to operate as local institutions, but in fact they depend for staffing, funds, material supply, and management upon vast structures which go beyond city boards and superintendents to encompass state education departments and federal agencies. And, from the nonpublic sector, they are the creatures of unions of custodians, support personnel, and teachers; and the consumers of the great and growing education industry.

Vast as these intersecting bureaucracies, unions, and corporations may be, they have never come

abreast of the growth in scale common to population, technology, or social organization in the cities and states that nurture them. So short of the mark are they in New York City that staffing of teachers is seldom completed in neighborhood schools by opening day each September. New neighborhood schools are never built on schedule. School procurement and supply procedures are no longer sources of graft. But they are now so complicated that school principals in New York City complain that supplies are delivered one and two years behind schedule. Instructional materials are often delivered after the lesson has been taught. Once this would have mattered very little: the same textbooks could be used for a decade without objection. Now, with increasing attention being given to the sciences and social studies, fresh materials, texts, and equipment matter a great deal.

Many improvements began to occur in New York City schools in the late fifties and early sixties. These resulted in part from greatly increased state aid. In spite of substantial increases, however, per pupil expenditures in surrounding suburbs are still, on the average, 30 to 45 percent greater than those in New York City. State aid, while vast, has never gone to New York City in a way that equalizes expenditures between city and suburb. Indeed, the gap between poor city and rich suburb has widened yearly since 1955.

All of this is important, but it is not the heart of the crisis in New York City education. Indeed, Coleman and Campbell demonstrated in their great study, *Equality of Educational Opportunity*, that student achievement is very weakly associated with differences in dollar expenditures, plant facilities, and administrative practices. Instead, school achievement is

a product of socioeconomic background, pupil attitudes, and quality of instruction.

Out-of-school environment and student background are the strongest predictors of in-school achievement, chiefly because these are the determinants of the teacher's expectations. As a New York City teacher wrote in a letter to the *New York Times*, "Every teacher knows . . . the causative role of this tangle of pathology in the personality of the reluctant learner. And no amount of manipulation of the ghetto child's school experience is likely to modify his pattern of low achievement regardless of the label under which the manipulation masquerades — decentralization, community control or experimentation. For a child hounded by a broken home, poverty, inadequate housing and job opportunities for parents, drug addiction and by manifold other forms of delinquency, marked deficiencies in the qualities vital for success in school such as interest, initiative, and industry are inevitable." This is the characteristic mind-set of the veteran public school teacher. That a child can be "hounded" by an intact family and wealth is not mentioned.

Public school teachers everywhere tend to reinforce the standard notions about achievement of their middle-class-oriented pupils. Their own success in school resulted, usually, from the fit between their own social class origins, which may spring from parent aspirations as much as from occupational position, and those of their teachers.

New York City public education is of a piece with American public education as a whole, and the national fabric is astonishingly standardized. The public elementary school, regardless of equipment and administrative superstructure, tends to wel-

come and reward the child who arrives in the first grade speaking standard English, who can be trained readily toward conformity, and who is diligent in his application to conventional school tasks.

The culture of the public schools built up this form between 1880 and 1930. The culture was one that welcomed children from all backgrounds — *if* each child made plain his readiness to absorb the culture of the school. The children of only a small proportion of millions of European immigrants were effectively assimilated by this culture, contrary to popular myth. Those who were not withdrew between the fifth and eighth grades. Those who went on to high school — one in ten before World War I, and one in twenty until the Great Depression — were those who had made the school culture their own.

Many critics of this school culture know little of its history and less about how cultures develop within urban service institutions. They speak glibly about rigidity, insularity, and bureaucratic pathology. They forget that the culture of New York City public schools evolved under persistent conditions of public indifference, short funding, and ethnic and class conflict. Its carriers, the teachers and officers, learned early to toughen themselves against these conditions. Like their counterparts in the professions of nursing and social work, they learned to turn a stern face outward upon a seemingly hostile milieu. Among themselves, they rewarded sheer endurance, and they punished those who revealed to the public a flair for innovation.

Culture changes

The culture of New York City public schools has changed since 1930. Having built some things in which to take enduring pride and having attracted increased public attention and better funding, this culture has become less regimented, more respectful of the social origins

of its students, and more relaxed in its formalistic demands.

But these changes have all been matters of degree. The basic city school culture is as adient as the essentially medieval culture of the university. What has changed in kind is the situation of the incoming public school student.

The symbol of this transformation is the Negro child from the impoverished neighborhood. The culture which sustains him has its rugged constancies too: His parents hope he will achieve well enough to gain a good job, but they remain suspicious of certain aspects of intellectual endeavor. His relatives and friends assume that the local public school is a necessary yet foreign agent: an essential instrument of growth with some intentions that are culturally subversive.

The culture of the impoverished Negro family and its neighborhood is, like other cultures, wise and complex. The local public school is viewed with suspicion: it is not truly part of the neighborhood; it is inhabited by outsiders whose predecessors did not do well by the neighborhood in previous generations. But this view is masked, for the school is also the safest, quietest, and warmest place for a child to be on a winter day. What is more, some of the teachers are sources of encouragement. Thus the family and neighborhood culture of the urban poor offers a mixed disposition toward its public schools. Each child may select those elements that reinforce his unique hopes and fears. There is room, at least in the first four years, for rationalizing individual success or failure.

Indeed, the views of low-income parents and their children toward teachers, public schools, school materials, and programs reflect a sometimes sanguine, sometimes diffident disposition. This disposition pervades the local public climate, in spite of the keen anger and mobilizing calls of insurgent leaders and neighborhood spokesmen.

Since World War II, this neighborhood culture has changed. The

volume of children entering first grade and unable to speak school-standard English has increased. Standards of social control among children in all subcultural groups have also changed. In impoverished neighborhoods, standards of conduct never fitted the demands of the school culture; but the disparity has increased year by year.

For a time, the school response to these changes was clinical. Three times as many Negro children were diagnosed as retarded and were remanded to institutional care as were white children in New York City in the late 1950s. Three times as many were diagnosed as emotionally disturbed or socially maladjusted and were sent to special schools.

But public interest in special education remained low, and clinical facilities were not expanded significantly. The disruptive child — the label for a child who refuses to adopt the standards of social conduct peculiar to schools — became the focus of concern. This was evident first in the 1950s, when slum schools were stereotyped as blackboard jungles. Then the disruptive pupil was seen as a juvenile offender, an adolescent gang member. Today the disruptive child crops out with stereotypical force in the fourth and fifth grades. He is too young to be a gang member, and besides, fighting gangs are themselves passé.

The child of the poor also speaks a different brand of English, if he speaks English at all. He also rejects the mode of docility expected of him; he rejects it earlier; and his rejection is shared by greater numbers of his fellow students than was the case in the past.

Nor will this child manifest scholastic diligence in the old manner. The busy work of copying, penmanship, crayoning, and recitation, all of them the basis in the past for displaying earnest intent, no longer makes the day for the student. His once latent suspicions are now manifested in disruption or in apathy. This has always been a part

of the classroom drama in the slum neighborhood school, but now it can become epidemic.

Few of these changes appear in first or second grade. They begin to percolate in the third and fourth grades and to boil over in the seventh and eighth. New York City principals tend to place their newly recruited teachers in third-grade positions. These teachers (themselves ill prepared for accommodation to the thick-skinned culture of the school) experience something like culture shock as they discover the poorness of fit between their own notions of teaching and the conduct of their pupils. Under the impress of veteran teachers, the shock is converted into traditional interpretations. The new recruit comes to believe that the school "cannot make up" for what is "lacking at home and in the neighborhood."

The quest for local control

The source of the New York City school crisis is embedded in this faulty transaction between young students and their teachers. The impoverished parents understand this. They also understand that the rise of teacher unionism has seldom had much to do with changing the quality of that transaction. Unionism aims at a struggle for better wages, better working conditions, and enlarged control over the decision process. It does *not* aim directly at changes in teacher training, certification, and assignment procedures that might improve the quality of teacher personnel within poor neighborhoods. Teacher unionism sometimes reinforces what is culture-bound within the city system. It need not do so, but it has, and this trend is apparent to poor Negro and Puerto Rican parents.

The quest for local control as a remedy has grown out of the rise in New York City of new leadership spurred by federal antipoverty programs, by the alienation experienced among civil rights leaders as a re-

sult of the failure to secure school desegregation, and by the growth of the black power movement.

The impoverished parent can respond to the call by local leaders for increased local control. The call is tangible; it offers a way to make the neighborhood school an indigenous rather than a foreign agent. It addresses the suspicions he harbors, with good reason, toward public schools. The call is for more than citizen participation or parental involvement. The neighborhood parent has seen the spectator approach before, and it has resulted in little that was useful to him. Local control, in contrast, evokes the dream of controlling the fate of the education of his children.

With decentralization one might remove or censure an incompetent or culturally indifferent school officer. With decentralization one might hire superintendents and principals that seemed capable of community leadership. With decentralization one could press for the transfer of insensitive or incompetent teachers. The parent has little interest in running the school himself. But he wants to be able to trust its agents and to "throw the rascals out."

Critics of decentralization always point out how dangerous it could be to obligate educators to be highly responsive to local neighborhood needs and interests. They fail to note how dangerous it has been to build a separate school culture which is in many respects highly unresponsive to neighborhood cultures. Of course, an extreme obligation would prove undesirable: little academic growth can occur without tension between teacher and learner. But this tension should be intellectual, and it must be grounded in respect for the culture and personality of the student.

Besides, the case for increasing local control is already at hand in the I.S. 201 experiment in Harlem. There, the school culture persists, but it has been richly intertwined with other cultural influences. Language arts, social studies, music,

physical education, assemblies, and graduation ceremonies are observably enriched by the efforts of the 201 Unit's Planning Board. Moreover, parents are pleased and excited by new opportunities to take on leadership responsibilities, to aid in teaching, and to do all of the things which have long been customary in white suburbs. These are things which add up to the practice of local democracy.

What they want

The practice of democracy includes the employing and policy guidance of professionals. Ghetto neighborhood parents have little time to invest in operating their schools from day to day. But they do want to change current relations between paid professionals and themselves.

They want to help select the professional leadership, set some of the goals, and judge the overall performance. What they want is what privileged suburban and small-town taxpayers have had routinely for more than a century.

The enormous historic wrongs that have been visited upon minorities in the United States will not be righted by singling minorities out as peculiar groups and then planning programs for "them." Rather, they will be righted when *all* citizens participate in the making of some of the decisions that affect their lives. The era of benevolent patronage is over, and the quest for increased local control over policy-making in big-city education demonstrates this change.

No one believes that decentralization will result directly in better teaching and learning. As with other policy changes, the details of execution will govern the value of the policy. But decentralization *can* repair parts of the old breach between school and community. University men who think this an inconsiderable gain have learned very little from the rise of the alienated adolescent.



ISRAEL AND THE ARABS



THE MYTHS THAT BLOCK PEACE

By **CHARLES YOST** *Tanks and planes are the visible weapons of war in the Middle East, but not the only ones. A peaceful settlement requires that both sides disarm themselves of righteous arguments with the realities, says Mr. Yost, a former American ambassador to Syria and Morocco and deputy representative at the United Nations.*

ON NOVEMBER 22, 1967, six months after the Six-Day War, the United Nations Security Council unanimously adopted a resolution which incorporated the essential principles of a just settlement in the Middle East and for the first time since 1948 seemed to offer a reasonable prospect of a lasting peace. The fact that the resolution was approved by both the United States and the Soviet Union, after months of rigorous debate and negotiation, made clear that each thought that the terms were impartial and fair to its friends in the area.

Nevertheless, a year later, the resolution has not been implemented in any respect. Israel remains in occupation of all the territory it held at the end of the war. There has been an epidemic of Arab terrorism inside Israel and of massive Israeli military responses against Jordan. The exchange of raids and shellfire along the Suez Canal is never long interrupted. The buildup of armaments supplied by the Great Powers continues on both sides. Ambassador Jarring, the UN's emissary, shuttles patiently from capital to capital; each party presents to him equivocal proposals which are rejected by the other as deceptive and one-sided.

Yet an innocent outsider might have supposed that the resolution of November, 1967, contained almost all that both sides wanted. It provided, for example, for "termination of all states or claims of belligerency," "respect for and acknowledgment of the sovereignty, territorial integrity and political independence of every State in the area," "their right to live in peace within secure and recognized boundaries free from threats or acts of force," "the

necessity for guaranteeing the territorial inviolability and political independence of every State in the area," "withdrawal of Israeli armed forces from territories occupied in the recent conflict," "freedom of navigation through international waterways in the area," "a just settlement of the refugee problem."

Even more remarkable, the principal Arab states concerned, the United Arab Republic and Jordan, accepted this resolution without reservation, thus for the first time reversing their traditional refusal to acknowledge "the sovereignty, territorial integrity and political independence" of Israel. Israel, in Foreign Minister Eban's words, "accepted the Security Council resolution for the establishment of a just and lasting peace," a subtle but not unimportant qualification. Israel has recently, however, dropped its immediate insistence on face-to-face negotiations with the Arabs, and a new round of what might be called "sparring through Jarring" has followed.

However, despite the tragic lessons and the hopeful prospects of last year, the situation in the Middle East still trembles on the brink of disaster, the great opportunity for a settlement is slipping away, only exhaustion prevents a new war from breaking out, the U.S. and the U.S.S.R. once again risk being drawn, against their will and interest, into a new confrontation. Why has this happened, and can the process be reversed?

There has, for outsiders, been no more discouraging and exasperating international issue during the past two decades than that between Arabs and

Israelis in the Middle East. No parties to any other conflict anywhere have seemed more deaf to counsels of reason and moderation and to the requirements of world order and peace. Yet in their own eyes the struggle has seemed inescapable, a matter of life and death, of national existence, of historical necessity, of honor, of justice, of human dignity and compassion.

There is no need to restate here the well-known claims and convictions of both sides. The purpose of this article is to suggest that both contain elements of reality and elements of myth, that there will be no settlement until the two are identified and distinguished, and that dispassionate observers may perform some service in helping to do so. Any outsider, however, who wishes to concern himself usefully with the problem must recognize that the two convictions are sincerely held, that whether or not they have equal logical content they do have equal political weight, and that he would be doing a disservice to peace, and hence in the long run to both parties, if he subscribes to the myths of either side without taking account of those of the other.

What most needs recognition is of course the realities. There are many international situations in this day and age which are of debatable justice: partitioned Germany, Korea, and Vietnam, the status of Kashmir, Okinawa, or Sakhalin, the Oder-Neisse Line, and so on. It is clear, however, that it would be the height of folly, indeed a catastrophe to the peoples concerned, to attempt to change any of these situations by war, or in some cases to change them at all.

One of the inescapable realities in the Middle East is the presence there of two and a half million Israelis who have established a state which for two decades has clearly demonstrated its political, economic, and military viability. Another reality is that this Israeli state is surrounded by much more populous and potentially powerful Arab neighbors, and that therefore, until it comes to some amicable understanding with them, it can survive only as an armed camp. A third reality is the existence of a million homeless Palestinian refugees, as well as a million Arabs more recently under Israeli military occupation. A fourth reality is that the present situation, despite either Israeli military preponderance or Arab rearmament, is far from ensuring the long-term security of any of the inhabitants of the area; on the contrary, it ensures that a substantial part of their insufficient resources will be wasted, that overdue economic, social, and political development will be needlessly retarded, and that another war, contrary to the wishes of all the governments involved, may break out at any time.

A final, and for outsiders a most disquieting, reality is that while the conflict has hitherto been more or less successfully encapsulated in its own

region, the U.S. and the U.S.S.R. have gradually allowed themselves to be so committed to opposite sides that any serious aggravation of the conflict could involve them in a direct and perilous confrontation. This last remark requires a little elaboration.

THE Middle East has not been entirely autonomous since long before the fall of the Ottoman Empire in 1918. Between the two world wars it was dominated by Britain and France, but since 1945, and particularly since 1956, they have largely withdrawn. After World War II a threatened Soviet intrusion into the "northern tier," Greece, Turkey, and Iran, brought the United States for the first time into the area in a substantial way. The United States thereafter, through the Sixth Fleet, the Tripartite Declaration, and the Eisenhower Doctrine, installed itself in the eastern Mediterranean with the triple objective of excluding the Soviets, protecting Israel, and cultivating the Arabs. While its support of Israel was effective, it was less successful in achieving its other objectives below the northern tier, because some of the Arab states feared U.S. more than Soviet intervention, and some sought Soviet aid when they could find no other means of arming against Israel. As so often elsewhere in the world, the intrusion of one superpower provoked and aggravated rather than reduced the intrusion of the other.

What the objectives of the Soviets were and are in the Middle East below the northern tier is far from clear to others and may not be to themselves. In the sense that they wish the whole world Communist they would no doubt like to see Communist governments throughout the Middle East, but all their clients there have been ardent nationalists and Muslims who have in most cases vigorously suppressed their local Communists. The Soviets may cherish the illusion that they can eventually dominate friendly nationalist governments on the Mediterranean, the Red Sea, or the Persian Gulf, but if so, they underestimate the xenophobia and overestimate the consistency of most Arab elites; during the past quarter century, Arabs, even more than other Afro-Asians, have proved remarkably unamenable to foreign domination. The Soviets may fancy that they could eventually control the flow of Arab oil and thus put pressure on Western Europe and the United States, but they cannot absorb the oil themselves, and its uninterrupted export is at least as vital to the Arabs as is its import to the Western Europeans.

It might be more plausibly argued that the Soviets intervene in the Middle East "because it is there," because it is close to them and yet has in

the past been pre-empted by their chief rivals, because perturbations south of the northern tier weaken the NATO-CENTO military stronghold confronting them, because their foreign policy has suffered humiliating setbacks in China, Berlin, Cuba, Africa, Southeast Asia, and now in Eastern Europe, because the Middle East seems almost the only place where their efforts to set up a "sphere of influence" appropriate to a Great Power seem to have been even partially successful, and because the Soviet military perhaps think they need some arena where they can, without too much risk, exercise the new capabilities they have copied from the ubiquitous Americans.

Yet neither of these sets of real or presumed interests in the Middle East on the part of the two superpowers is conceived by either to require or justify a direct military confrontation between them. Their common reluctance to risk such a confrontation was demonstrated during the June war last year, and continues to be exhibited by the prudence of their naval presence in the eastern Mediterranean. Yet, as noted above, one of the tragic realities of the current Middle Eastern scene is that reckless behavior in Cairo, Jerusalem, or Damascus, or even by uncontrolled "Palestine liberation" groups, could in very short order produce a wholly unwanted confrontation between the superpowers.

A HEARTENING, somewhat surprising feature of the current scene in the Middle East is the extent to which there are moderate men on both sides genuinely desirous of a sensible settlement. Whether such men will prevail is quite another matter, but the fact is that the differences of substance between them are considerably less than meets the eye, perhaps less than at any time since the establishment of Israel. The basic elements of a settlement are at hand and could be accepted by both sides without humiliation or undue risk, though not of course without cost and concession. As a realistic Arab has remarked: "The Arabs are going to have to pay the price of defeat and the Israelis the price of coexistence."

On the Israeli side there is in some influential quarters a growing realization that the price of coexistence is worth paying and may not be excessive. Certainly the Israeli people remain ready for great sacrifices, are prepared to stand indefinitely armed to the teeth along frontiers or cease-fire lines, even to fight two or three more wars if necessary. Still this is not an agreeable or profitable prospect, and if there were any reasonably secure alternative, many would be happy to take it. Even David Ben-Gurion has recently said (in an interview with Cyrus Sulzberger) that he would be pre-

pared to accept the 1967 frontiers of Israel if that would bring permanent peace and cooperation with the Arabs (although he of course does not believe it would do so).

The economic burdens on the state and the personal burdens on individuals repeatedly called up for military duty are tolerable but more and more uncomfortable. The prospect of trying to govern indefinitely, not to mention assimilate, an additional million Arabs on the West Bank of the Jordan and in Gaza is not attractive or perhaps even acceptable. While El Fatah raids are now no more than pinpricks, they could burgeon into substantial guerrilla warfare. Even if this is prevented, the greater birth-rate of the Arabs and the dim prospects for further large-scale Jewish immigration would risk transforming Israel, if it continues to embrace the territories it now occupies, from a Jewish into an Arab or at least a binational state. No frontiers, not even the Nile and the Euphrates as some Israeli expansionists are alleged to dream, could be secure over the long run against a perpetually hostile 20- or 30-to-one preponderance.

Israel's principal desiderata for a political settlement are threefold: (1) recognition of its sovereignty, territorial integrity, and political independence by its Arab neighbors; (2) secure and recognized boundaries guaranteed in some reliable way by the international community; (3) freedom of access for its vessels and commerce through the Strait of Tiran and the Suez Canal. All these desiderata are, incidentally, embodied in one form or another in the UN Security Council resolution of November 22, 1967. There is some inconsistency in the vehemence with which the Israelis, on the one hand, express the strongest mistrust of Arab good faith, and on the other, demand an Arab recognition of their status and frontiers. Nevertheless, this demand is justified by the fact that, no matter what the rest of the world may say, their state cannot truly enjoy the blessings of legitimacy until it is recognized by its immediate neighbors. Whatever guarantees can be obtained from the United Nations and/or the Great Powers would no doubt be welcome, but after the impotence of both in May-June last year either to maintain United Nations forces in place or to reopen the Strait of Tiran, there is considerable skepticism as to the efficacy and durability of such guarantees.

If, however, the three main Israeli desiderata were granted in acceptable form — and one can imagine a number of different formulas short of bilateral peace treaties which might satisfy the Israelis — there is some reason to believe that Israel might be willing to withdraw from most of the territory occupied during the June war, both because it would have obtained a sufficient assurance of security and because it does not want to be sad-

dled with a million additional Arabs. The Israelis might well require the demilitarization of the Sinai Peninsula and the West Bank of the Jordan. They might seek some form of international administration of the Gaza Strip and some international presence at the Strait of Tiran. They would probably want to negotiate some boundary adjustments with Jordan. They would doubtless hold on to the Golan Heights until Syria is willing to take part in a peaceful settlement. Most difficult of all for even moderate Israelis would be the disposition of Jerusalem, the most holy of all Holy Places, the most indivisible of divided cities. Even here, however, it should not be beyond the ingenuity of statesmen to devise a formula which would give adequate recognition and substance to the four key objectives: (1) unrestricted access to the Holy Places of all *three* religions, (2) a single administration for the whole city, (3) self-determination as to nationality for all its citizens, (4) open frontiers around the city.

Moderate Arabs in three out of four of Israel's neighbors are likewise by no means unaware of the burdens and folly of a posture of eternal belligerence, which stunts the development and modernization of their nations, which perpetrates their dependence on foreigners, which poisons and unsettles their domestic political life, and which compromises the future of their region. They too would be ready to accept the existence of Israel within fixed and recognized boundaries if they thought that (1) this would set a firm limit to Israel's territorial claims, (2) the problem of Palestinian refugees would be resolved in a manner tolerable to the refugees, and (3) the leaders accepting such a settlement could survive politically after doing so.

There is reason to believe that terms of settlement along the lines suggested above as likely to be tolerable to moderate Israeli opinion would also be tolerable, under existing circumstances, to moderate opinion in the U.A.R. and Jordan, the two Arab states which have unreservedly accepted the November, 1967, resolution and which are most concerned because their territory is most substantially occupied. They would not insist on Syrian participation in a settlement, but it is most unlikely that either of these two would feel politically secure enough to settle with Israel without the participation of the other.

An indispensable element of settlement from their point of view would be its acceptability to the Palestinians most concerned — that is, the refugees. The irreducible minimum for the refugees would probably be (1) acceptance by Israel of the repatriation of a small number, (2) generous compensation for the remainder, to which both Israel and the interested international community would contribute, (3) permanent resettlement in Arab countries of those not repatriated in Israel,

under economically viable arrangements to which the international community would also contribute. Israelis who now argue that they can absorb all the Arabs on the West Bank of the Jordan could hardly claim that they could not take back a small number of refugees, nor could they decently refuse, as part of a general settlement, to contribute from the large sums they collect abroad to compensate, and thus to reconcile, the great body of impoverished refugees.

If the Palestinians are not reconciled, through the restoration of most of the West Bank to Jordan and the adequate compensation and permanent resettlement of the refugees, it will almost certainly be impossible for any Arab government to accept or implement any general solution of the Arab-Israeli conflict. Indeed, if this long-overdue reconciliation does not soon occur, the current political activation of the Palestinians may be carried so far that they will create a separate government and eventually a separate state, not one associated with Israel as some Israelis have hoped, but one even more implacably hostile than its present Arab neighbors have been.

The keys to settlement may therefore be, if our estimate of the temper of moderate opinion among both Arabs and Israelis is correct: (1) a realistic but generous arrangement for the resettlement and reconciliation of the refugees, and (2) a formula embodying in contractual form the status and guarantees for Israel which the U.A.R. and Jordan have accepted in principle by subscribing to the November, 1967, resolution. Once again, it should not be beyond the ingenuity of statesmen to devise such an arrangement and such a formula.

THE real obstacles to settlement are the myths long cherished and passionately held on both sides and the governments and leaders who perpetuate these myths.

The principal myths on the Israeli side are (1) the belief that places holy to Jews must be under exclusive Israeli administration, regardless of whether or not they are also holy to Muslims and Christians; (2) the feeling that superior political, technological, and commercial competence on the part of the Israelis (at least those of European origin) confers upon them innate superiority and preponderant rights over the inferior Arabs; (3) the claim that Israel has no responsibility for Arabs who have chosen to flee from Israeli territory and whose lands and property have been taken over by Israel or by Israeli citizens; (4) the belief that "strategic" boundaries and military strength can provide to a nation of less than 3 million people, confronted by 20 times that many adversaries,

more permanent security than could an agreed settlement and international guarantees; (5) the belief that massive retaliation against Arab villages for terrorist raids into Israel will check those raids and promote Israeli security; (6) the belief that there will be substantial further Jewish immigration into Israel, which will justify occupying additional territory.

The principal myths on the Arab side are (1) the belief that places holy to Muslims must be under exclusive Arab administration, regardless of whether or not they are also holy to Jews and Christians; (2) the claim that Israel is illegitimate and must be destroyed; (3) the claim that, after defeat in three wars, Arab dignity and manhood can be restored only by more bloodshed and by eventual military victory; (4) the illusion that this victory can be achieved by acquiring sophisticated arms which their technically untrained populations are unable to use effectively; (5) the claim that all Palestinians who have fled from Israel and all their descendants have the right to return to Israel and to recover the properties they lost; (6) the claim that, until this right is recognized and enforced, Palestinians are justified in carrying out acts of terrorism against innocent Israelis, and that such acts of terrorism will shake Israeli resolution and strengthen the Arab cause.

It would be unprofitable to debate each of these myths *in extenso*, but it may be pointed out that many of them are in direct contradiction to the United Nations Charter, which all of the governments involved have signed, that most of them are wildly quixotic and contrary to the simplest precepts of political realism, and that many of them run directly and contrary to the genuine welfare and interests of the mass of the people of the Middle East, whether Syrian, Iraqi, Jordanian, Israeli, Lebanese, Saudi, or Egyptian.

Nevertheless, whenever a moderate leader or spokesman on either side ventures the most modest proposal in the direction of realism and compromise, he is overwhelmed with abuse, the appropriate myths are self-righteously thrown in his face, and the influence and authority on which his future usefulness depends are undermined. Needless to say, whenever moderates are abused and disavowed by extremists on one side, those on the other note the fact with unctuous satisfaction and cite it as justification for their own equally unenlightened extremism. The situation is indeed so frustrating as recently to have caused a longtime American friend of the Middle East to express doubts whether *any* of its people are capable of governing themselves, in the sense of being able to decide where their true interests lie and to act in accordance with them.

Hence the fact that the substantive difference

between the two sides is no longer great and could at last be bridged with a modicum of ingenuity and goodwill seems almost irrelevant. No one has yet proved strong or courageous enough to break the vicious circle of myth and violence. The war goes on. How could the circle be broken? It might be broken in one of two ways, or by a combination of the two.

First, courageous leaders on both sides, particularly in Israel, the U.A.R., and Jordan, at last convinced that the welfare of their peoples requires

THE ARAB-ISRAELI CONFLICT AND THE UNITED NATIONS

November 29, 1947. General Assembly (GA) resolution provides for partition of Palestine into a Jewish and an Arab state and for internationalization of Jerusalem.

May 14, 1948. Provisional Council of the Jewish state proclaims State of Israel.

May 15–July 18, 1948. First Arab-Israeli War. Cease-fire effected and armistice lines drawn through UN mediation.

September 1, 1951. Security Council (SC) resolution calls upon Egypt to end restrictions on passage of international shipping through the Suez Canal.

October 29–November 7, 1956. Second Arab-Israeli War, with Anglo-French participation.

November 2, 1956. GA (Emergency Session) resolution calls for cease-fire and withdrawal of troops (Israeli, British, and French from Egypt).

November 5, 1956. GA (Emergency Session) resolution creates the UN Emergency Forces (UNEF).

May 18, 1967. At the request of the UAR government, the Secretary-General orders the withdrawal of UNEF from the Gaza Strip and Sinai.

June 5–10, 1967. Third Arab-Israeli War.

June 6, 7, and 12, 1967. SC resolutions call on all governments in the Middle East engaged in war to cease all military activities.

November 22, 1967. SC resolution lays down basic principles of an Arab-Israeli settlement and provides for a special envoy of the Secretary-General to assist the parties in effecting a settlement.

a peaceful settlement rather than chronic insecurity and finally willing to subordinate myths to realities, could grasp the nettle, make the necessary concessions, and conclude the peace, even at grave risk to their lives and fortunes. But this will not be easy. It may even be impossible.

While Israel has a coalition government embracing the main parties, that government is far from united on these critical issues. There are many in and out of it who are convinced that Israel's security depends almost wholly on military strength and that military necessity requires that all the territory now occupied be held. When Foreign Minister Eban made a relatively conciliatory speech to the UN Assembly in October, an opposition deputy in the Knesset traveled all the way to New York to denounce him.

On the Arab side, Nasser is clearly less secure than he was. King Hussein of Jordan, representing a population more than half composed of Palestinians and refugees, has never been an entirely free agent and has several times barely escaped coup d'état or assassination. Both are subject to the blackmail of the ungovernable Syrians and of other more distant Arab governments like the Algerians, the Sudanese, and the Iraqis, who, having no responsibilities and suffering no damage, can afford the luxury of total inflexibility.

So both sides are tightly circumscribed by the political consequences of the myths so long drummed into their peoples. They may not be able to recapture the necessary freedom of movement, no matter how much both common sense and national interest may counsel them to do so.

If this proves to be the case, the necessary initiative can come only from outside. The natural place to look for it would be the United Nations, which has been, with all its shortcomings, the chief instrument for limiting violence in the Middle East. The United Nations has, it is true, almost never been granted by its members authority to impose a settlement. It may reason, exhort, cajole, reproach, on rare occasions even condemn, but no matter how dangerous the conflict to the peace of the world, it can never lay down the law. However, when the permanent members of the Security Council, the Great Powers, particularly the U.S. and the U.S.S.R., are in agreement, the influence of the United Nations becomes very great indeed, and it has on occasion under these circumstances been able, as in the India-Pakistan war of 1965, to restore and to maintain peace.

It may be argued that the conflicting interests and ambitions of the U.S. and the U.S.S.R. in the Middle East make concerted action between them most improbable. It may very well be that such action will not be taken. If this proves to be the case, however, the reason will not be that there is

a vital conflict of interest between them in the area but that their conception of which interests are primary and which secondary is a false one, that they, like Arabs and Israelis, are more swayed by myths than realities. Certainly the latest events in Czechoslovakia do not make cooperation between them in the Middle East or anywhere else easier.

Nevertheless, they may, before it is too late, awaken to the fact that their really vital interest in the area is to control and remove the grave threat to their own security. They might decide, first, that there is no reason or hope for either to dominate the region, and second, that their conflicting interests there can be more safely pursued in a less explosive environment. In that case they might agree to use their great influence to demilitarize the conflict. If it is true that the substantive differences between the two sides are at last modest and bridgeable, that there are substantial elements on both sides which see the folly and hazard of perpetual conflict, then an initiative formulated by the UN authorities in close consultation with the U.S., the U.S.S.R., the U.K., and France, based upon the November resolution, which has been accepted in principle by both sides, embodying the practical arrangements tolerable to moderates on both sides outlined above, might be just what is needed to break the logjam.

It would of course be necessary that the Great Powers use their influence vigorously, impartially, and constructively. The United States has rightly proposed an end to the arms race in the area, but it can hardly expect the Arabs, and hence the Soviets, to agree while substantial Arab territories are under Israeli occupation. An agreement strictly to limit the supply of arms can come, and probably can only come, after or as a part of a general settlement. Until that time the Powers would, however, be well advised firmly to resist pressures to supply to their friends aircraft or other weapons, Phantoms, MIG's, or missiles, which the latter do not *now* need for genuine self-defense.

Contrary to another myth, however, time does not work in anyone's favor, that of Israel or the Arabs, that of the U.S.S.R. or the U.S. A settlement during coming months on the basis of the November resolution may still be feasible. Later it may not be. Provocation and counterprovocation, terror and counterterror, continue to occur almost daily. Sooner or later the violence may become so shocking and intolerable that compromise will be politically out of the question. If the parties cannot themselves very soon come to a settlement, it will be high time for the UN, with Great Power backing, to take the initiative we have described. After twenty years, so many dead, so much waste and suffering, world peace more and more threatened, there is no time to be lost.

THE DOCTOR

A Story by Jesse Hill Ford

THE first inkling the doctor had gave him no full measure of warning as to what was to follow. The first patient was a colored female, age sixteen, with multiple beer-bottle lacerations of the breast, neck, brow, and cheek. When the doctor suggested that she be taken to Ormund City General, or failing that, to the nearer but substandard Negro hospital, Patrick Memorial, her companions expressed a curious bewilderment.

"We not for certain to get there," said the most forward of the three. "We not for sure."

Just then the doctor heard the sirens. A strange prickling of the nerve ends coursed the skin at the back of his neck along the joint between spine and skull. His first thought was of his daughter, Elizabeth Anne. For a wild moment he imagined that she was out of the house. Then it came to him just as suddenly that she was in the next room watching television with one of her high school friends, a girl whose father worked at the Ormund City Body Shop.

"Then let's step next door to the clinic," the doctor said. The girl was dripping blood on the kitchen tiles. He felt her arm. She was going into shock. "This way," he had said. Then he shouted for his wife. When she appeared she (almost as an automatic gesture) got the mop kept for such occasions. She began wetting the mop under the

kitchen faucet, preparing to clean up the blood, and he paused at the door, still holding the wounded girl's arm. "I believe it's big trouble," the doctor said.

She looked at him from the sink. A siren howled by in the street. Tires squealed at the corner. Then came a sharp sound, like a blowout, an instant later a large thump. The doctor knew the later sound, an automobile collision. One of the girls in the kitchen — not the wounded one — began to moan.

The doctor turned. He took the Sunday Ormund City *Times* from the kitchen table, and spread it carefully on the floor. "Lie down," he told the wounded girl. "Put her flat on the floor."

The girl did as she was told. The three teenagers with her, the two girls and the boy, helped her down. They stooped, squatting beside her.

"You be all right now," the boy was saying. "We got the doctor now."

"We taken her nex doe to de clinic?" one of the girls was asking. "Doc?"

The doctor went to the closet and got his fishing coat and covered the girl lying on the newspapers.

"Keep her still a moment," he said.

His wife was mopping the blood. A handlike groping of terror commenced reaching into the doctor's throat. He fought it back, reminding himself. He was the only Negro physician living



in the district. Another siren passed. Fire truck, he thought.

"Fill the bathtubs," he said.

"All right." She was still mopping. It was a rich quality she had. Small things could tear her nerves to pieces. Yet when the chips were down she was calm as stone.

"Fill the tubs and the sinks. Let the girls help you. Draw the blinds. Fill any pots and pans, tubs, buckets. Check the windows, lock the doors when you leave and bring along the keys. Don't lock us out. Tell the girls to stay just where they are. Call Mrs. Cunningham, and tell her Dinah must stay here. Tell her Dinah is safe."

"All right," his wife replied.

"Then come next door. I'm going to need help. Start the autoclave. Phone both hospitals, and tell them I'm going to stay here. Tell them I'm going to do what I can."

"From the sound," she said, "a good many won't make it either to Patrick or Ormund General."

"Yes, ma'am," said the boy, squatting beside the lacerated girl. "It already bees pretty bad in dat way," he said softly.

"All right," said the doctor. "Come along. Let's get her on her feet." Her pulse was better. "She can walk," he said firmly. "Let's move her next door."

They went out with her, across the porch, through the carport to the clinic. The doctor opened the door to a treatment room. "Get her on this table."

"The girls are filling the tubs."

He looked up and saw his wife. She had tied her head in a green surgical cloth. It came to him like a strange shadow in front of his eyes that she had not worked in the clinic for seven years. The place was strange to her. When she *had* worked for him, during the toughest years, the clinic had been located in an old house. They had lived in another part of it.

He scrubbed rapidly and pulled on his gloves. "Take these scissors and cut her dress from here down and pull it aside," he said.

His wife took the scissors and followed instructions.

A commotion occurred just outside in the corridor. The doctor nodded to his wife. She left the room. More casualties were arriving.

The doctor took a sponge. He began cleansing the wounds. The girl moaned. He took the syringe from the little pan of boiling instruments at his elbow, seated a needle, and drew it full of Novocain. He began on the girl's face, with a laceration that passed through the eyebrow. He took care to line up the two edges of the severed brow. "Wipe the blood away." He clamped a sponge and handed the clamp to the boy who stood beside him. "Wipe the blood away with this," he said. "So I can see

to stitch. Here, where I'm working." The boy responded.

"You," the doctor said to the girl. "Lie on the floor."

"Me?"

"I don't want you to faint. Lie on the floor until you feel better. Then step outside and help my wife."

"She laid down," said the boy, sponging, wiping away the oozing blood.

The doctor worked quickly. When he had closed the gash over the eye he began on the cheek. He probed. The girl screamed.

"Glass," he said. She screamed again. His ears rang. "You'll have to be still," he said. "You've got glass in this one. We can't sew up glass into your face. Do you understand? I'm going to try to deaden it, but there are other people waiting to be helped." She began moaning. He found the sliver and drew it out, beer bottle brown. He dropped it on the floor.

"The hospital is going to try to send an ambulance," his wife said behind him. "The ambulances are all out. Some, especially the funeral homes, are refusing calls."

"How about a taxi?"

"I called," she said. "Blue Top is going to try. They've lost four cabs."

"Four new air-conditioned ones," the doctor said. "Well." He threaded a fresh needle with black suture thread. "Prepare me some needles," he said. "Fill the syringe with Novocain."

"All right." She prepared the sutures, putting them in a line, in a neat row just as she had been taught, long ago, by her husband.

"Have we more cases?"

"The clinic is full," she said. "The waiting room is full."

"Get them off their feet, the bad ones. Move the furniture. Get the bad ones next to the wall."

"Father Ned's here," she said. "He's helping."

She was gone then. A child was screaming in the corridor.

Conscious of the dragging of time, of others who were worse, the doctor nonetheless worked on, feeling more and more alone. He also felt helpless. He felt hopeless. Both sensations began passing through him in emotional waves. It was like nausea.

THE child was brought in next. "How old is she?"

"She seven, doctor," said the mother.

"Let's get her on the table," he said.

He pulled away the dirty towel. The left eye, he saw, was utterly destroyed.

"What did this?"

"I don't know. She come off the street. She saying somebody shot her. I was next door. Is she bad?"

There was nothing for it but to apply a pressure bandage. He worked as rapidly as he could. "When you can get downtown, take her to a hospital. The eye will need some work. I can't do it here. She's going to have pain." He shook a dozen APC tablets into a small envelope. "You can give her *half* of one of these now. This is powerful pain medicine. She can have another half in four hours. Half a tablet every four hours. No more than that. Because this is a *powerful* drug. Her pain ought to be a lot better in a few minutes."

He could already feel the child responding to the magic of sympathetic suggestion. "How do you feel?"

"I feels a whole lot better," she said.

"Your mama is going to take you home and give you some powerful pain medicine. I'm going to give you a shot now. Have you had shots before?"

"Yes, sir."

"This is to keep you from getting a bad infection and make you feel better. Can you count to ten?"

"Yes, sir."

The child counted. He raised her knee, turned her quickly sideways, and slipping aside her panties, gave her a shot of penicillin in the buttock.

". . . nine, ten," said the child. "I feels a whole lot better."

"Get her home. Keep her still," he said. "If you have trouble, call me. If you can get her to the hospital, get her there, of course."

"I believe we couldn't make it, now, doctor," said the mother. "I have other childrens. Some of them are out —"

"Get home with her," he said.

"What I owe you?" said the woman.

"Just take her home."

"Thank you, doctor."

He crossed the hall and treated a woman with a gunshot wound. The slug had passed downward from behind, had missed the bone, and was lodged just beneath the skin to the left of her knee. He sliced quickly through to the coppered slug, a .32 caliber, and removed it with forceps. He gave her a shot of penicillin and dropped the disposable syringe in the waste can. His wife bandaged the leg.

"Can I have it?" the patient asked, eyeing the slug.

"Sure," the doctor replied.

"I was thinking maybe they would need it as

evidence?" she said, rolling the bit of metal in her hand.

"No," he said. "How did it happen?"

"She had went acrost the street and got a teevee out the store where the glass was busted. I tole her not to go," said the man with her. He was a big fellow with a touch of gray at the temples. "She got what she went for when she stepped out the door to steal," he said. "She come halfway acrost and it was lack she sorta stumbled and somebody else they snatched and grabbed the teevee away from her and she went down on her knees and I tole myself the next sheen come going hit her sure. So I run out and I got her back to the house and it was right then the first I knew she was shot. Somebody needs to whup her for crossing that street the first time."

"*She-it*," said the woman. She stuck her tongue out. Her man picked her up and shouldered his way into the hall with her.

"Boy thirteen. Broken leg," said the doctor's wife. "Simple fracture. The cast room?"

"All right," said the doctor. He was working automatically now. "How is Elizabeth Anne?"

"She's helping up front."

"Send her home. Can't you follow instructions?"

"George, these are her people too. She's helping."

"I don't want her hurt. I don't want her killed. What if it moves this way?"

THE boy in the cast room was sobbing. "Crying won't help," the doctor said.

"I hurt," the boy said.

"How did you do this?"

"Somebody throwed a cinder block. From up high on a building."

"Why were you in the street?"

"They all in the street. Everybody in the street. The cops killed Hatcher. He was good. Hatcher was a buddy to everybody that knew him, and the cops, they cut him down in the street like a dog. Hatcher was kind to everybody. Everybody went in the street because of they memory of how good he was."

"That won't bring him back. It won't unbreak your leg," said the doctor.

"You just can't understand! You too old to dig it what I am driving at," the child said. "I don't mind this leg!"

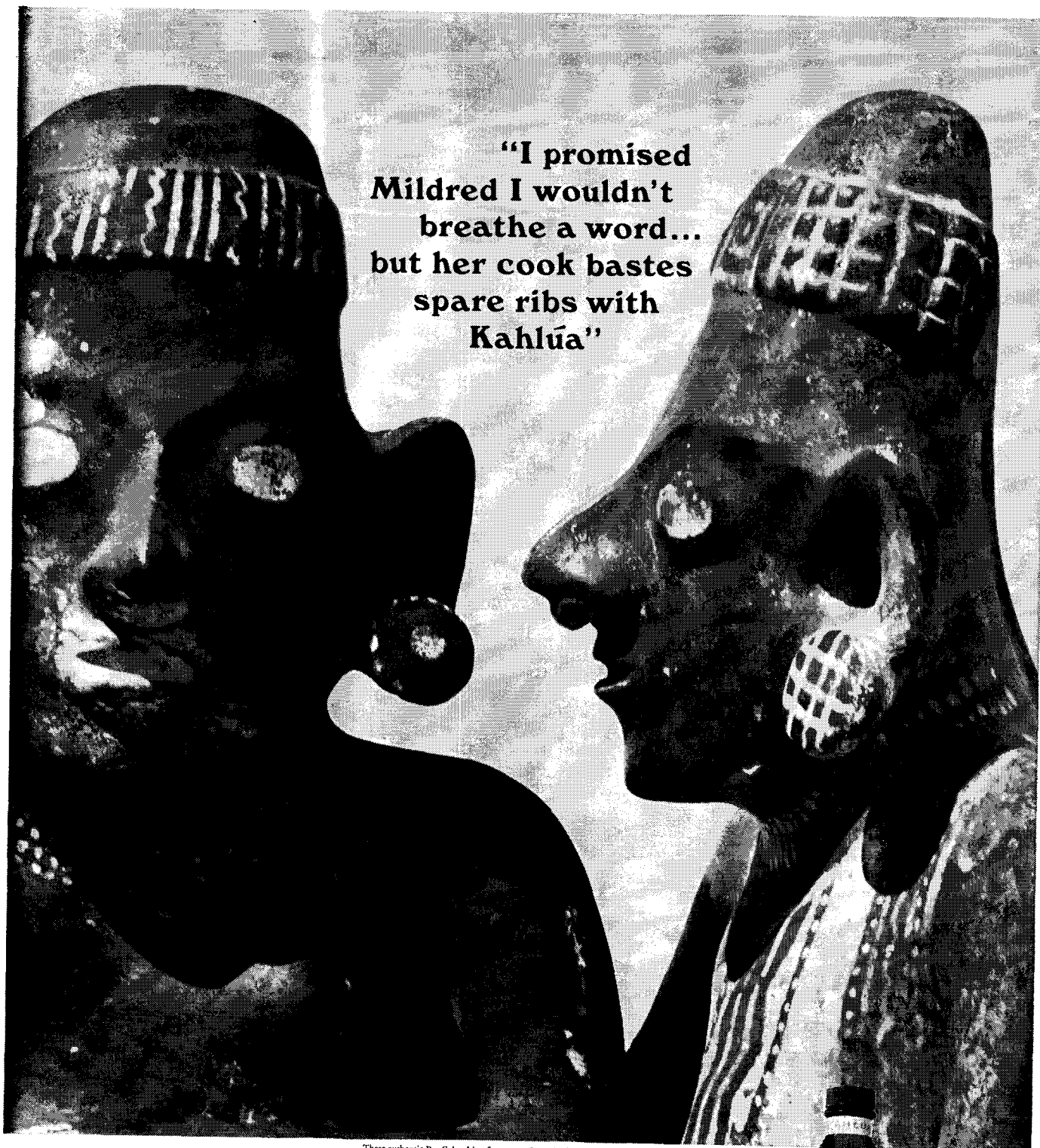
He was feeling braver. "When this leg get all right I'll go back in the street again. Freedom *now*. Maybe you don't dig what I'm saying."

"Shut up," the doctor said.

"Maybe you don't —"

"I said shut up."

Mr. Ford's second novel, THE FEAST OF SAINT BARNABAS, from which this story is excerpted, will be published later this month by Atlantic-Little, Brown.



**"I promised
Mildred I wouldn't
breathe a word...
but her cook bastes
spare ribs with
Kahlúa"**

These authentic Pre-Columbian figures are from the famed Kahlúa collection of authentic Pre-Columbian figures.

"And that's not all, my dear. He does the same thing to hamburgers, chicken, steak, even fish! And all this time we thought she had some special recipe. Can you imagine? While Mildred goes through her dining room ritual of mixing Kahlúa sours and Black Russians, her cook is in the kitchen sneaking Kahlúa into the chocolate cake batter. Probably puts it in the brownies, and did you taste that dessert? Probably put it in that, too, and goodness knows what else. Why, it's a wonder she had enough Kahlúa left to serve with our coffee!"

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The boy lapsed into silence. The doctor applied the cast. "You'll lie right here. Later we'll get an X ray. Meanwhile, you'll lie here until we can move you. Are you hurting much?"

The boy shook his head. He closed his eyes. Tears welled from beneath his delicate lashes. "If you start hurting we can give you some medicine. All right?"

"Uncle Tom!" the boy hissed, his teeth clenched, his hands pressed stiffly at his sides. "Uncle Tom!"

The doctor's wife drew him away. Still the doctor heard the Parthian shot: "Motherfucken Uncle Tom!"

The cry, thought the doctor, of marginal man, drifting, self-reared and self-instructed, self-decimated and seeing the enemy in every face, the man to whom every face is alien, even (perhaps especially) his very own.

Given time he could have told the boy a few things, the doctor thought, feeling a strange separation between himself and what was happening.

He saw himself as he had been in World War II, as a young man wearing captain's bars, an officer in the medical corps. He was given a few days' leave before he told his wife good-bye and kissed his infant daughter. It was the last time he would see his father alive.

Then he was crossing the Continent on the train, ordered to the Pacific theater of operation. He had found himself pretty well famished by the time the train stopped for a brief layover in Abilene, Texas. Dismounting from the train as rapidly as he could, the doctor had rushed into the Abilene terminal dining room only to be told that Negroes were not served.

"You might have time, I don't know," said the counterman. He was an older man, blue-eyed, leathery-faced. "There's a nigra restaurant — or maybe you'd call it a café. Anyhow, if you could grab a taxi you might just make it there and git some grub before she pulls out," said he, nodding toward the train.

Out the doctor raced. He stepped into a cab, explained the situation, and was rattled across town to the fly-ridden nigger diner. There he gulped down a grease-drenched plate of "soul food." Greens, potatoes, pork chops, corn bread, stale coffee — back then into the waiting cab for the return trip to the terminal with the rancid taste of the squalid, run-down café lingering against his tongue like strange smoke.

He was in plenty of time. As it turned out the train was delayed. The cause of the delay, as it happened, was a contingent of German prisoners of war who, seated at the long counter of the terminal restaurant, were feasting.

It was a taste, a bitterness, that he carried with him out of the Army and into private practice. It

was a taste that returned to haunt him when Elizabeth Anne asked why she couldn't swing on the swings and slide down the slides in the city parks of Ormund City. *Given time he could tell these marginal men a few things . . .*

"Like those other children, Daddy?"

He always replied gruffly. "You just can't because we don't have time." Then he lived with the look of reproach in the eyes of his own flesh from the third through the tenth year of her life.

When she was ten years old she came into the clinic in tears. A man had called her a nigger, a white man. He had told her she could not sit on the public bench while waiting for the bus. "Why, Daddy?"

He had to tell her then, and again when she asked him why he could never exceed the speed limit when called out on emergencies. "Other doctors drive fast. All the other doctors drive fast to save lives."

The doctor: "Yes, but I am a Negro. The police might not understand my violation as well as they would understand the violation of a white physician. There's a difference."

Elizabeth Anne: "It's not right. It is not fair."

The doctor: "What is right and what is fair sometimes has nothing to do with what *is*, and *is* will very often in your life be the word you must come to terms with if you expect to live and do well in this country."

She had nodded thoughtfully.

Now she was questioning him again.

"Are the hospitals sending us any help, Daddy?"

He looked at her, his flesh, a mature woman.

"Stop a moment, please? Drink this," she was saying. "I made it."

He took the cup of coffee.

"Change your coat," she said. "Look at you all sweaty and bloody."

She drew him into the private office and pulled off the soiled smock, the drenched undershirt. She wet a cloth and wiped his face and his arms. She moved the cloth across his chest and handed him a fresh undershirt, a clean smock. "Drink your coffee," she said.

He swallowed a fifteen-milligram dextro-amphetamine-sulphate spansule with his coffee, looked briefly at his watch, and calculated the time span of his awareness. He would be good now until 3 A.M. or thereabouts, tomorrow, Monday morning, by which time he could risk another spansule and work straight through, if need be. Food was out of the question for him. There was no time to be spared.

HE FINALLY spoke to the chief resident at Ormund City General. The phones were giving trouble.

The white man's voice, young and vibrant though it was, seemed to be spanning an enormous distance. It was as though the barrier were one of miles and centuries instead of mere minutes and city blocks. A phone never before had felt so strange to the doctor's hands. "I need help down here," he kept saying, and all the while he was aware that in the mere telling, the mere pleading, time and blood and agony were being spilled in the corridors outside, just beyond the strangely still dignity of this sedately paneled office where he stood quietly talking, quietly pleading.

"We're covered up down here," the resident was saying. "I don't think there's a chance, doctor. Reports from the drivers indicate something worse than mere physical danger down there. The mob situation is apparently pathological, and a white face, physician or otherwise -"

"I'm going to lose some people if I can't get them to you or get your help. I'm almost out of Novocain."

There was a pause, the more agonizing because children were crying and a woman shrieking, shrill with hysteria. Someone pounded on the office door, went away, returned, pounded again. "George!" The doctor's wife. "Daddy!" His daughter.

"We might help you there," the chief resident was saying. "Now just where are you located? Some of the Blue Tops have been having better luck. Negro drivers seem to stand a better chance. We put a Filipino intern on one of the wagons. Novocain? That address?"

The doctor gave the address. "I've already set one leg. I don't know how many more fractures I have. I could use some surgical plaster if you can spare it."

"Right away. I'll run right down to central supply. What else?"

"Gauze, sponges, disposable penicillin, suture thread -"

"I get the picture," said the other voice, consoling, distant, light-years away. "I'll grab as much junk as possible. We'll hustle it out and hope for a cab. They come through sporadically. I can't promise you just when. Let me read this address back."

The doctor listened. "That's correct," he said. The pounding on the office door began again. A siren screamed in the street.

"You must be right in the heart of it."

"I am," said the doctor. Then he hung up, unlocked the door, and stepped into the corridor, there to be greeted by the first of the burn victims, a senile woman, near to eighty as best he could judge. There was no time to find out her age. Ten minutes later she died on the treatment table. "Where?" his wife said, making a gesture.

"In the back room. No relatives?"

"None so far."

"Put her in the back room. Tell Father Ned."

"How did it happen?" the doctor asked.

"A dry cleaner's was fire-bombed. The fire moved to her rooming house," said his wife. "We're out of linens."

"Send Elizabeth Anne for our own."

"I have," she said.

"Try the hospital again. I forgot to mention linens," the doctor said. "If you can get them, also see about something for burns."

Father Ned appeared. "Dead?" the priest asked.

The doctor nodded. "For the time being let's use the very back room."

"Yes," the priest replied. He lifted the worn body tenderly in his short, sturdy arms. A cry arose in the hallway. "They shooten! They gone kill us all!"

The next case was also a burn. A child. Then a man. Another child. An old woman. Then a sixteen-year-old girl with head wounds, gunshot.

"The circuits are all busy," said his wife. "Nothing works. I can't get the operator."

"Never mind," said the doctor. "It probably doesn't matter anyhow."

"This one?"

"Dying," said the doctor. "Move her into the hallway. Ask Father Ned if he can find out who she is."

The doctor moved as though stepping into a dream, doing right and left those things he would never have dared attempt in the years of a lifetime's normal practice. It came to him from time to time as the minutes fled beneath his methodical fingers, as his back began to ache and his own perspiration, time and again, stung his eyes, almost blinding him, it came to him that should these people, his own people, any of them, decide afterward to sue for malpractice, they could very probably take away from him everything he had earned and accumulated, everything he ever would earn in the future. Doing right and left those things the general practitioner should never dare, he thought grimly. Those things the general practitioner should never be called upon to do, he thought, in the dreamlike quiet, in the deathlike, twilight solitude and silence into which his consciousness, by the urge, dent, and burden of sheer concentration, had eventually been pushed.

Motherfucker Uncle Tom. Even when the younger ones did not say it, he saw it. If they said it, he did not hear it or mind it. My people, he thought. The idea sickened him a little.

"Has it moved this way?" he asked once.

"It has come this way twice and has passed on," said the priest. "My own house has burned."

"I'm very, very sorry," the doctor replied. "The girl? The head wound?"

"She just passed," said the priest. "We moved her to the back room."

"Someone please clean the floor," the doctor said absently. "Don't let the treatment room floors get slick. I don't want to lose my footing."

It was as though no one had noticed the blood before. Elizabeth Anne went on her knees, wiping the floors in the treatment rooms. An explosion boomed across the street.

"They got the paint store," said a voice. "That's

one mother that is sure gonna burn-lawd-burn!"

"I believe it *is* going to come back this way. I believe it is coming," said the priest.

"Perhaps they realize we're a hospital," the doctor said. "Can you try to move some of the walking ones down to the church? They can't stay here if they can walk."

My home, my family, my clinic, my practice, and I built it all for this, he thought. Christ have mercy. For this.

A NIGHT IN THE ROYAL ONTARIO MUSEUM

BY MARGARET ATWOOD

Who locked me

into this crazed man-made
stone brain

 where the weathered
totem pole jabs a blunt
finger at the byzantine
mosaic dome

Under that ornate
golden cranium I wander
among fragments of gods, tarnished
coins, embalmed gestures
chronologically arranged,
looking for the EXIT sign

but in spite of the diagrams
at every corner, labeled
in red: YOU ARE HERE
the labyrinth holds me,

turning me around
the cafeteria, the washrooms,
a spiral through marble
Greece & Rome, the bronze
horses of China

then past the carved masks, wood and fur
to where 5 plaster Indians
in a glass case
squat near a dusty fire

and further, confronting me
with a skeleton child, preserved
in the desert air, curled
beside a clay pot and a few beads.

I say I am far
enough, stop here please
no more

but the perverse museum, corridor
by corridor, an idiot
voice jogged by a pushed
button, repeats its memories

and I am dragged to the mind's
dead end, the roar of the bone-
yard, I am lost
among the mastodons

and beyond: a fossil
shell, then

samples of rocks
and minerals, even the thundering
tusks dwindling to pin-
points in the stellar
fluorescent-lighted
wastes of geology

THE LADY AND THE LION

by LOUIS KRONENBERGER



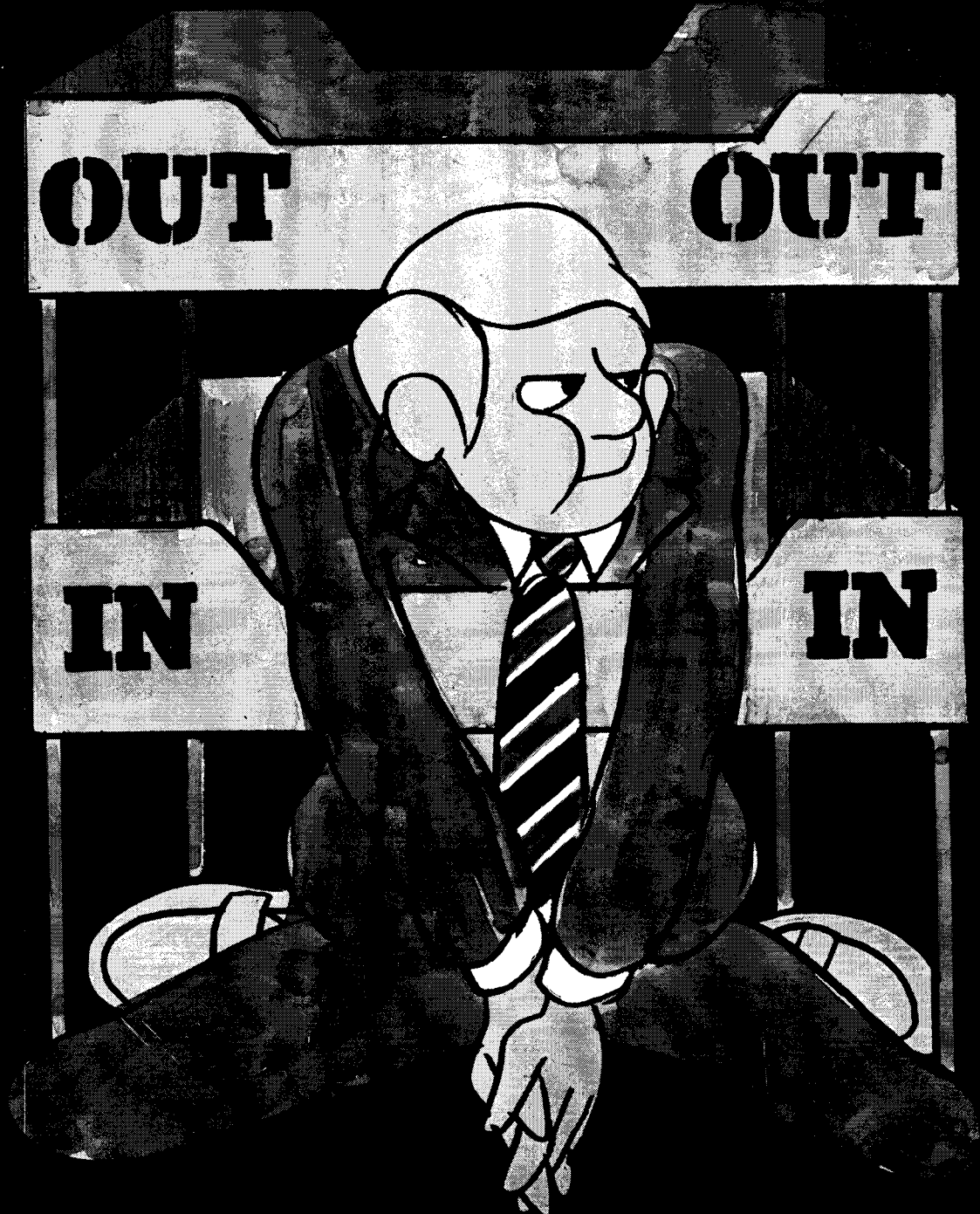
ANOTHER book about Byron!" began the Author's Note of one of the best writers on him, Peter Quennell, in 1935. "What need is there for another biography of Byron?" began the preface of the definitive biography by Leslie Marchand in 1957. The comments, if relevant, are yet largely rhetorical, for though the literature on the subject is conspicuously great, its lure is understandably greater, for writers as well as for readers, for the scholarly-minded hungering after new material as well as the scandal-lovers munching the old. Furthermore, beyond being a spectacular hero, Byron also serves as an important hub, as the central figure of an assemblage of people, many of them themselves subjects of fascination, reprobation, controversy, partisanship, none of them more so — despite the Shelleys and Leigh Hunts, the Lady Caroline Lambs and Lady Oxfords, the Trelownys and Tom Moores, the Claire Claremonts and Countless Guicciolis, the young chorister at Cambridge, the young attendant in Greece — than the figures who at one time or another were seated at the family dinner table. Not least on them — on Byron's father, mother, sister, wife — might be bestowed the phrase that Matthew Arnold applied to the leading family of classical Greek drama: "What a set!"

If there now appears yet another book having to

do with Byron, Peter Gunn has also, in *My Dearest Augusta* (Atheneum, \$6.50), written the first book "wholly devoted" to Byron's at once shadowy and calcium-lighted half-sister. Such a book has its points. To begin with, Byron himself, like a sure-fire stage drama, is always good for some form of revival. In *My Dearest Augusta*, moreover, though less from giving Augusta the title role than from narrowing the scene, there is the opportunity to present the once reverberantly hush-hush family drama, with all its agitations and repercussions, as a more than sufficient thing in itself.

The Byrons are, like the Borgias, one of those families as well known for their taints as for their talents, and the story that Mr. Gunn has recounted here has its forebodings in a good many of Augusta's both remote and very recent forebears. Said to have come to England with the Conqueror, the Byrons, after receiving Newstead Abbey from Henry VIII, lived generation after generation an unstinted patrician life involving eccentricity, illegitimacy, inebriety. One of them, dubbed the Wicked Lord, always turned up punctually at orgies and also killed kinsmen in duels; he made pistols part of the table setting at dinner, and when alone, had trained crickets run races over his recumbent body. Byron and Augusta's grandfather was known as Foulweather Jack; Mad Jack, their spendthrift,

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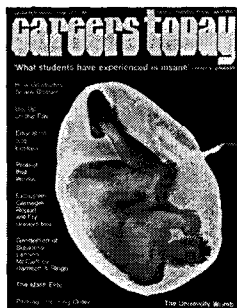


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profligate father, married, following a scandalous affair with her, the wife of a future duke. She died in giving Augusta birth; Mad Jack then married an heiress of the great Scottish Gordon connection, straightway squandered her fortune, and died, three years after she gave birth to the poet, in 1791. The wastrel, fleshly heritage that Byron shared with Augusta droops beside his maternal one: the royally descended Gordons of Gight were for hundreds of years brutal and lawless lairds; bandits, marauders, and murderers; and if their blood generally cooled, it still raged in Byron's mother and himself.

AUGUSTA, brought up very *comme il faut* among her high-seated and well-off maternal relations, saw nothing of her four-years-younger half-brother from his earliest days until she was sixteen. He, handsome but clubfooted, now sullen, now violent, was often at daggers drawn with his impoverished, embittered, vituperative mother—he dreaded, he said, the approach of the holidays at school more than most boys dreaded going back to it. For Augusta and her “Baby” Byron, their coming together proved remarkably successful: shy, both of them, they could both be tremendously playful, mocking, high-spirited; and the precocious school-boy-lord and his socially polished sister, from this great affinity of temperament, were united by great affection. When, however, Byron precociously ran into debt and Augusta violated a confidence in trying to help him, he broke with her for something like two years. Though distressed by this, Augusta was deeply in love with her (and Byron's) first cousin George Leigh—the Byrons, among other things, were forever marrying their cousins. Leigh was a young man with no great expectations, even fewer talents, and expensive sporting tastes; but a rather distinguished father's influence got him made an equerry to the Prince of Wales, with the Prince throwing in the gift of a house, Six Mile Bottom, on the strength of which George and Augusta got married. Byron, it seems, did not even send her his good wishes, but within a year they were again on friendly terms. Soon after, Byron came of age, took his seat in the House of Lords, published his first book of any consequence, *English Bards and Scotch Reviewers*, and set forth, without bidding Augusta good-bye, on a two-year grand tour.

She, meanwhile, was having the first two of her seven children while her “exquisite piece of helplessness” husband was piling up debts. Soon after Byron's return to England in 1811 his mother died, and Augusta's letter of condolence set in motion a lively correspondence. By the next spring Byron, with the publication of *Childe Harold*, had become

the London lion of the hour, pelted with attentions, besieged by hostesses, and though he had sent Augusta an affectionately inscribed copy of the book, she “receded into the background.” Very much in the foreground was Lady Caroline Lamb, the wife of Queen Victoria's future Lord Melbourne, who with her temper fits and histrionics, her brandishing of scissors and knives and her burning of Byron in effigy, constituted the most volcanic and public of his love affairs. It was not till June, 1813, four years after they had last met, that Augusta and Byron came together during a visit of hers to London. Their similar likes and dislikes, their talent for mimicry, and their love of laughter united them when alone or at parties. When Augusta went back to Six Mile Bottom, Byron followed her there, and then to Cambridgeshire, and early in August she was once more in London. Just when their high spirits boiled up into perhaps the most talked of incestuous liaison of modern times is not known, but already in August Byron was dropping incriminating innuendos into his letters. If legally the incest must go forever unproved, in every other way it seems irrefutable, not just from all the reported “confessions” of both parties, but from how constantly Byron alluded to it in his talk, his prose, his poetry. Never were there greater proofs of the creative artist's egoistic need to decant—and pour out—his experiences. “All convulsions,” Byron once wrote to Tom Moore, “end with me in rhyme.” In prose he wrote to others pretty much as he does here to Augusta herself, that he was “utterly incapable of real love for any other human being—for what could they be to me after *you*?” And soon enough he turned to rhyme:

I speak not, I trace not, I breathe not thy name,
There is grief in the sound, there is guilt in the fame . . .
Too brief for our passion, too long for our peace
Were those hours . . . Can their joy or their bitterness cease?
We repent, we abjure, we will break from our chain,
We will part, we will fly to—unite it again!

As for Byron and Augusta themselves, what might seem their natural emotions are to some degree reversed. We might suppose that, however responsive, Augusta felt hers to be a quite sinful role; or, born of her love for Byron, a partly sacrificial one; but, certainly at the time, she seems to have taken it pretty much in stride. She was in fact an unreflective, morally easygoing woman, one of those who “are often lovable,” wrote Byron's grandson long after, but “vague about facts, unconscious of duties, impulsive in conduct.” On the other hand Byron, whom we might suppose a nonchalant connoisseur of the more unsanctified lusts, may very well, as Peter Quennell suggests, have responded less to a hedonist temptation than to a Calvinist heritage, been allured (beyond Augusta's attractions) by the very sense of sin; the hellfire which

should have appalled him being what actually most appealed.

In April, 1814, Augusta gave birth to a daughter, Medora, whom Byron, by several accounts, claimed as his. That summer he went with Augusta and her children to the seaside, but by now the idea of marriage he had been flirting with had taken firmer shape, and Augusta was indeed urging marriage as "the only chance of redemption for *two* persons." She disapproved, however, of his choice of Annabella Milbanke, an earnest, literal-minded blue-stocking whom, even during the engagement, Byron himself had grave doubts about. By then, however, Augusta had turned double advocate in their cause; and though the best man said of the wedding that "never was lover less in haste," it took place on schedule. During the honeymoon Byron had devoted moments, but oftener, when not taunting his bride, he was tormenting her. After the wedding dinner, he asked her "with every appearance of aversion" whether she meant to sleep in the same bed with him; on the wedding night he woke up, encountered the reddish light of a taper, and woke *her* up shouting that he was in hell. Thereafter he ranted and raged, talked of a "terrible secret" and an "abnormal, unforgivable sin," promised Annabella to be unfaithful, and glowingly mapped out their future: "I will live with you, if I *can*, until I have got an heir." Two months later, when what Byron called the "treacle moon" was over, he and Annabella visited Augusta, and new taunts and torments were introduced. After dinner Byron would advise his wife to go to bed, saying "We don't want *you*, my charmer"; or he would say to her, "Now I have *her*, you will find I can do without *you* — in all ways." Other evenings he would lie on a sofa, having Augusta and Annabella kiss him by turns, and indicate a distinct preference for Augusta. "You know," he said, pointing in the presence of both women to Medora, "that is my child." What with trying to stop Byron and solace his wife, Augusta became exhausted, and Annabella saw that she wanted them to leave.

At about the same time Augusta was appointed a lady-in-waiting to Queen Charlotte, a sort of compensation for George Leigh's having just been sacked by the Prince Regent. On getting to London, Augusta stayed for two months, not in her rooms at St. James's Palace but with the debt-soaked Byrons who were soon to have bailiffs living in the house. Though Annabella was by now apparently very suspicious of Augusta's relations with Byron, the two women were living on the friend-

liest and most affectionate terms. Byron, on the other hand, had become so uncontrollable, insulting, and blatantly unfaithful that those about him thought he was going mad. In December, 1815, Annabella gave birth to a daughter, Ada, but this changed nothing; indeed, with Augusta once again in the house matters got worse, and in January Annabella went with her child on a visit to her parents. She never, as it turned out, saw her husband again.

What ensued, much helped along by Annabella's outraged parents, transformed with growing hostility a kind of desperate change-of-air visit into a legal separation and a roaring scandal. The legal grounds for the separation, however, were not Byron's relations with Augusta but his "brutally indecent conduct and language" to his wife. To be sure, Annabella, though by now convinced of it, could not charge incest for lack of eyewitness evidence — though in view of everything else, one could not be much surprised if there had been. And Annabella did decidedly change her very grateful and affectionate attitude toward Augusta, creating for the future a peculiarly barbed situation. Henceforth Byron, who, tarred with scandal, now sailed for Italy and never saw either woman, or England, again, plays in the story only absentee and epistolary roles, or takes to versified revenges. Thus Annabella was to appear in *Don Juan* as Dona Inez:

Inez call'd some druggists and physicians
And tried to prove her loving lord was *mad*,
But as he had some lucid intermissions
She next decided he was only *bad*;
Yet when they asked her for her depositions
No sort of explanation could be had.

Henceforth Annabella, humiliated in love — she had cared tremendously for Byron — became dedicated to a sense of duty. She felt that Augusta, whom she refused to see but continued to write to, should not only repent herself but lead Byron to repentance. For Augusta, blackened by a great mass of insinuations, buried under a mountain of domestic debts, and fearful that the Queen would send her packing, it was imperative to remain in Annabella's good books if she was to keep any place in good society. For Augusta, accordingly, the wages of sin was deference. She kowtowed to Annabella, she consulted her, she dutifully sent Byron a prayer book for his sins, she regularly sent Annabella Byron's letters for her injunctions ("they are absolute love letters," the jealousy-pricked wife declared). In time the two women came together again, and Augusta, according to Annabella, confessed to having slept with Byron before his marriage but not after. The gritty story of the two — Augusta befuddled, hard up, and hypocritically compliant on the sinners' bench;

Mr. Kronenberger began his professional career as an editor and went on to serve as a drama critic, lecturer, anthologist, novelist, and literary connoisseur.

Annabella in the pulpit, rich, rectitudinous, emotionally self-barricaded — dragged on long past Byron's death in 1824, until all communication was broken off. But just before Augusta's death in 1852, an ill-starred, weirdly Victorian meeting was arranged at a hotel, Annabella bringing with her a sanctimonious clergyman; later, and what was even more Victorian, an agitated Annabella besought Augusta's daughter Emily to whisper into her dying mother's ear "two words from me" — "Dearest Augusta."

But Augusta's later life was less soporifically Victorian than bedraggledly Byronic. In particular, Medora was seduced at fourteen and had a child by her sister Georgiana's "worthless" husband (he too a cousin); part of Augusta's idea of setting things to rights was that Medora ought to be "confirmed at Easter." Although Medora refused and went back to the *ménage à trois*, two years later she did break it up and enter a convent, only to discover she had again become pregnant, be turned out, and lead a sordid, panhandling, mad-gypsy existence, filled with rancor toward her mother, till she died at thirty-five. Indeed, except Emily, all Augusta's children proved of little or no account.

MR. GUNN's is not surprisingly the first book "wholly devoted" to Augusta, since she really cannot qualify as a book-length heroine. The book does, however, by detaching its story from the procession of dramas in Byron's life, give it greater continuity and cohesiveness; it also extends the Augusta-Annabella relationship, as biographies of Byron do not, straight on to the end. Even so, even with Augusta sympathetically spotlighted and stage-managed by Mr. Gunn, she is in every sense the weak sister of the story, a trifle faint and blurred when seen in isolation and quickly upstaged when sharing the limelight. Byron has the best speeches and the worst tantrums, all the bravo'd entrances and blackguard exits; Lady Byron holds all the trump cards — the At Home card, the prayer book, the checkbook — and, far from seeming faint, has the distinctness of India ink. Against such demonic wrongdoing and ramrod virtue, Augusta's floppy emotions, frazzled wits, and amoral disarray much more suggest the untidy than the unhallowed.

Mr. Gunn is too hard on Annabella, but it is not difficult to be. She had every right to feel ill treated — if glaringly wrong for Byron, she was yet harshly wronged by him — and she had every

claim to a rather superior woman's role. What she did in return was less to be implacable or vindictive than simply to muffle her role, to strip something so painful of almost all sympathetic appeal. At the time of the separation much, besides Byron's misbehavior, can be said in her behalf: she was very young, her parents were very insistent, and she feared that if Byron's hands were not legally tied, he might gain custody of their child. But early and late, despite his tender moments, she riled and alienated him: his valet, acquainted with all Byron's women, remarked: "I never yet knew a lady that could not manage my Lord *except* my Lady." So flagrantly sinned against, she — and her cause — might have been improved by a little sinning, or at any rate some home-style melodramatics. Instead she turned toploftily moral. She had in addition a gift — unhappily a very priggish gift — of phrase: speaking of the brilliant Holland House parties, she confessed to only a limited taste for "the Varnish of Vice"; and late in life, admonishing Augusta for her treatment of Medora, smote the sinning mother with "I would save you, if it be not too late, from adding the guilt of her death to that of her birth." Taken together, the two women accentuate each other's failings, till Annabella seems made wholly of flint, and Augusta of custard. What most harmed Annabella would today be termed her public image.

Set against Byron's romantic image, Byron's panache, Byron's achievement, she was to fare even worse. During many years she confided her "secret," she presented her case, to a number of people, among them a crusadingly sympathetic Harriet Beecher Stowe. When, after Annabella's death, none of her family came forth to "vindicate" her, Mrs. Stowe eventually took over, publishing an article, based on Annabella's by now slightly blurred confidences, in the September, 1869, *Atlantic Monthly* and the English *Macmillan's Magazine*. It was not well received. Beyond inaccuracies small and large, Mrs. Stowe brought forth, in euphemisms but without a shred of evidence, the matter of incest and proceeded to denounce Byron while all but deifying his wife. To charge with incest, however genteelly, the great poet and romantic hero who had died fighting for Greek independence was to incense a vast horde of readers and make Lady Byron the excoriated viper of a scandal-in-reverse. Which proved greater, her loss of reputation or the *Atlantic's* loss of readership, is a nice sum to work out; in any case, of the *Atlantic's* 50,000 subscribers in 1869, 15,000 straightway contrived a separation of their own.

"The individual who pollutes the air with his factory and the ghetto kid who breaks store windows both represent the same thing. They don't care about each other—or what they do to each other."

On this pessimistic note—that most of our urban problems are due to a complete breakdown in our "sense of community"—Daniel P. Moynihan brought to a close a recent Bell System TV Special

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Fanatic of Disaster by Melvin Maddocks	102
Deprived of Liberty by C. Michael Curtis	104
The Pushkin Boom by Clarence Brown	107
The Peripatetic Reviewer by Edward Weeks	108
The Ghost of Brecht by J. P. O'Donnell	110
Miss Verrett Joins the Ball Game by Herbert Kupferberg	113
Cartoon Empires by Dan Wakefield	115
Short Reviews: Records by Herbert Kupferberg	117
Short Reviews: Books by Phoebe Adams	118

Arts and Letters

Fanatic of Disaster

by Melvin Maddocks

There is a biblical scene by Hieronymus Bosch known simply as *Flood*. Bosch chose to paint the moment of triumph: Noah's ark safe on the mountaintop, encircled by a swooping halo of birds. The animals are disembarking two by two. The verdict is in: life will go on; and Bosch has done strict duty to a noble legend of resurrection, of rebirth.

But all this is in the upper third of the painting — remote, slightly unreal, like a pretty myth superimposed on actuality. One's eye is drawn obsessively to the lower reaches of Ararat. Here on bleak, unvegetated slopes lie the victims of the flood — the rotting bodies of men and animals indiscriminately heaped together, transfixed in death agony. It is toward these corpses — toward this destiny — that Noah's bland-eyed, unsuspecting animals are filing.

Bosch's magnificently perverse view of death in life — or rather, of death as the supreme truth of life — may bring one as close as one can come to the desperate end-game theme of *Castle to Castle*, published in France in 1957. For this is the next to last novel of a flailing man — Céline died in 1961 — whose sput-

ter-and-choke prose ("me and my three dots") seems peculiarly appropriate to his revulsion not only from the particular world he lived in but from the very processes of life itself.

Céline is Bosch minus the hope of heaven, or even the dread of hell — a furious skeptic backed up

Castle to Castle

by Louis-Ferdinand Céline
translated by Ralph Manheim
(Delacorte, \$6.95; a Seymour
Lawrence book)

against an utterly meaningless apocalypse. Slaughterhouse, sewer, cancer ward — no metaphor can overstate the outrage and contempt he feels for the terms of existence.

He is what the Rumanian philosopher E. M. Cioran calls a "fanatic of disaster" with a "dream of excelling, if only in chaos." How he hates what Dostoevsky's monologist in *Notes From the Underground* hated before him: "the good and the beautiful." He can barely tolerate even as mirage that upper third of Bosch's painting. But he finally manages to allow for it in *Castle to Castle*, though

strictly in the Céline manner: impassioned sarcasm.

Céline's ark, so to speak, his delusive refuge from the flood, is the Hohenzollern castle of Siegmaringen in the Black Forest. For Céline, its romantic facade ("What a picturesque spot! . . . you'd think you were at an operetta") is as ghastly a decoy as the rainbow over Ararat was for Bosch. The castle itself looks like a wedding cake ("Take a bite . . . stucco, bric-a-brac, gingerbread in every style . . . unbelievable . . . super-Hollywood . . . all phony"). Like Bosch, Céline points relentlessly downward: "The real thing was underneath . . . in the muck, in the sand, in the rock . . . fourteen centuries of dungeons . . . the slain, hanged, strangled, and mummified . . . the skeletons."

As if to keep Gothic horror in the present tense, Céline brings onto his mock Graustarkian stage a fresh cast of victims. It is near the end of World War II in Europe, the autumn of 1944. To Siegmaringen — Disneyland as a museum of horrors — comes Céline himself, joining in exile over 1100 other collaborators, including Pétain and Laval, most of whom fled France after the col-

January Report on

Atlantic
Monthly
Press books

Knowing there's not much money in it, serious book editors still vex themselves endlessly over what poetry to publish. Some of our most affluent publishing houses solve this problem by not publishing any poetry at all, but nothing enlarges the spirit of a publishing house more than launching a few books in disregard of the profit motive.

A small list like ours can only carry one or two books of poetry a year, and for that reason we lose a lot of sleep in choosing them. **THE ANIMALS IN THAT COUNTRY**, by the young Canadian poet **Margaret Atwood**, is our first book of poetry for 1969. Those who follow the art have been increasingly aware of a powerful renaissance in Canadian poetry during the last decade, and Miss Atwood can be counted among the foremost talents of a remarkable generation.

Although she is only 29, this is her second book of poems; her first won the Canadian Governor General's award for Poetry in 1967. Daryl Hine has said, "There is no one I know of writing in English like Margaret Atwood. I like her poems more than I can say." They engage the reader in strange transformations of the self. In their wit as well as their mystery they search very deep.

**THE ANIMALS IN
THAT COUNTRY**

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LITTLE, BROWN

lapse of Vichy. The deposed, the bombed-out, the mad, the hungry, the diseased — the frantic losers — gather here to wait out defeat in a Wagnerian setting. To these "derelicts of Europe" Céline directs himself in his lifelong dual role as healing physician and excoriating satirist.

As usual, he has no real plot. He arranges his book as a series of tableaux. The paranoiacs rave and posture at the top. The merely feeble-minded and scrofulous huddle on putrid staircases below. Céline really goes to work on the crowd scenes. Toilets overflow, joyless orgies are conducted — the canvas is crammed with the brutalized, the degraded, and the obscene. One waits for God's hand to strike. But, of course, for the mercies of destruction — the neat, on-the-button thunderbolt from heaven — the modern novelist is forced to substitute the sloppy anticlimaxes, the slow bore of self-destruction.

If painstakingly detailed, slow-motion decay were all there was to *Castle to Castle*, one would have to read it as a document of malediction, rewarding chiefly to the specialist and the psychopath. Wincing through a Céline novel can seem, at times, like lip-reading every last word of the graffiti in a very large men's room. Can any form of logorrhea be harder to endure than Céline's monologues at their most pathological? How they do crank on — his whines about his neglect as a writer ("I've got fifty Nobel prizes coming to me"); his repeated recitations of his 75 percent disability for wounds in World War I, chanted by rote like a beggar with a tin cup; his unconvincing martyr mumblings about being unfairly persecuted for anti-Semitism and pro-Nazism — usually followed in unfortunate juxtaposition by his endless, ritualistic cursings of those he hates: publishers, the "jackal press," Paris motorists, Mauriac, Picasso, Malraux, Eleanor Roosevelt, and the Archbishop of Paris.

Yet Céline is worth reading. He is worth reading precisely because he is wrong about life and about himself: neither is as bad as he makes out, and some part of Céline — deeper than the pretty Disney castle, but deeper than the muck beneath it too — implicitly acknowledges this. There is an almost involuntary gusto to Céline: it

is against his principles to laugh, but he can't help himself. His two masterpieces, *Journey to the End of the Night* and *Death on the Installment Plan*, have an energy, an irrepressibility, that denies in the act his official fatalism. As a functioning artist, he is a backslider who cannot live down to his pessimistic creed.

Castle to Castle does not compare with the best of Céline. On too many pages, the *enfant terrible* has become a dyspeptic old man, gumming insults and scratching compulsively at his scabs. Yet even in this late, fatigued work there are marvelous set pieces, still full of the Céline flair. The ancient Princess Hermelie of Hohenzollern and her lady-in-waiting suddenly emerge from the catacombs beneath the castle, two blinking witches with pink parasols — a spellbinder of a scene. A funeral party travels to Berlin in the dead of winter in old Kaiser Wilhelm's luxurious but unheated train. To keep from freezing, the mourners pull down the brocaded drapes and tear up the Oriental rugs, wrapping themselves in the priceless rags like Indians after a wagon raid. What one would give to see the movie!

For doomsday victims, how self-contradicting — how alive — Céline characters seem. What characters in life-affirming novels breathe half as vigorously, for instance, as Aisha von Raumnitz? Lebanese wife of the commissioner of the Castle Guard, Aisha stalks the corridors in red boots, two giant mastiffs at her heels, yellow whip at the ready. She is, of course, merely a Céline eccentric as opposed to a bona fide Céline madman. But even his madmen have an exuberance to their obsessions, like the French collaborator who talks of inventing a "stupendous moral bomb . . . a bomb of concentration! of faith," and the German official who listens to him, not so much because he wants to win the war but because he dreams of at least getting back to Paris to erect a giant bronze statue of Charlemagne on the Place de la Défense.

What one worries about is that Céline will be — damning word! — "revived"; that he will be honored — what a fate! — for being the father of black humor. He really ought not to be praised for the reasons for which he monotonously praised himself. Rather too glibly he prattled the credo that only in his sickness does man become inter-

esting — that the artist is, in fact, our acutely ill and therefore accurate spokesman, telling the rest of us the awful truth. “I need the fever to boil me up,” he writes in *Castle to Castle*. “Over 102° you see everything.” War and illness, he argued earlier, produce the only “true insights.” One suffers “the greatest pain possible” in order “to become oneself.” And so on. Céline, it is to be feared, was rather self-consciously a Nietzsche man.

The nihilist — particularly the audience-baiter, the insult-comedian, the *provocateur* — has become a popular literary fashion. For the moment, the public has accepted Céline’s naïve equation: The more horror you can see, the more honest you are being. Worse, as Lionel Trilling has indicated, readers are now “entertained by moral horror stories,” resulting in what he calls “the legitimization of the subversive.” He writes of his students, assigned Kafka, Joyce, Mann, possibly even Céline: “I asked them to look into the Abyss, and both dutifully and gladly, they have looked into the Abyss” — middle-class dilettantes of brinkmanship, hooked on moral vertigo.

One owes more respect to Céline than he showed to himself. Especially toward the end, he cheapened his genuine vision of horror into a professional rant. It is up to the reader to be more scrupulous with his responses — to refuse as audience to play horror for kicks or for conspicuous display of sophistication. Horror deserves, at the least, a little awe. Whatever else it is, horror should not be chic.

The Céline reader has the further obligation of reading Céline more accurately than he read himself. Henry James claimed that, just by the virtue of existing, art represents an impulse toward health. The accusation — it practically becomes that in Céline’s case — is convincing. Nor is that gusto of his — a natural preference for the vivid, an inclination to laugh when hurt — the only evidence. Underground beneath the underground, there is a repressed, stunted tenderness to Céline — the dirty little secret of the antiromantic. It is always there for animals, sometimes for old people, occasionally for women.

Rather revealingly, Céline is fascinated by dance: he compares both life and novel writing to it. Dance

metaphors thread through his books, and *Castle to Castle* — a *danse macabre* most of the way — ends with a pirouette by one of Céline’s most charming bit players, who has it in her favor that she is old as well as a woman. Madame Armandine is

a little nervous . . . in fact she’s definitely cracked . . . but she’s got a kind of youthful vigor for seventy-two! . . . and even a certain coquetry . . . that plaid skirt, for instance . . . pleated! and the blue on her eyebrows and eyelashes! . . . and her raincoat, more blue! . . . and the color of her eyes . . . china-blue . . . and makeup on her cheeks . . . pastel pink! . . . you’ve got the picture? . . . and smiling like a doll . . . pert and comely . . . she only stops smiling long enough for her little spells of hee-hee! . . . sadness isn’t in her line!

Madame Armandine has just had an operation for breast cancer — the doctors wanted to cut both breasts — but she is one of life’s winners, and she knows it:

“They couldn’t get over it in Versailles the way I mended! quicker than the

young chickens! only a week! in one week, I was all healed up! they couldn’t get over it! hee! hee! look, you can see for yourself! . . . and Madame can look too! your wife! . . . they say she’s a dancer! look!”

She gets up off the bench, she goes out into the middle of the lawn . . . she lifts up her skirts . . . hoopla! . . . and her petticoats! . . . and she bends back! she does a complete backbend! as supple as can be! . . . and up goes one leg, straight as a die! . . . like the Eiffel Tower! . . .

At that moment, she has made it, no matter what happens afterward. And so the novel — one of the blackest-of-the-black Céline wrote — ends with a small legend of rebirth for that upper third of the picture.

If one concludes by emphasizing the *rose* rather than the *noir* in Céline, it is not only because, as inverted Pollyannas, we usually play it safe by looking at life through black-colored glasses; it is also because we tend to forget that art, including Céline’s, depends for its very life upon the tension between the two never quite being resolved.

Deprived of Liberty

by C. Michael Curtis

What is most apparent about our penal system is that it doesn’t work. Neither our criminal procedures nor our prisons have *reduced* crime in any significant measure. And there is little in the system, from arrest to imprisonment, that has any long-term utility in the discouragement of criminal behavior. What is less apparent about our penal system, says Karl Menninger, is that it falls well short of making any practical distinction between “criminals” and noncriminals. Our prisons are full of men who are stupid, or careless; men who have acted out of extreme emotional distress; men so disoriented they cannot distinguish between socially acceptable or unacceptable acts. Most violators of the law, in the strictest sense, are rarely detected and seldom punished. And the difference between those in prison and those outside may be largely circumstantial.

At best, prisons place physical obstacles between the outer world and a handful of its declared enemies.

At worst, as Dr. Menninger declares with some heat, they savagely distort the lives of the men and women we commit to them. Far from en-



couraging a belief in the values and expectations that sustain more or less law-abiding citizens, he tells us, our penal system tends to reinforce the warped assumptions that bring men to prison in the first place.

Prisoners are cut off from the possibility of normal sexual outlets; they are constantly threatened by homosexuality; they feel that they have been steamrollered by the police detectives and attorneys, cheated by their own lawyers, misunderstood by the judge, and let down by so-called friends, even by family. Already immature, they tend to regress to still earlier phases of development.

The familiar reply to this sort of

The Crime of Punishment
by Karl Menninger, M.D.
(Viking, \$8.95)

Prison Within Society
Edited by Lawrence Hazelrigg
(Doubleday, \$7.95)

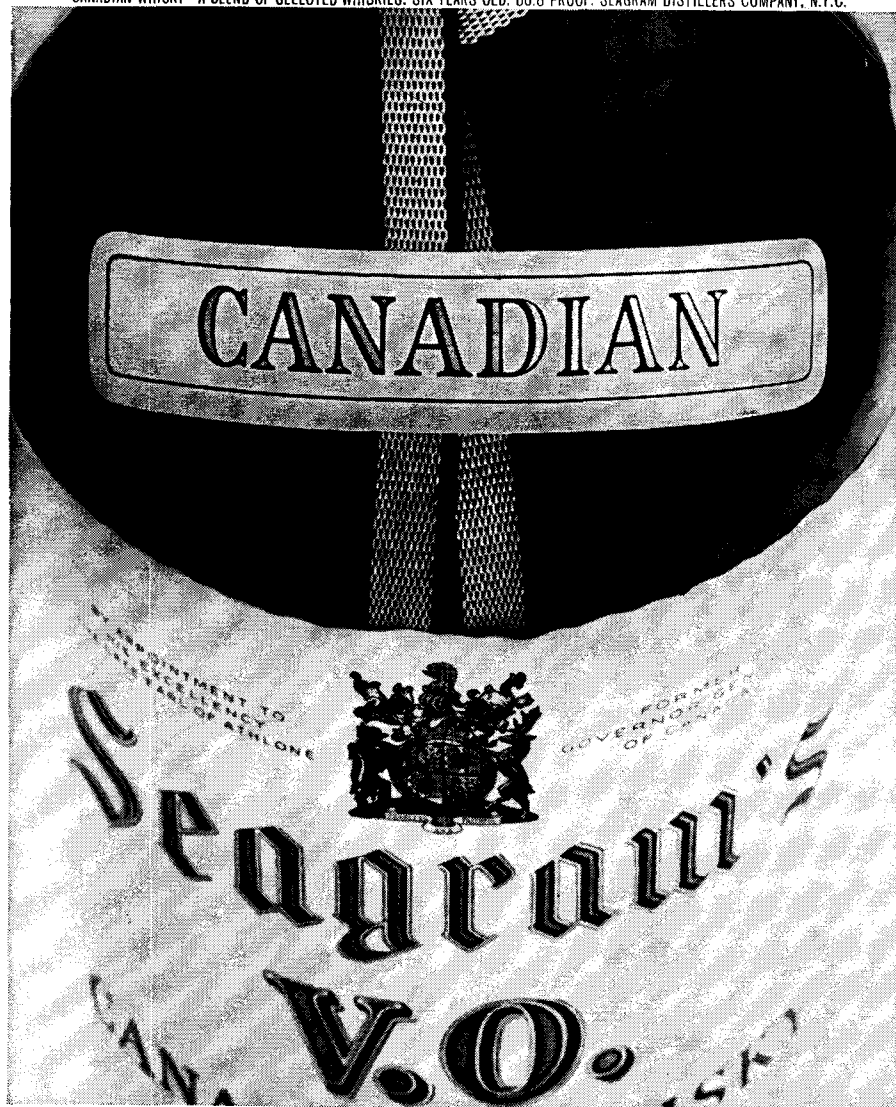
Casebook of a Crime Psychiatrist
by James A. Brussel, M.D.
(Bernard Geis, \$5.95)

argument is that we have other, more easily managed institutions for the training of good citizenship — the public schools, churches, community organizations, and so on. And that criminals have forfeited, at least temporarily, their right to share in the familiar advantages of these agencies.

And it is at this point that Menninger's argument takes a provocative new turn. We are too quick to distinguish between the "criminal" and the good citizen, he argues, in part because we need the assurance of our own virtuousness, and in part because we thrive on the controlled violence a penal system makes possible. "The great secret, the deeply buried mystery of the apparent public apathy to crime and to proposals for better controlling crime, lies in the persistent, intrusive wish for vengeance."

It is the cost and callousness of this thrust for vengeance, the wish to *punish* those we call criminal, that is the preoccupying theme of this angry book. And as an approach to an understanding of what our penal system is, and might be, it is too important to ignore. Dr. Menninger does not suggest that we disregard — in the spirit of Al Capp's

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AMERICAN CATHOLICS AND VIETNAM

by Thomas E. Quigley

These provocative essays strongly reject the position expressed by the late Cardinal Spellman that the Vietnam War represents "the cause of civilization and the cause of God." What the authors do believe, for example, is that—

"Leadership is never more seriously indicted than when leaders not only cannot lead the forces of history but cannot even follow them." — Daniel C. Maguire

"The form for conscientious objection is a theological disgrace." — Michael Novak

"The overwhelming picture presented by American Catholicism is of a passive, unprotesting, faintly chauvinistic herd . . ." — Daniel J. Callahan

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cartoon tirades against "understanding" in law enforcement — either criminal acts or the need to respond to them directly and forcefully. "The abolition of punishment does not mean the omission or curtailment of penalties; quite the contrary. Penalties should be greater and surer and quicker in coming. I favor stricter penalties for many offenses, and more swift and certain assessment of them." The element of punishment, Menninger goes on to say, "is an adventitious and indefensible *additional* penalty; it corrupts the legal principle of *quid pro quo* with a 'moral' surcharge."

At the heart of Menninger's attitude toward the public treatment of criminals is the assumption that criminal acts are rooted in emotional distress — "the spasms and struggles and convulsions of a submarginal human being trying to make it in our complex society with inadequate equipment and inadequate preparation."

And where there is emotional distress, it follows that there is psychiatric remedy, a proposition that is faithful to the most progressive strains of Western humanism, but enormously complicated, and expensive, when applied to the business of transforming social deviates into reliable and productive human beings. Dr. Menninger makes no effort to explore the problem in detail, and his book is both artlessly written and quite arbitrarily constructed.

The value of his indictment of traditional American penology lies in the polemical insistence of its governing thesis. It is an argument that, for all its careless lumping together of legal strictures, police procedures, political indifference, and public apathy, deserves to be considered by anyone who pretends to an interest in the universal potential — and elementary rights — of his fellow citizens.

Two other recent books that neatly counterpoint the thrust of Menninger's polemic are *Prison Within Society*, a reader in penology edited by Lawrence Hazelrigg; and *Casebook of a Crime Psychiatrist*, a mildly sensational and largely trivial memoir by a New York psychiatrist, who nonetheless offers a number of fascinating insights into the behavior of the "Boston Strangler" and other murderous celebrities.

The Hazelrigg reader is quite

clearly for an academic audience, but it is a remarkable collection of essays culled from professional journals that either directly or obliquely concern themselves with the social implications of prison society. Few of these essays have a trace of Dr. Menninger's polemical fire, but if they are less provocative they are a great deal more informative. As a professionally sophisticated package of what reliable data are available in a field that has not been very carefully examined by our more diligent social critics, it is timely, and for the moment, invaluable.

Dr. Brussel's book is quite smoothly written, in the breathless style of our successful crime reporters, and it tries, without marked success, to muffle the extraordinary ego of its author, who appears to have applied psychiatric techniques to the business of tracking down a number of notorious criminals, including New York's "Mad Bomber," Boston's "Strangler," and others.

If Dr. Brussel is unstinting in his own behalf, he is also lucid and persuasive in his arm's length examination of the psychiatric logic lurking just beneath the surface of criminal behavior. His explanation of the behavior of the Boston Strangler, both before and after Albert De Salvo was identified as a prime suspect in the case, provides a useful illustration of the Menninger thesis, even as it underlines the hazards of the Menninger approach.

The Writers

Melvin Maddocks is the literary editor of the *Christian Science Monitor*.

C. Michael Curtis is an editor of the *Atlantic*.

Clarence Brown is a professor of Slavic languages and literature at Princeton University.

Edward Weeks is former editor of the *Atlantic*. His most recent book is *Fresh Waters* (Atlantic-Little, Brown).

J. P. O'Donnell is a free-lance writer living in West Berlin.

Dan Wakefield's latest book is *Supernation at Peace and War*.

Herbert Kupferberg and Phoebe Adams are regular contributors.

The Pushkin Boom

by Clarence Brown

This is the twenty-fifth anniversary of an essay on Pushkin that Edmund Wilson published in the *Atlantic* at a time (December, 1943) when one normally began by saying that Pushkin was a Russian poet. The next year Vladimir Nabokov, who was not then so well known himself, brought out a little book of translations called *Three Russian Poets* (New Directions) and opened the biographical note on Pushkin with a brisk paraleipsis: "It seems unnecessary to remind the reader that Alexander Pushkin (1799-1837) was Russia's greatest poet but it may be preferable not to take any chances."

Comparison between the forties and the present warms the heart of a Russianist, for Pushkin, if only by hearsay, has begun to take his place with Goethe and Dante, and it would appear that a small Pushkin industry has sprung up among the scholars. The latter results no doubt from the general boom in Russian studies, but the former must owe a good deal to Nabokov's monumental edition of the central masterpiece, *Eugene Onegin*. Where do we stand now?

The best of these books, happily and naturally, is the one that gives us most of Pushkin—his letters. His natural language was Russian poetry—so natural, in fact, that once you've learned to hear him it seems as if the Olympians themselves must have spoken his Russian iambs—but it is customary to regard his prose as faintly stiff. Of his formal prose this may be occasionally true, but if it were said of his letters it would be preposterously wrong. We are much in the debt of J. T. Shaw for what is evidently a heroic accomplishment. He has translated with sensitivity and verve practically all the letters of one of the greatest epistolary artists who ever lived. I belong without apology to those who prefer the letters to the narrative prose—and on grounds of purely subjective human interest. Pushkin himself is a more absorbing and delightful human riddle than any character that he ever imagined, since, after all, his greatest imaginings are conveyed

in the form of Russian consonants and vowels: in the texture of his verse. And the letters transmit the man intact, if "intact" be taken to mean "with all his inconsistencies."

Pushkin's real life is welded together by one or two iron traits

The Letters of Alexander Pushkin

translated by J. Thomas Shaw
(Wisconsin, \$7.50)

The Complete Prose Tales of Alexandr Sergeyevitch Pushkin

translated by Gillon R. Aitken
(Norton, \$6.95)

Pushkin: A Biography

by David Magarshack
(Grove, \$7.50)

Pushkin: Death of a Poet

by Walter N. Vickery
(Indiana, \$5.75)

(dignity, an almost Samurai-like pride of ancestry and position, a gay disdain for the sloppy and the sentimental, an irreverence for conventional pieties, coupled with a profoundly Russian reverence for the simplest human decencies—the decencies that highbrows from Pushkin to Virginia Woolf have associated with the common people), but as an artist he was unendingly various. In his letters he was never less than an artist. There are stiff things, painful reading, to officials from the Czar on down upon whose beneficence the greatest poet of Russia depended from day to day for the right to publish and even to move about. There is also a good deal of graceful nonsense and a lot of Russian profanity, from much of which, unfortunately, the editor withdraws into a tepid "good taste."

Pushkin's imaginative prose, of which we now have the first complete English version, is in two senses a book of beginnings. The first sense is literal: the poet turned to prose "late" in life, was shot to death at age thirty-seven, and never finished such marvelously promising things as the novel *Dubrovsky* or *The History of the Village of Gorukhino*. The

second sense is dynastic: from Pushkin's prose, finished or unfinished, one can derive an astonishing amount of Gogol, Dostoevsky, and Tolstoy. The almost unbearable compression and tension of Dostoevsky, the very confinement of the human stew by the architecture of rooms with four walls and a low ceiling, can be sensed in *The Queen of Spades*. Among the myriad personages murdered by the bullet of d'Anthes that January day was a certain "little man," Ivan Petrovich Belkin, a deliciously pathetic and comic character with whom Pushkin's imagination had been toying. Thanks first to Gogol and then to Dostoevsky, he did not wholly die, and his progeny extended to Olesha and even to Osip Mandelstam. Gillon R. Aitken is not so familiar with Pushkin or with Russian as might have been wished, but his translation is honest and adequate.

Reviewing David Magarshack's biography in the London *Observer*, John Bayley, author of an eccentrically brilliant book on Tolstoy, concluded that Pushkin was apparently just not promising material: he had a dull life. That, I am afraid, is a conclusion justified by Magarshack's biography, but only by that (see the letters). One of the continuing oddities of Russian scholarship is the lack of any complete description of Pushkin's life. It is, however, likely that scholars are fazed more by the complexity of the job than by any risk of tedium. The fact is that Pushkin's life was only too full of the sort of external event that lends interest to biographies, and as for intricacies of the spirit, he offers a challenge that may be many things, but not boring. Magarshack's biography is a scissors-and-paste confection of translated excerpts, held together by a perfunctory "continuity," and it manages to be tiresome on a subject of intrinsic fascination.

In the two best known of his characters, the hero and heroine of his verse novel, *Eugene Onegin*, Pushkin left unexampled portraits of pride—not that this single trait obscures the intricacy of their natures. And it was his own pride that led to his downfall. After the standard lighthearted career of multiple amours and a good deal of derisory comment on the whole notion of marriage, Pushkin settled down, with some of the worst misgivings of

his life, to domestic existence with one woman, an enchanting and fickle beauty, Natalia Goncharova. His aristocratic pride humiliated by an enforced position as a minor figure at the Czar's court and his masculine pride outraged by evidence of his wife's attraction to others, or of theirs to her, Pushkin finally wrote a venomously insulting letter that was meant to evoke a challenge to a duel, and did. The whole squalid story of the court intrigues and the personal sordidness that led to one of the world's greatest literary geniuses being shot in the abdomen

and then dying a lingering death of two days' duration has been often recounted in the minutest possible detail, but never in English. Walter Vickery has had the happy notion of sifting through the whole mess again, step by step, and with all the precautions against being duped that common sense can provide. What he comes up with is inevitably not new, nor does he suggest that it is, but even familiar narratives acquire a certain novelty when they are purveyed with intelligence and a flair for highlighting the available drama.



The Peripatetic Reviewer

by Edward Weeks

I am sure it was the pride I took in the slender aquiline figure of Governor Woodrow Wilson, my pride in watching him review the National Guard at their summer encampment at Sea Girt, New Jersey, and of being able to shake his hand and have a glass of iced lemonade at the reception afterward, that turned me from a Republican by inheritance to a sentimental Democrat long before I was old enough to vote. As a member of the AEF, I shared in the soaring hope for President Wilson when he went to Paris, and I was still a believer in the League of Nations when the time came to register my first vote in the election of 1920. To me Harding, with his talk of "a return to normalcy," was a sad comedown.

The Shadow of Blooming Grove by Francis Russell is a knowledgeable, candid, sympathetic, but not un-

critical biography of Warren G. Harding, the least respected of our Presidents. One learns from the preface that the publication has been delayed for four years because of a restraining order issued by an Ohio judge on a motion by Harding's nephew forbidding "temporarily" the publication of Harding's letters to Carrie Phillips, the love of his life. Though the blank spaces peppered with dots show where the letters were to have been quoted, it is a pity not to have them, for their pathos might have revealed a tenderness in Harding's mind which is nowhere apparent in his relations with the "Duchess," as he called his virago of a wife, and his long affair with Carrie, begun in the euphoria of his first political success, is a very human offset to his servile compliance with the political bosses of Ohio.

To familiarize us with this naïve and handsome man the biographer literally steeps the reader in the home economics and political chicanery of small-town Ohio, and in the process one learns much that is surprising. His father was a borrower and a blunderer; the boy had to pull himself up by his own bootstraps and cover the elder's debts thereafter. All his life Warren was to be haunted by the legend that the Hardings had Negro blood: "You Hardings are part nigger" was the taunt flung at him in the schoolyard and repeated just as meanly by his father-in-law years later. It left Warren with a permanent scar of insecurity and the need to demonstrate his right to belong; it helps to explain his innate conservatism.

Books meant little to the boy, but he had a gift for oratory; Napoleon and Alexander Hamilton were his heroes, and from Gertrude Atherton's novel about Hamilton, *The Conqueror*, he distilled a set speech which he was to deliver on the Chautauqua circuit summer after summer. As a young man he showed his competence in journalism and at the poker table, rising from a printer's devil to be the editor and owner of the *Marion Star*, from which he was to net a dependable \$20,000 annually. "Over the years," says his biographer, "harmonizing became his favorite expression — as verb, adjective, or noun." As Harding threaded his way up from the murky depths of Ohio politics, he became known as a compromiser, loyal to his Republican bosses, Hanna, Foraker, and Cox, conciliatory toward his Democratic rivals, everyone's second choice when bitterness made a better man unavailable.

The politics in this book are sometimes tawdry and often laborious, and they go deep; I think Mr. Russell interprets them fairly, and certainly they make a telling disclosure of Harding's timidity and lack of concern. Thus in his first term in the Senate he was absent on roll calls 43 percent of the time, particularly on any bill that might antagonize voters; women's suffrage and Prohibition were the two issues that plagued him most, and on both he straddled. His ignorance about foreign affairs was appalling. Wheeling and dealing, this Roman head, with its purple rhetoric, continued

to gain prestige within the party; and behind that poised, affable exterior were the blood taunt, the fear of debts, the rejection by the Masonic Lodge, the sterility at home, the love life with Carrie and later with the adoring Nan Britton, the nervous breakdowns that took him five times to the Battle Creek Sanatorium, and the sense of his own inadequacy which constantly overwhelmed him. President Taft and TR when old praised him for his loyalty; Alice Longworth called him "a slob." The final question which this unblinking, comprehensive book poses is: Can the political bosses in our democracy be trusted if this is the kind of man they choose?

With the national election behind us and Vietnam cooling down, it is very diverting to take up a novel as charming, as quietly perceptive, and as free from violence as *Honey* by Miss Elizabeth Jenkins.

The Shadow at Blooming Grove
Warren G. Harding in His Times
by Francis Russell
(McGraw-Hill, \$12.50)

Honey
by Elizabeth Jenkins
(Coward-McCann, \$4.95)

A Small Town in Germany
by John le Carré
(Coward-McCann, \$6.95)

1913: An End and a Beginning
by Virginia Cowles
(Harper & Row, \$10.95)

Honey Harper, who gives her name to the title, is a ravishing English siren, full-breasted and broad-hipped, with a slender waist and graceful legs. "Honey," writes Miss Jenkins, "had always been a beautiful child, but from the time she was fifteen it was clear that she had not only beauty, but the kind of beauty that makes men ready to put down hard cash." She had been completely amoral, taking new lovers and other women's husbands as they caught her fancy, building up "a basic wardrobe, jewellery, fitted suitcases," and moving from honey pot to honey pot without a trace of regret.

She never succeeds in marrying the millionaire plus, whose alimony when she had tired of him would give her the security her greedy

mother yearns for, but her first husband is comfortably well off, and after she ditches him, she finds in Roland Ismay, aged thirty-six, a good-natured, sensual, successful writer of television scripts, a husband who will permit her any number of brief infidelities so long as she is obligingly available for his unquenchable adoration. Roly, who has had his ups and downs and who is as casual in money matters as Honey is in sex, has had a son by his first marriage, Brian Ismay, who is tall, handsome, and an unspoiled schoolboy at sixteen. When Brian's mother dies of cancer his trustees think it natural to foist him on his father, with a fat allowance to sweeten the deal. And here the story begins.

Honey has been aware for some time that her charms are no longer attracting young men as they once did, and the thought of having an unawakened Brian under her own roof is a delicious temptation. But Brian, reserved, absorbed in his books, half in love with a girl of his own age, and hating at first sight every vestige of his stepmother's ménage, is no pushover. The duel between them is fascinating to watch, and it is given credence by the very human portraits of Brian's schoolteachers, who have high hopes for the talented boy, and by the Cresswell family, whose son Budge is Brian's closest friend and whose home is Brian's sanctuary when he becomes desperate. Miss Jenkins writes with poise and style; she knows human nature, and she realizes that even an untrustworthy character like Roly can be moved by momentary generosity. The supporting characters, Charles and Pamela Cresswell; Magda Frostwick, the magazine writer; Brian's two teachers, Mr. Harvey and Mr. Watkins; and Budge, who shares so loyally Brian's sense of outrage — the reaction of all these people to the central duel builds up the reader's interest. This is good reading and believable.

John le Carré, who made his auspicious debut with *The Spy Who Came in From the Cold*, is a Britisher who, like Geoffrey Household, is a specialist in manhunts and detection. "About five hundred years ago," he writes in the preface, "I served in the British Embassy in Bonn. In those days it had no Glory Hole and

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its standards of security were impeccable." Mr. le Carré's new novel, *A Small Town in Germany*, is laid in the Bonn which he remembers so vividly, and his concern is with the embassy when the mission from top to bottom was distraught and its security anything but vigilant. At the time of which he writes Europe was in flux and Germany an uproar over the demonstrations led by a neo-Fascist named Karfeld. For reasons of economy the Rhine Army had been recalled; Britain's entry into the Common Market was trembling in the balance, and its stable relations with West Germany were of utmost importance. Tense and preoccupied as they were, the British mission at Bonn dropped their guard, permitting Leo Harting, a utility man with a shady past, to insinuate himself into the archives to clean up the jobs which no one else had time for.

When Harting disappears, taking with him a clean sweep of high security papers, it is more than a disgrace; the file would be much to the liking of the Russians and devastating if it fell into the hands of the German government. Alan Turner, the bloodhound sent out by the Foreign Office in London, is implacable. The diplomats, for a variety of reasons, dread his presence, and the lower ranks, some of them, were fond of the missing man and try to cover up for him. Turner is the kingpin of the story; he had been in Europe before on such quests as this; he is a member of the new classless society, and his shrewd, ruthless questioning makes no allowance for rank or sensitivity; the more exhausted members of the staff resent his pressure even as they respond to it, and those who have things to cover up are led to commit themselves in devious ways. It is Mr. le Carré's familiarity with the working of a foreign embassy, its curious mixture of intimacy and protocol, and of course in this case its essential Britishness, that gives such flavor to this book and to his portraits of the many types involved.

Virginia Cowles's *1913: An End and a Beginning* is a lively chronicle of that lustrous year when Western man was striding so confidently toward the brink of a crevasse he did not see. In prose which is a pleasant blend of reminiscence, description, and evaluation, she gives us a pic-

ture of each of the seven capitals of the world beginning with London, the "gaiest, richest, and largest" — and, I might add, the most self-assured, since its empire controlled a quarter of the earth's people, and it was at once the banking and literary center. Each chapter is illustrated with contemporary photographs, and those on London quite naturally accentuate the supremacy of its aristocracy, its statesmen, and its theater. There are many surprising pieces in Miss Cowles's mosaic, as for instance her description of the New Year's celebration at the London Waldorf: "Father Time wheeled in a submarine marked 1913 which began to bombard an old ship marked 1912. The ship sank as the clock struck twelve" — as British ships would be sinking in the near future.

With her spotlight Miss Cowles illuminates the behavior of the poli-

ticians, the power of the rich, the antics of society, and the glory of the theater and ballet; she has more to say about painting than about literature, and moderately little about the forces for reform which were gathering strength below the surface, and not only in St. Petersburg. By her measurement then, Vienna was archaic, stratified, corrupt, and dull; Berlin, aggressive, militaristic, thirsting for the hunt and perhaps bigger game; Paris, defiant, artistic, overemotional; Rome, "the Cinderella of Europe," to be courted and patronized by wealthy foreigners; St. Petersburg, isolated, blindly selfish, and unaware; and New York, ostentatious, jazzy, and money-minded. The vulgarity and snobbishness of those two leaders of the New York-Newport society, Mrs. Cornelius Vanderbilt and Mrs. Stuyvesant Fish, are hard to believe.

THEATER

The Ghost of Brecht

by J. P. O'Donnell

Bertolt Brecht was always in love with the Theater am Schiffbauerdamm, home of the Berliner Ensemble. It is more than a hundred years old, and has an odd, lozenge-shaped tower. Inside, there is an air of seedy elegance and period-piece antiquity, echoes of a gilded German age when Prussian subalterns fondled their mistresses in the loges. Or of those days, long ago, when the Kaiser announced that Germany was heading for wonderful times. It was here in still another vanished age, 1928, that the young Bert Brecht and Kurt Weill had their great critical and box-office hit, *The Threepenny Opera*. Weill's wife, Lotte Lenya, sang Jenny.

Five years later, a man with the ethical slant of Mac the Knife — "First comes the grub, and then morality" — became Chancellor of Germany. The day after the Reichstag went up in flames, Bertolt Brecht packed his bags and began his melancholy world trek — from Berlin to Prague, to Paris, Denmark, Sweden, Finland, across the Soviet Union to

Manila, on to Los Angeles, to New York, to Switzerland, arriving back in Berlin again in 1949. In his trunk was the microfilm of more than a dozen plays of which the world still knew little, or nothing.

When Brecht, after some hesitation, opted for East Berlin, there was loud chagrin among his admirers in the Western world, admirers who made the mistake of taking Brecht's political pot of message less seriously than the poet himself did. And there was general bemusement about the slyboots way he did it, like a cat measuring a cranny with his whiskers. Before he entered East Berlin to stay for good, in 1949, Brecht hedged the move artfully. He was using American-issued travel documents with a Czech visa. He had a Swiss bank account, a West German publisher, and soon wangled an Austrian passport. In dealing with the authorities, West or East, Brecht had become as canny as the Czech Good Soldier Schweik, one of his favorite "non-heroes."

Berlin was the place for Brecht. For all that the scenes of his more than thirty plays are invariably set in outlandish, faraway places — Kiplingesque Kilkoa, Benares, Burma Bar and Mandalay, Chicago, and the Klondike and the Caucasus, this is illusion. Berlin was his Globe Theater, and all the world was a Berlin stage. The electric ambience, the exhilarating, if slightly sinister, atmosphere, of a good Brecht play is Berlin air. It smells of asphalt, wet pine trees, and bread that has been baked in the dark. Like Brecht's tarts, it is the city with a golden heart and an iron snout.

When he was only fifty-eight, in August, 1956, Bertolt Brecht died in Berlin. Those last years, spent furiously producing plays he had long before written, he lived in a pleasant in-town flat at 125 Chaussee Strasse, just a few minutes up the Friedrichstrasse from his theater. It is less than a block away from what has since become the Berlin Wall. Just across the street, at number 126, is the Dorotheen Cemetery, a seventeenth-century Huguenot burial ground, long closed. From the second-story window Brecht could look out at the tombstone of the philosopher Hegel, a fellow South German. And often did.

Hegel, the professor's professor, enthralled Brecht — not only because Hegel had written so much about theater, and the cosmic spirit of history, but because he was the true father of modern dialectics. Hegel, a profound Greek scholar, got the idea from Heraclitus — "Struggle is the father of all things" — and built a whole philosophy of history on the dynamic confrontation of opposites. Hegel portrayed, in prose on horseback, a series of cosmic clashes, the eternal spectacle of ideas wrestling to catch the imagination of the world. Today Brecht lies buried in the plot next to Hegel's, in a steel casket. Last spring two owls were nesting there, Minerva's birds of wisdom, and Hegel's too, because "they first fly in the twilight of a civilization."

Karl Marx, although he was churlish about admitting it, also got his inspiration from Hegel, the great mover and shaker of German thought. Brecht, in his mature years, was working his way back through Marx to Hegel. What so obviously fascinated the playwright in Brecht was the drama of Hegel's philosophy.

Hegel, like Brecht, delighted in the cunning tricks of reason, in ambivalence and contradiction, in the heady proposition that the opposite of a truth may not be a falsehood, but another truth. Hegel extolled the power of negative thinking. Brecht put it more simply: "Doubt moves mountains."

Perhaps this is why many critics in the West have been baffled or bamboozled by Brecht, and put off by his brazen raising of the red flag, even in a play about Saint Joan. Blasphemous, yes; illogical, no. Brecht, the boy from Augsburg, whose "pregnant mother brought me from the black forests," was a prodigal son of the West. He was greatly given to making faces in church, other peoples' churches. There is more than a touch in him of the American village atheist secretly reading the Bible in an out-house.

Like the blue young men in the painting of his friend Picasso, Brecht taught himself to look at the world with two left eyes. This discipline heightened his vision in some directions, but blinded him in many others. His Marxism took him on silly sorties into sophomore economics — "What is the difference, really, between founding a bank and robbing one?" This nonsense mars several of the didactic plays that he wrote while holding a wooden hammer in his left hand.

But when the Hegelian mood takes over, Brecht's poetic insights have the cutting quality of a diamond. Here lies the exciting contradiction of his whole career. His eclecticism gets him a hearing in the West, whereas the Communist East long viewed, and still views, Brecht and his works with glowering suspicion. Brecht loved to play the subversive, whether in Hollywood or East Berlin. While directing, he would sit in his leather chair, in front of the stage, telling his actors and disciples, "We should use the tool of Marxism not to prove that we are right, but to find out *if* we are."

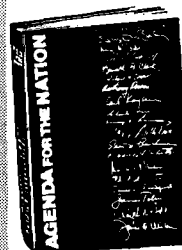
Brecht the poet loved masks, and always had a Japanese one hanging on his study wall. One thinks of W. B. Yeats here, and his belief that all poets wear masks; his own was a curious delight in astrological lore. Yeats's Byzantium symbolism, derived from astrology, gave his lyrics a special tone of authority. For the Frenchman Paul Claudel, the mask

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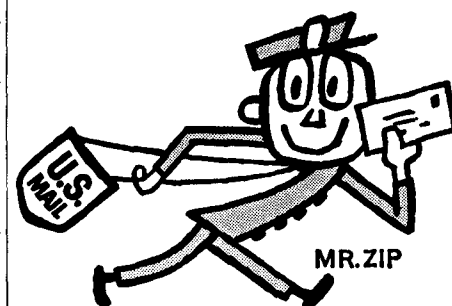


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was conversion to Catholicism. Brecht, who resembles Yeats in one way and Claudel in another, had the gift of tongues, but he needed a corset for his intellect. Hence, the hard-nosed mask of Marxism.

But often the voice emerging from behind the mask is not Brecht the dramatist, but Brecht the lyric poet, asking himself trap-door questions:

And yet we know
Even hatred of meanness distorts the
visage.
Wrath at injustice
Makes the voice hoarse. Alas, we
Who wished to prepare the ground for
friendliness,
Could not ourselves be friendly.

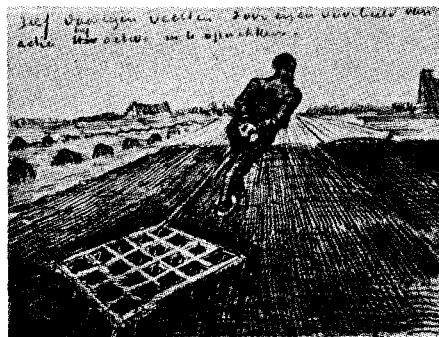
Out of this constant struggle with himself he made great poetry and ennobled the German language. Today his reputation as poet, as dramatist, as theater man has gone into world orbit. And yet too often in the West, even in West Germany, one of Brecht's fears seems coming true. He is being "theatered down," played as a conventional classic like Schiller, reduced to what he himself derided as "culinary theater." For to ignore Brecht's politics is to leave the vermouth out of the martini.

At the same time, all over the Communist East, the official culture-vultures, who never trusted the living Brecht, are now slowly converting him into a pillar saint of the established orthodoxy. As Brecht also feared: "And even after my death, there must remain some prospects for bugging the authorities."

Bertolt Brecht was born in February, that most Brechtian of months. Last year, on what would have been his seventieth birthday, his Berliner Ensemble troupe put on an eight-day "Brecht Dialogue" — discussions all day, and theater and opera in the evening. Only a special elite were invited to the panel discussions, "progressive critics from progressive journals." The critic from the *Neue Züricher Zeitung* went back to Switzerland. It was only later that Westerners present surmised that, even in February, the East German Communists had compelling reasons for not wanting other Eastern Europeans, above all Czechs and Poles, mixing Brechtian cocktails in public.

And anyway, the plays turned out to be the thing. The Ensemble did seven Brecht pieces — *Man Is Man*, *The Preventable Rise of Arturo Ui*; *The Brass Purchase*; *The Bread Shop*; *Days of the Commune*; *The Yes-Sayer* and the

No-Sayer; *The Exception and the Rule*; plus Brecht's adaptations of Shakespeare's *Coriolanus* and Gorky's *Mother*. What was to have been the premiere of *St. Joan of the Stockyards* was canceled at the last minute. The leading lady, Brecht's daughter Hanna Hiob, fell ill. (The play, in rehearsal a full year, finally opened in June.) In addition, the Staatsoper, on nearby Unter den Linden, sang *Herr Puntilla and His Servant Matti*, *Lucullus*, *Mahagonny*, and the *Seven Deadly Sins*. In Potsdam, an outskirt of Berlin, the local company did *The Caucasian Chalk Circle*. And finally, up from Weimar, the National



Theater Company put on *Galileo Galilei* and Brecht's adaptation of Marlowe's *Edward II*.

This is more Brecht in a week than most theater towns have seen in a decade. Real Brecht buffs based in New York, and other cities, have probably already spotted one serious criticism that can be made of the Berliner Ensemble — a fault perhaps inherent in all repertory. Like Shakespearean companies that are always doing *Timon of Athens* and *Cymbeline*, at the expense of *Lear* and *Othello*, the ten to twelve Brecht masterpieces are slowly yielding to his bottom-of-the-drawer stuff, which can be stretched to thirty theater evenings.

Back in the mid-1950s, the British critic Kenneth Tynan called this Berliner Ensemble the most exciting theater in the world. He was not alone in his hyperbole. For Brecht was still alive, directing, writing (or rather rewriting), changing, experimenting, theorizing, and giving off sparks of genius with the flick of his cigar. He was Mr. Epic Theater himself, and the inspirer of it in others. The German poet had his cantankerous moments, but perhaps the finest thing one can report about Brecht the man is the love and devotion he inspired in friends and co-workers. Since his death, at least

half of the Ensemble have defected to the West.

Thus, when one enters the Theater am Schiffbauerdamm today, one detects a certain musty odor of incense and too much cult paraphernalia — dusty playbills of old triumphs, photo model books, postcards of casts, a bust of B.B., even miniature sets on the spiral staircase. For a nickel or a dime you can buy all back programs of the last nineteen years. (Brecht had many common-sense ticks about theater, and one of them was that a program should be cheap, well written, informative, something to reread when you get home. They are the best buys in all of East Berlin.) Over the coffee counter in the foyer, there is a map of the Ensemble's many journeys, east and west, to London and Moscow, Paris and Milan. In this house, Brecht has been succeeded as "leader of the collective" by his widow, the actress Helene Weigel, who presides like a Communist Clytemnestra. La Weigel was always more of a red-hot party-liner than Brecht. One hears murmurs, backstage, that there is something to be said for the old Hindu custom of suttee.

Still in all, once one has reached those cozy seats, under a ceiling full of alabaster tritons and dolphins, muses and cupids, Apollos and caryatids, the expectant atmosphere of the good old days returns. The choice front boxes are always empty, reserved for an eleven-piece jazz band, and for the appearance of actors. Klieg lights poke out from every elevated spot. Brecht insisted they be visible, and that his stage be bathed in light like a prize ring. German fire law requires that every theater have an iron curtain. And so there is one, with Picasso's murderous dove.

But when this goes up it reveals the now classic Brecht curtain, of white burlap-like linen, pulled by hand over a steel wire on curtain rings, "light fluttering." Lantern slide subtitles will be flashed on this curtain, songs sung before it. It is only seven feet high, so that the audience will see all the shifts and mechanics of the stage, the "work being done." Gimmickry? Not really. Rather, the studied efforts of a great playwright to destroy bogus illusion, dubious naturalism, and a too intense identification of the actor with his role. Brecht was simply bringing back to the modern stage

what the Greek choruses knew, what the Elizabethans practiced, and indeed what the circus does. He turned his actors back toward the audience and thus abolished the "fourth wall" of Stanislavsky and the slice-of-life Method madmen. From faraway Stratford, one hears the applauding murmur of the master. (Brecht, with unusual reverence, always called Shakespeare "William." And he had really read Hamlet's speech to the players.)

What's Hecuba to him or he to Hecuba? Brecht taught his actors, sometimes against mulish resistance, to "distance" themselves from their roles, to comment on the character by voice, asides, and gesture, to "act in quotation marks." Although whole volumes have been written about it (including seven by B.B. himself), this is all the famous "V-Effect" really means. And all that Berlin epic theater is. Epic in the sense of narrative, episodic, non-climactic, always taking place in the past. Brecht wanted the audience to see familiar things in this "new light." And it was the audience Brecht was really after.

Did he succeed? Yes and no. No theater lover who has ever watched the Ensemble perform can deny that it has created exhilarating new

drama. The real argument begins with Brecht's anti-empathy and anti-hero leanings. He set out to kill Aristotelian "empathy" in order to make people think in the theater — "I don't write for slobs who want me to warm the cockles of their hearts." Brecht wanted to make people think in the theater — here he is close to Shaw — because he then wanted them to go out and help "change the world." In a good Brecht play, the propagandist is often wrestling with the poet. The delightful, Hegelian paradox is that the poet, who controls the undertones and dramatic asides, invariably wins. Brecht's nonheroes — Mother Courage, Grusche in the *Chalk Circle*, Shen Te in *The Good Woman of Setzuan* — most surely do evoke empathy in the audience. But if Brecht failed here, right in his own theater, what fine failure.

As part of the drive for recognition of their state in the West, the Communist rulers of East Berlin still subsidize the Berliner Ensemble to the tune of one million dollars a year. And they are happier when it is on tour in the West. Let the Brecht mood spread to Eastern Europe, or filter back to the East German provinces, and this theater could close — and before the break of dawn.

MUSIC

Miss Verrett Joins the Ball Game

by Herbert Kupferberg

The first time that Jackie Robinson, the pioneer Negro baseball player in the major leagues, was ejected from a game by an umpire, one of his teammates on the Brooklyn Dodgers reportedly explained: "It had nothing to do with race. Robinson was simply establishing his rights as a ball player."

Much the same attitude seemed to prevail at the Metropolitan Opera House early this season when Shirley Verrett, making her debut as Carmen, had an argument with the tenor. For a soprano — even a mezzo-soprano — to quarrel with a tenor is considered standard operatic procedure. So if the argument proved anything at all, it was that

Negro singers are here to stay in opera, temperament and all.

It was, evidently, a pretty good tiff while it lasted. Miss Verrett is a singer with her own ideas of stage interpretation, and she decided to add an improvement to the Metropolitan's current *Carmen*, which could certainly stand a few. At the final dress rehearsal before her Saturday night debut, she discovered she disliked a stage direction which called on her to remain on the ground after Don José has thrown her down in their Act III quarrel. So after a moment or two she arose, and when Jon Vickers turned to sing something to her, she wasn't there. Vickers promptly stopped and told

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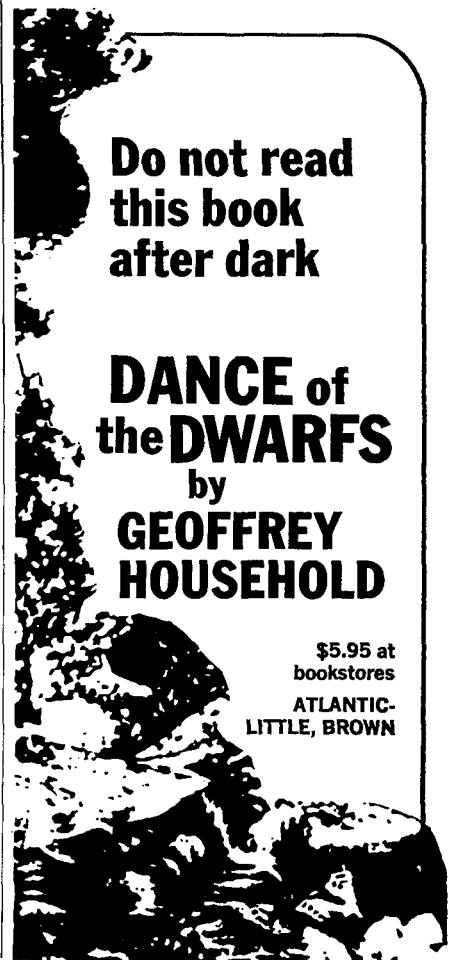


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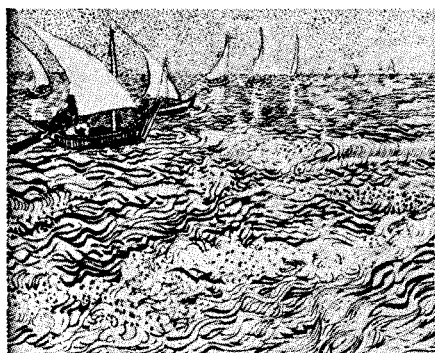
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her: "If you start improvising now, I'll start improvising Saturday." Talking about it afterward, Miss Verrett said: "I could have answered back, but I thought, 'Shirley, be a lady. Keep quiet. After all, it's his scene.' Then later Mr. Bing came backstage and asked me, since it was in the original staging of the production, if I could please stay on the floor. So I stayed on the floor."

Shirley Verrett is conscious of being a leading member of the second wave of Negro singers at the Met, the generation that is there to stay. The first wave extended from Marian Anderson, who came there well after her prime as a kind of symbolic figure, to Leontyne Price, who arrived in her full glory and really established the Negro as a prima donna. Anderson opened the door, Price removed the hinges; it will never be shut again. "We don't have to walk on tippy-toe anymore" is the way Miss Verrett puts it. In recent years, for example, she has been accompanied at her



solo recitals by Warren Wilson, a highly skilled young Negro pianist. "For a long time," she says, "people wouldn't accept two Negroes on the recital stage. Now they do."

Verrett, a beautiful woman in her early thirties, has taken her time about going to the Met. In 1961, when she graduated from Juilliard, she was offered a contract by Rudolf Bing, but the roles proposed for her, while not unimportant, were less than top-level. She wanted Carmen, and tuned up for the Met by singing it all over the world.

To cap the story, of course, the Metropolitan appearance should have been a triumphal debut, with a tremendous ovation, critical raves, and creation of an instant celebrity. Actually, it didn't quite happen like that. The Verrett Carmen was a success, but a modest one. The

notices were favorable but not ecstatic. The audience applauded, but not hysterically. The general feeling seemed to be that her Carmen had been intelligent but restrained, apparently constricted by the awkward Met production.

Talking about it afterward in the apartment on New York's Riverside Drive in which she lives with her artist-husband Lou LoMonaco, Miss Verrett herself seemed satisfied but not complacent. "On the whole I thought it went well," she said. "There were very intelligent criticisms in the reviews. I'm glad they emphasized my potential in the role. In that kind of production it would have been easy to have fallen completely flat."

Even the Met management is tacitly acknowledging the failings of the controversial Jean-Louis Barrault production by withdrawing it from the repertory next season after only two years. The staging is cluttered and congested, with a semicircular bullring that remains in place throughout the opera, even in scenes where no bullring is called for. "I know if I ever sing in it again certain changes will have to be made," says Miss Verrett. Besides spending part of Act III flat on the floor, she objects to being made to dance atop a small table which affords little room for movement, and to lie on her back atop the same table during Don José's Flower Song. At least in this scene she managed to make a slight change: the original direction called on her to spread her legs apart as he sang to her.

Miss Verrett is the possessor of a mezzo voice that is unusually light in weight and flexible in character. Far from being a female-baritone type of Carmen, she brings a brightness and lightness to the role that help make her more of a seductress and less of a virago. Hers is a thinking man's Carmen, although that raises the question of whether Carmen isn't the type of part that needs more feeling than thought.

For sheer musical intelligence and intellectual curiosity, Miss Verrett is one of the most remarkable singers around. Her versatility enables her to sing lieder and oratorios as well as opera; in fact, she has no intention of limiting her career to the operatic stage. "I began by singing recitals, and I'm going to

keep on," she says. "They are good discipline. I like standing on a stage all alone; it's a challenge. I get tired of singing the same thing over and over again. That's why I could never sing in a Broadway show. Getting new things to do recharges me; I'm always looking for something else."

Miss Verrett started singing when she was five and a half years old in a Seventh-Day Adventist Church in New Orleans, where her father was a building contractor. Her family moved to Los Angeles when she was still a child, and she went to school there. At Ventura Junior College she studied business administration. "My father always wanted me to sing," she explains, "but he didn't see why I couldn't be a great singer and a C.P.A. at the same time." In the 1950s she got a realtor's license and opened up a real estate office in Los Angeles. She didn't sell many houses, but she did learn how a contract should be written, a useful bit of knowledge which is not taught in conservatories.

All along, she kept singing, first in junior college, and later taking full-fledged voice lessons on the outside. Eventually she worked up to the eminence of a television appearance on Arthur Godfrey's Talent Scouts singing an aria from *Samson et Dalila*; after that it was on to New York and Juilliard. By the time of her graduation in 1961, she had already made a Town Hall debut, sung with the New York City Opera, appeared at the Antioch College Festival, and collected substantial sums of money by winning a series of musical competitions. In 1960 when Leopold Stokowski returned to the Philadelphia Orchestra after an absence of nineteen years, he asked Miss Verrett to sing in de Falla's *El Amor Brujo*. She did so successfully, but resolved not to sing it again. "It was too gypsy," she says. "I didn't want to get classified as a specialist in *cante jondo*."

Not being classified as *anything* seems to be one of Miss Verrett's objectives. She has sung music as varied as Rossini's *Le Comte Ory*, Schoenberg's *Gurre-Lieder*, Brahms's *Alto Rhapsody*, Weill's *Lost in the Stars*, Verdi's *Aïda*, Stravinsky's *Oedipus Rex*, Beethoven's Ninth, and Hugo Weisgall's *Athalia*. Her RCA Victor records include opera, Spanish songs, and an album entitled "Singin' in the Storm," which is

devoted to folk and protest songs. Her newest release, *Verrett in Opera* (LSC-3045), gives as good a demonstration as any of her capacities; it includes arias by Gluck, Donizetti, Berlioz, and Massenet, and everything is sung with her characteristic luminous quality.

This season Miss Verrett's schedule is as active and varied as any she has had. When I talked to her she had stacked on her piano the scores of Chausson's *Poème de l'amour et de la mer*, which she was preparing for the Turin Radio, Mendelssohn's *Elijah* for a Philadelphia Orchestra performance and recording, Berlioz's *Les Troyens* for a Rome broadcast, and Bellini's *Norma* for a Dallas Civic Opera revival with Elena Suliotis in the title role and herself as Adalgisa. She spends three to five hours a day working, including an hour and a half of vocalizing; also, she said, she's thinking of taking piano lessons on the side, although she already plays decently enough to accompany herself.

About Miss Verrett's capacity to

work or ability to achieve there never has been any doubt. But there are those who think that her versatility, as well as being an asset, is something of a liability; that it prevents her from exerting real dominance in any one branch of music. "She has to learn how to focus her career rather than just extending it" is the way one recording executive puts it.

Still, with her Met debut safely behind her, with plenty of operatic offers abroad, with her recital and recording schedule as busy as she could wish, with discerning conductors and audiences increasingly appreciative of her ability to master the new and the unfamiliar as well as the tried and tested, Shirley Verrett finds no difficulty in "getting new things to do." She could, if she wished, play it safe, settle down, plunge deeper into opera, become the Carmen of the generation. That would be one way of making it big, and there are those who think she should try it. But then she wouldn't be Shirley Verrett.

MOVIES

Cartoon Empires

by Dan Wakefield

The program notes for Tony Richardson's new version of *The Charge of the Light Brigade* explain that "four previous productions of this epic and disastrous chapter of British history have entertained audiences in their own way, but, from the historians' point of view, they have all been totally inaccurate."

That's pretty damned inaccurate; did they really manage to get *everything* wrong? No matter, don't despair: "Who better then to right this state of affairs than Tony Richardson?" ask his publicists after describing him as "a seeker after realism and truth." How does he meet this new challenge that others have botched in the past? Easy. "By simply telling the truth, Richardson has been able to show the disaster for what it really was. With the facade of pomp and pageantry ripped away, we are left with the

fascinating story of the *real* charge of the Light Brigade."

But what we are really left with is a full-color caricature version of history, a debunking job with all the subtlety of collegiate lampoon, and, ironically, a muddled ending that leaves the viewer in complete confusion about what in fact happened, and who was responsible for sending the Brigade charging into the wrong valley.

The definitive comment on the charge itself was delivered by a French military observer who said "*C'est magnifique, mais ce n'est pas la guerre.*" One might aptly paraphrase that comment to say of Richardson's film, "It's magnificent, but it's not a movie." Magnificence is there all right, in dazzling color photography of the re-created splendor of the upper-class life of Victorian England — a wedding on a lush green manor lawn, a champagne party of celebra-

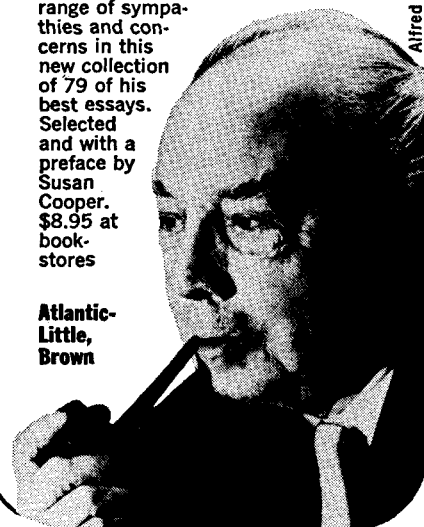
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tion, an elegant formal ball. These scenes are like a series of animated paintings of the period, bringing to life the healthiest, most apple-cheeked, fine-boned Anglo-Saxon maids and lads you have ever seen, splendidly outfitted and set against beautiful backgrounds rich with rolling meadows, limpid streams, and stately houses. Faithful to his code of "realism and truth," however, Richardson cuts from these idyllic landscapes to the squalor of lower-class London, and contrasts the cramped quarters of the troops with

The Charge of the Light Brigade
directed by Tony Richardson
(United Artists)

Great Catherine
directed by Gordon Flemyng
(Warner Brothers-Seven Arts)

Yellow Submarine
directed by George Dunning
(United Artists)

the splendor of the officers' table. It is the most self-conscious sort of social consciousness, like one of those New York *Post* exposés with italicized paragraphs describing the despair of the ghetto.

Vanessa Redgrave is radiant as a young bride, but her unconvincing love story trails off into nothing at all, and is totally irrelevant to the plot and certainly to "historical accuracy." David Hemmings as the young Captain Nolan is more dashing than an Olympic sprinter; John Gielgud plays Lord Raglan, commander of the British forces, as a befuddled boob who wouldn't know when to come in out of the rain, much less how to transport an army to the Crimea; Trevor Howard makes Lord Cardigan, the Light Brigade commander, a one-dimensional cardboard caricature of a snob martinet. No matter how inept and wrongheaded these men may have really been, the caricatures of them in the movie are so overdone as to be unbelievable, and unsuited for any style except farce; Richardson might as well have gone all the way and armed the Light Brigade with banana cream pies to hurl at the enemy. But the movie jumps from farce to forced realism, and after the addled, low-comedy deliberations of the commanders, we get a battle scene of great "realistic" blood and gore, reeking with the

profound and original message that War is Hell.

The film is interspersed with political cartoons done in the style of the period, with standard symbols of the Great Powers of the day moving into animation to illustrate the general political background of the conflict. Actually, the whole movie, though unintentionally, is one long cartoon, but one that is confusingly inconsistent in style, as if frames from "Li'l Abner" were mixed in with "Prince Valiant." The grand pretensions about "truth and realism" seem mainly to be based on the naïve notion that any debunking of historical legend is a form of "honesty."

Debunking can be fine, and fun, too, when done with a sharp and intelligent style, but in this effort Mr. Richardson does it with all the grace and discrimination of a naughty boy wielding a sledgehammer.

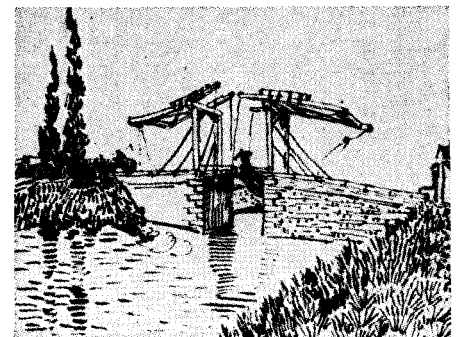
There is thankfully no evidence that Peter O'Toole had any pretensions of portraying the "truth" about another nineteenth-century empire in his production of *Great Catherine* (based on a one-act play by Shaw), but the movie shares some of the same boring attitudes toward dealing with history as does the *Light Brigade*: it is condescending, campy, farcical, and presented on a spectacle scale that fails to cover up the general silliness of the whole thing. Peter O'Toole is the English un-hero who bumbles into the court of Catherine as a handsome young captain, creating a classic cartoon figure of the stage Englishman — stuffy, inhibited, rigid, and as terrified as a silly schoolboy by the Empress' attempts to seduce him.

Part of what must have been intended as the humor of the situation was O'Toole's cliché Englishman set against the cliché Russian of Zero Mostel playing Potemkin like a roaring-drunk funny-paper version of the Father Karamazov. The one saving grace of the film is Jeanne Moreau as Catherine, for she brings real wit and style to the part of the bored and horny Empress. As in *Jules and Jim*, she knows how to be feminine and funny, bitchy and shrewd, all in a way that is believable.

Some critic recently complained that Miss Moreau looked old and haggard in *The Bride Wore Black*, and if that is true, then she certainly

revived for the role of Catherine, for she is as unconventionally striking and uniquely sexy as ever. She never was anything so bland as "pretty," but she was and still is a real dish of a woman.

While their middle-aged countrymen are hung up on trying to put down nineteenth-century empires, the Beatles are delighting in the new international empire they have created for themselves and the world — an empire of the imagination, lit with bright colors, filled with original, memorable music, and inhabited by such now familiar characters (more familiar than any characters created in conventional contemporary fiction) as Sergeant Pepper, Eleanor Rigby, the Nowhere Man, and Lady Madonna. They have succeeded in putting at least a part of that empire on film in a beautifully animated cartoon odyssey called *Yellow Submarine*. It is a colorful fantasy starring cartoon representations of John, Paul, Ringo, and George, conquering with their music the evil "Blue Meanies," after a casual, comic odyssey through psychedelic seas and times. The relaxed, wry "story" provides an excuse for presenting some of the favorite Beatle songs in animated color, with some spectacularly beautiful results, especially with "When I'm 64" and "Lucy in the Sky With Diamonds." The "design" of the film is attributed to Heinz Edelman, and the cartoon animation is superior to anything of Disney's in both imagination and execution.



The Beatles' presentation of their own empire in the form of cartoon is far more funny, fascinating, and generally entertaining than the historical empires portrayed in the other two movies. Instead of going back to Crimea or Catherine's Russia, it's a lot more fun to go forward in the *Yellow Submarine*.

Short Reviews: Records

by Herbert Kupferberg

Beethoven: Mass in C, Opus 86 (*Frederic Waldman conducting Musica Aeterna Orchestra and Chorus; Decca DL-79433*). A sturdy production by Waldman and four capable soloists (Brooks, Chookasian, Shirley, Giainotti) still doesn't turn this into one of Beethoven's major works.

Bizet-Shchedrin: The Carmen Ballet (*Rozhdestvensky, Bolshoi Theater Orchestra; Melodiya/Angel SR-40067*). The Carmen music rescored for ballet purposes by a young Soviet composer for strings and — it says here — forty-seven percussion instruments. Fun at times, but when you come right down to it, who needs it? Not Bizet, certainly.

Brahms: Clarinet Quintet in B Minor (*Amadeus Quartet, Karl Leister; Deutsche Grammophon 139354*). A chamber music masterpiece, exquisitely played.

The Brains Trust (*C. E. M. Joad, Philip Guedalla, Lady Barbara Ward Jackson, Sir Malcolm Sargent, and others; Argo DA-38*). This famous radio quiz show was the British war-time equivalent of *Information Please*, less competitive but more disputatious. Even after twenty-five years these excerpts remain stimulating, especially when the acerbic Professor Joad is holding forth on everything from Eastern philosophy to conducting an orchestra.

Bruckner: Symphony No. 9 in D Minor, original version (*Von Karajan, Berlin Philharmonic; Deutsche Grammophon 139011*). Even a non-Brucknerite is likely to be temporarily converted by Karajan's strong, sonorous reading and the Berlin Philharmonic's rich and ample sound.

Evensong for Ascensiontide (*Choir of St. John's College, Cambridge; Argo ZRG-511*). A beautiful example of a type of church service indigenous to England, which creates a mood of well-ordered spirituality that is unlike anything else in religious music.

Debussy: La Mer, Nuages, Fêtes, Prélude à l'après-midi d'un faune (*Guido Cantelli conducting Philharmonia Orches-*

tra; Seraphim 60077). Cantelli, who died at thirty-six in an air crash, left behind him perhaps the most iridescent recording of *La Mer* ever made, and even in a monaural release it continues to glow.

Gershwin: Porgy and Bess, complete (*Winters, Williams, Matthews, Long, with Engel conducting; Odyssey 32-36-0018*). *Porgy* is more than thirty years old now. Its songs are as strong as ever, and its recitative passages, once so roundly criticized, don't seem half bad either. This is the recording released originally in 1951 and now more of a bargain than ever on this low-priced label.

Handel: Arias (*Forbes Robinson, bass; Argo ZRG-504*). "O ruddier than the cherry," "Revenge, Timotheus cries," "Arm, arm, ye brave," and others sung with vigor and virility by a bass who knows his business.

Haydn: Symphonies No. 93 in D and No. 94 in G, "Surprise" (*Szell, Cleveland Orchestra; Columbia MS-7006*). The big surprise here is the impudent low bassoon note that disrupts the slow movement of No.

93. Szell knows how to convey his enjoyment of Haydn to others.

Romantic Duets (*Evelyn Lear and Thomas Stewart, Erik Werba at the piano; Deutsche Grammophon 139303*). Did couples really once stand at the piano in their homes to sing these lovely duets by Schubert, Schumann, Mendelssohn, Dvořák, and the rest? Their voices could seldom have blended as beautifully as Mr. and Mrs. Stewart's. Three songs by Stephen Foster wind up the program admirably.

A Bouquet for Marcella Sembrich (*Available for \$5.50 from International Record Collectors' Club, P.O. Box 1811, Bridgeport, Conn.*). For devotees of great singing, especially if they don't mind record scratch along with their vocal pyrotechnics. The recordings date from 1907 to 1919 and range from Handel to Reynaldo Hahn. Among the Sembrich specialties is "The Maiden's Wish," self-accompanied at the piano.

Vaughan Williams: Symphony No. 3, "Pastoral"; In the Fen Country (*Boult, New Philharmonia Orchestra;*



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Angel S-36532). Vaughan Williams' *Pastoral Symphony* could do with more variety, but it remains pleasant music to listen to or, occasionally, to wander from. For a quiet evening at home.

Schumann: Symphonies No. 3 in E-flat, "Rhenish," and No. 4 in D Minor (*Solti, Vienna Philharmonic; London CS-6582*). Solti's boldly romantic, full-bodied approach rejuvenates both symphonies. Good sound.

Richard Strauss: Rosenkavalier Suite; Johann Strauss: Fledermaus Overture, Wine Women and Song, Thunder and Lightning (*Max Rudolf conducting Cincinnati Symphony Orchestra; Decca DL-710158*). The Cincinnati Symphony's strings, less lush than others', impart a quality of lean gracefulness to this music that adds mightily to its appeal.

Student Music in Seventeenth Century Leipzig (*Vocal soloists with Little Orchestra of London conducted by Joshua Rifkin; Nonesuch H-71204*). More charm than boisterousness in these ditties by Krieger, Pezel, and Rosenmüller. The boys probably sang other things in the saloons.

Weill: The Seven Deadly Sins (*Leipzig Radio Symphony conducted by Herbert Kegel, with Gisela May, Peter Schreier, and others; Deutsche Grammophon 139308*). The last of the Brecht-Weill collaborations has a terseness and purity that sharpen the point of its irony. Although it was written originally as a ballet score, this catalogue of human shortcomings and shenanigans has plenty of pith without visual aids. Gisela May sounds like a young Lotte Lenya in the central role. This is one of the best Weill recordings ever made.

Short Reviews: Books

by Phoebe Adams

Sammy Younge, Jr. by James Forman. Grove, \$5.95. Sammy Younge, a black activist student, was shot in Tuskegee, Alabama, on January 3, 1966, by a white man who was identified, brought to trial, and predictably acquitted. Mr. Forman, an officer of the Student Nonviolent Coordinating Committee, has written

Younge's biography as a memorial to his colleague and also to an event which convinced many young Negroes that nonviolence was an inadequate policy. Although its tone is remarkably unemotional, given the combination of author and subject, the book arouses both sympathy and anger, and also offers the white reader a view of people exactly like his own. Sammy Younge emerges as an impatient, illogical juvenile reformer whose capacity to irritate his elders would have functioned regardless of his color. The wary, stuffy, middle-class play-it-safers at Tuskegee can be duplicated in any white academic community. One sees the ordinary world reflected in a sinister fun-house mirror, and although the effect may be unintentional on the author's part, it is jolting.

My Music, My Life by Ravi Shankar. Simon & Schuster, \$6.95. Aware of the difficulty of explaining Indian music to those trained to think in totally different musical terms, Ravi Shankar has nevertheless made a gallant attempt to translate East to West. The attempt will not be universally successful, but even the dullest reader will begin to understand why he fails to understand. The autobiographical half of the book tells a great deal about Indian education and incidentally reveals that the author, lately a flower god, takes an unflattering view of the children. "India," he observes, "now is overrun by unwashed, rebellious young people" who take up with dubious types that "live in huts where they burn dead bodies and practice a variety of filthy rites." Positively cubical.

African Art by Michel Leiris and Jacqueline Delange. Golden Press, \$29.95. After a history of the influence of African art on contemporary European artists, the authors go briskly into types, techniques, and meanings. This is not an anthropological venture; no time is wasted on works that are African first and art second. The pictures are many and marvelous.

The Day Kennedy Was Shot by Jim Bishop. Funk & Wagnalls, \$7.95. Billed as "an uncensored minute-by-minute account of November 22, 1963." To Mr. Bishop's credit, he arranges material clearly, he appears

to have studied every source of information available, and he declines to make any melodramatic assumptions about missing bullets or multiple assassins. To his discredit, he sentimentalizes, he reports as fact conversations that he can have got only by thirdhand hearsay, and he writes an affected fake-clever prose in which people are referred to as the long head of Jones or the melancholy face of Smith. After a couple of chapters, one has the impression that everybody is partially disembodied. Mr. Bishop reports, moreover, what went on in Lee Oswald's mind and indulges a grudge against Jacqueline Kennedy Onassis, who, it seems, presumed to doubt the necessity of Mr. Bishop's ghoulish rummagings. She had a good point there.

God's Country and My People by Wright Morris. Harper & Row, \$10.00. Mr. Morris is a fine photographer, with a passion for windswept flatlands, sun-bleached wood, and intricate heaps of objects which may turn out to be anything from junk to the interior of an old barber-shop. The accompanying text is part autobiography and part local reminiscence, a bit random in both areas and not likely to prove surprising to any reader of Mr. Morris' novels.

Exploring Space With a Camera, edited by Edgar M. Cortright. National Aeronautics and Space Administration, \$4.25. Photographs, some in color, from various explorations into space, with a text that implies a serious effort to make the whole business comprehensible to the uninitiated, and considerable attention paid to immediate practical results like the improved tracking of hurricanes.

An Editor's Treasury, edited by Herbert R. Mayes. Atheneum, \$24.95, 2 vols., boxed. The editor has for years chopped bits out of books and magazines and pack-ratted them away, and is now offering part of his old paper collection to the public. As Mr. Mayes points out, anyone can make an anthology this way. But why not take up decoupage? It produces quite pretty and useful objects, such as wastebaskets.

Gordon Craig by Edward Craig. Knopf, \$10.00. Neither idolatrous

nor resentful, Mr. Craig's biography of his father describes what amounts to the invention, by Gordon, of modern stage setting and lighting, with all the disappointments, delays, and swindles that plague any theatrical innovator. There are numerous letters from Ellen Terry, who appreciated her son's talents but disliked paying his bills. There is an enormous complication of family connections, for Gordon Craig, a domestic as well as a financial disaster, collected women far more deftly than he did money. He also made a try at acting, engraving, illustrating, publishing, and running theater schools, which makes the book an informal history of assorted arts.

Palace of Ice by Tarjei Vesaas. Morrow, \$4.50. In a simple plot about two little girls whose friendship is broken off by death, the Norwegian author finds and half-reveals an astonishing number of implications. Reading this novel is like trying to draw a snowflake.

An Exaltation of Larks or, The Veneer Game by James Lipton. Grossman, \$4.95. The terms — a pride of lions — that are well known, plus some forgotten splendors like "a clowder of cats" and "a superfluity of nuns," plus some modern contrivances by Mr. Lipton and friends, which is where this amusing little book begins to be less amusing. One can have too much of a good thing. The illustrations are a shark-up of old engravings, funny all the way.

The First Folio of Shakespeare prepared by Charlton Hinman. The Norton Facsimile, Norton, \$75.00, boxed. Much scholarship and elaborate machinery have reproduced the Folio text as it presumably would have been if the original publisher had copy-edited in advance instead of correcting as he went. Besides being useful to students and persons addicted to arguing over quotations, the book is a handsome monster, measuring 10 by 14½ by 3 inches and weighing 12 pounds 4 ounces. The Falstaffe Folio.

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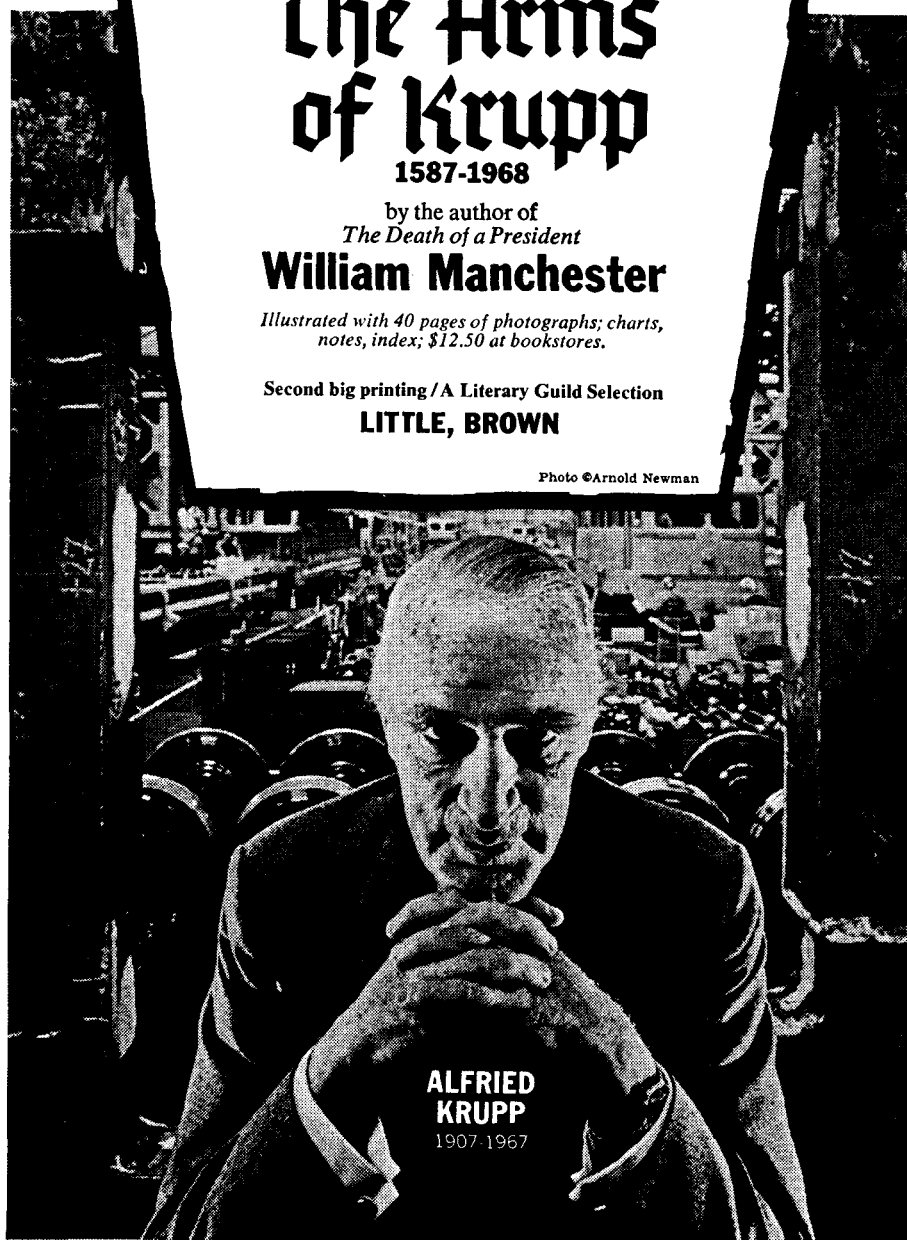
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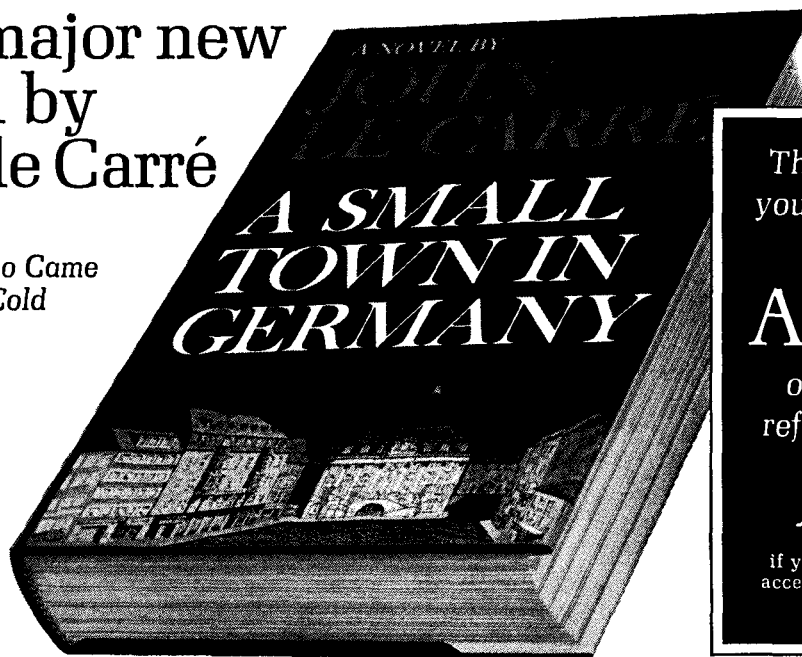


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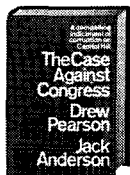
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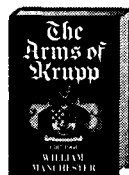
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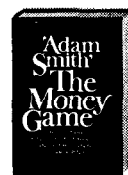
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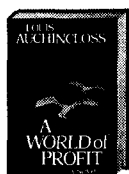
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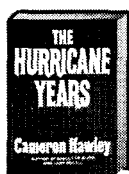
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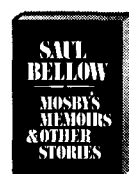
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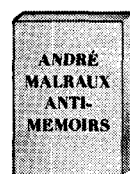
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